



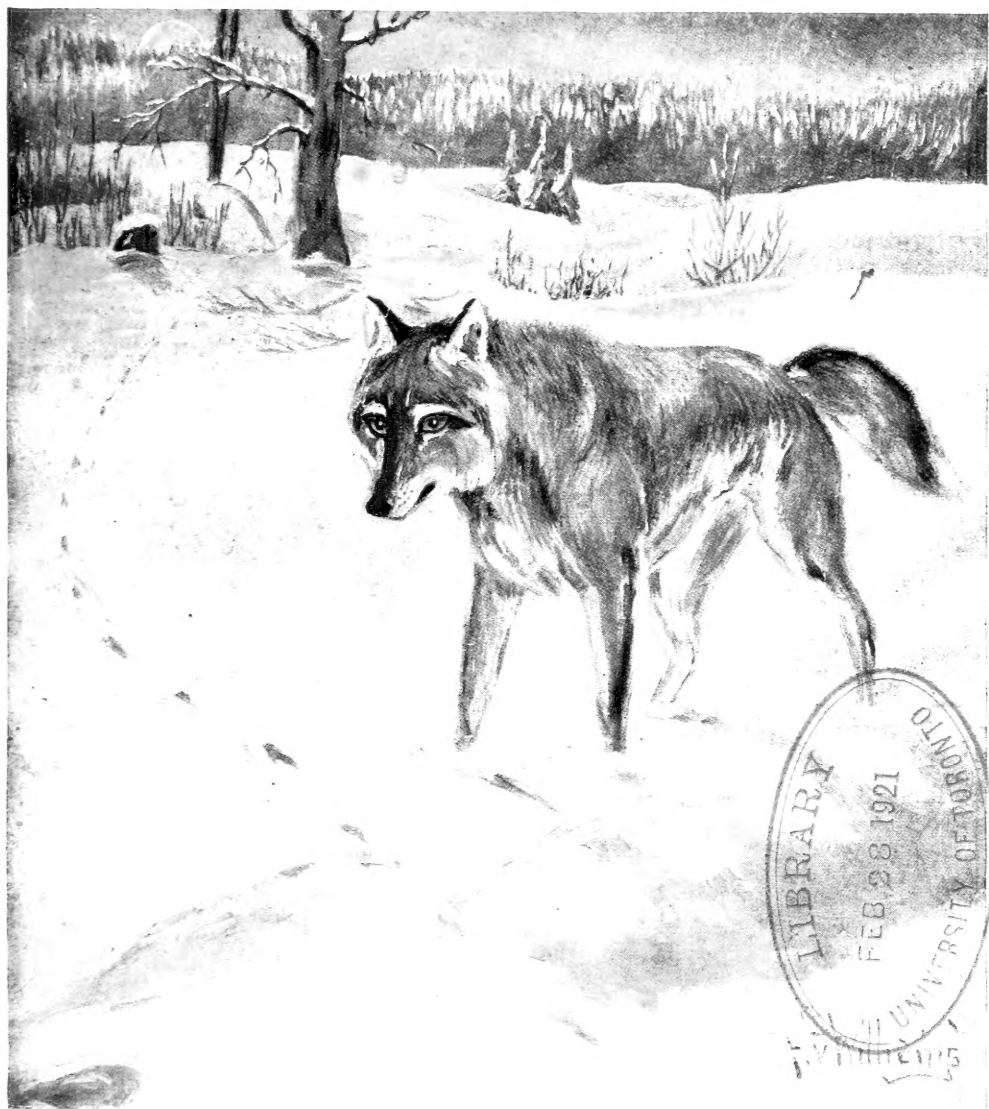
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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

MARCH 1921

FIFTEEN CENTS



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# Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, March, 1921

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## MARCH CONTENTS

|  |                     |      |
|--|---------------------|------|
| With The Snakes and Eagles.....              | Bonnycastle Dale    | 1117 |
| Camping Out Along the C.P.R.....             | F. V. Williams      | 1123 |
| The Trail That Led To Nowhere.....           | F. V. Williams      | 1134 |
| Dwellers In Snow.....                        | J. W. Winson        | 1136 |
| The Buffalo Runner.....                      | Harry W. Laughy     | 1138 |
| The Code Of a Hunting Tribe.....             | George R. Belton    | 1142 |
| The Human Streak.....                        | Harry M. Moore      | 1145 |
| A Week's Holiday In Muskoka.....             | G. J. Conibear      | 1151 |
| The Ghost of Fairy Lake.....                 | Gordon Hill Graham  | 1154 |
| Guns and Ammunition Department.....          | E. I. Martin        | 1157 |
| Fishing Notes.....                           | Robert Page Lincoln | 1172 |
| A Backed Bow.....                            | Robert Page Lincoln | 1179 |
| Tough Luck and Why.....                      | D. S. Johnston      | 1183 |
| The Mirror Lake Hunt Club.....               | A. L. Burch         | 1185 |
| County of Simcoe Protective Association..... |                     | 1187 |
| Rod And Gun Notes in B. C.....               | A. Bryan Williams   | 1190 |
| Along the Trap Line.....                     | M. U. Bates         | 1202 |
| Faith, Hope and Charity.....                 | W. S. Wood          | 1208 |
| An Undigested and Indigestible Law .....     | Ira Lieghley        |      |
| Kennel .....                                 |                     |      |
| Trap .....                                   |                     |      |

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE to any address in Canada, Great Britain or in the United States \$1.50, foreign countries fifty cents extra. Single copies fifteen cents. All subscriptions are payable in advance.

REMITTANCES should be made by P.O. or express money orders, bank checks or registered letters; if by check, exchange must be included.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old addresses must be given.

THE ADDRESS LABEL, shows the date to which subscription is paid.

RECEIPT FOR REMITTANCE will be enclosed in first issue following receipt of money.

ADVERTISING RATES and sample copies sent on application.

Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA does not assume any responsibility for, or necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

Published by W. J. TAYLOR, LTD., WOODSTOCK, ONT.

—Branch Offices—

United States  
373 Fourth Ave.  
New York

London, England  
16 Regent St.,  
S. W. I.

Entered as second-class matter at the post offices of Woodstock, Ont., and Buffalo, N.Y.

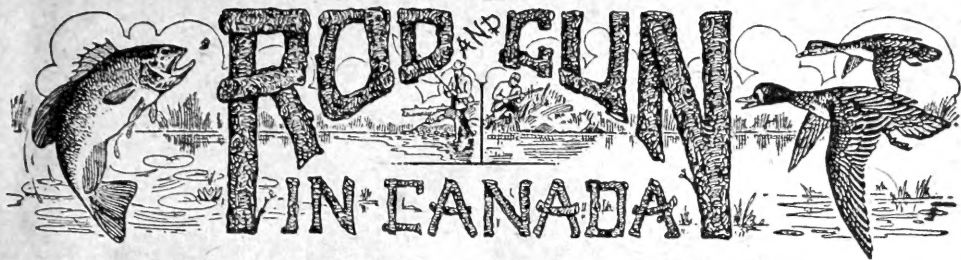
## EDITORIAL

The amendments to the criminal code, which call for a permit to own firearms other than shotguns owned prior to October 16, 1920, are causing untold inconvenience throughout the Dominion owing to their prohibitive nature. Although it was generally understood that the law was changed owing to fear of general conditions of unrest and that the sportsman would not be molested, this has not been the case. The head official of one of the provincial police forces assured *Rod and Gun in Canada* that the law would be enforced "in a broad-minded way." However, two weeks later three police officers located in the same city went to a long-established gun club and notified the shooters that if they did not have permits by the following week their guns would be confiscated and they would be haled into court.

Let us consider the situation as it stands with regard to the criminal in Canada. For years there has been a law requiring permits to carry revolvers; but how many permits were ever issued? Did the thug carry his revolver? Will the crook walk into police headquarters and ask for a permit to carry knuckle-dusters and a "gat"? We do not think that there were many permits issued under the old regulations. We know that the thug invariably had his gun, and we think that the number of crooks that will apply for permits now will be negligible. This leaves the householder in a defenceless position; the burglar will have his gun despite regulations and the citizen will not have his gun owing to the bother of getting a permit.

With the exception of a few military calibres, there is no need of fear of the Reds overthrowing authority with rifles purchased in sporting goods stores. We know from experience gained in the war that one machine-gun properly manned can successfully fight a company of riflemen. Why then the excitement over the sale of sporting rifles and shotguns? If the government wishes to enact legislation for the upholding of constituted authority make the alien procure a license for weapons of all kinds, and the British subject procure a license for a military rifle and all revolvers and pistols. We fail to see the need of a permit for the gun club member to use his shotgun, the youth his small calibre in marksmanship, or the big-game hunter his rifle, and especially when he is supplied with a license to kill big game.





VOL. XXII.

WOODSTOCK, ONT., MARCH, 1921

No. 10



**H**

ERE HERE! COME HERE!" shrilly screamed Laddie, "I've got the daddy of them all."

We were on Migration Point, in the midst of the drowned lands and swamps and wild rice beds of Rice lake. The youngster had an adult black snake noosed by the tail; hooked on to his pocket scale. As I came near he held up two full

fingers, one half finger, and one quarter one—to show me it weighed two and three quarter pounds. It was literally gorged with young frogs. I knew the big chap was living near our camp, as at night I had often heard the sudden low squeal, then for many minutes the continued crying, much as a child cries, of the captured frog being slowly swallowed alive. But even though it was killing many frogs it also would eat, during the seven months of the year of its active yearly life, fully a quarter

of a million insects and bugs; all of these dangerous and destructive to vegetation; so, unless the big cold, sluggish beasts invade the camp, we



let them live. "He's stowed some cargo away," laughed the lad pointing to the swollen stomach, "Let's look and see if he has any sign of poison fangs?" Soon the big slimy repulsive reptile was staked out neatly and we were peering into its opened jaws—simply to teach the lad, as we all know the black snake is perfectly harmless. It is not a constrictor; that is, it cannot crush its prey in its coils, so as to break the bones and get it all sausage-like for swallowing. For the first three years of its life it is greyish with the back chestnut brown. In the south it is more greenish and yellowish. It is, as are nearly all snakes; a dreadful coward, bluffing you with its vibrating tongue. Give it a chance and it will always run. Corner it and it will put up a bluff fight. Don't get it mixed up with the common water-snake, or the red-bellied water-snake. All these love to hang themselves from

low branches of marsh trees and sun themselves. They too bring forth their young alive. (I have taken over forty young from the belly of a dead black snake.) The water-snakes feed more on fishes than the black snakes; both grow to about four feet in length, but the black never has the shiny red belly, and the water snake emits a foetid odor when you examine it. I have never found this from the black snake. The latter is a regular robber of birds' nests, swallowing the eggs whole. Let it live, the number of moles and mice it kills in a year makes it very valuable to the farmer.

I remember once, in the bush, while seeking shelter from a thunder-storm at a lumber shanty, seeing a "new hand" seated on his bunk. He was the "butt" of the camp. He had been attached to a natural history expedition as collector and he still brought in bugs and lizards, butterflies and moths, much to the jeering delight of the river drivers. This night the fun was fast and furious.

"Got any nice young cold lizards?" called one.

"Say, could you sell me a milk snake, our tin cow's plugged," laughed another.

"I'm afraid to put on my boots in the morning, worms and snakes and crocodiles most everywhere," taunted a third.

The silent butt of all this fun sat swinging his foot on the edge of his bunk, all the time feeling for something behind him—in under his mattress—suddenly his hand came out and he leaped to the floor with one of the biggest, most wildly wriggling black snakes in his hand. Every man was on his feet in an instant—and they almost broke one another's bones crowding through that bunk-house door. The lad came over to me laughing. "I guess I'll have to go, or clear out all my pets and give up collecting." He wisely chose the latter. Although the black snake is to be found on the mainland of the Pacific Coast, I never saw or heard of a specimen being found on the big Island of Vancouver. There are plenty of garter snakes on that island

seven varieties in all, on both mainland and Island—just about the same as you see them on your home prairies, each and all harmless to man.

Of course I have never seen a milk snake nor yet a hoop snake, but there is a glass-snake. Now forget all the tales about this variety being able to snap off its tail and promptly join the pieces together again—put that story in with the hoop snake yarns. To be exact the glass snake is a lizard, but to the average man it is a snake pure and simple. The tail is so feebly attached that a very light blow will knock it off the body. You might find these black, foot long snakes, in the southern prairies of Canada as they live in the Central States of the Union. While we are down there lets look at the odd, stuffed looking gila monster, (if you want to get the Spanish of it say Hela monster). It is the most ridiculous, two foot long puff of swollen bead pores, just like necklaces of bright yellow and black beads wound round and round its fat repulsive body. It is four pounds of odd animal surely. It is as slow as a snail. It can bite like a little trap, and the Digger Indians say it is sure death. This I do not believe for a moment, yet none of them ever eat it raw, as they do many of the other lizards that inhabit the lower Southern Central States. I readily give one of the lowest places in natural history to both the gila and the digger. But there is one odd looking little chap down there you would like—the horned toad—really the horned lizard. These little five inch masses of spines and warty protuberances are excellent pets, sitting on one's hand like a clod, motionless, inert, for all the world like a bit of dried cactus. —Z-i-zzzz—bump—that was your "clod" flying over your knee in a fine leap and pinning the elusive housefly before it went "bump" onto the floor. You can draw a pencil mark about one sitting on a piece of wrapping paper and, unless a bit of food strays too attractively near, that little living bit of cactus will be inside that pencil mark, hours and hours afterward.

Later we had been doing a bit of work on the "outside" of the Queen Charlotte Islands—I think the most wild and desolate coast I have ever seen. We had left a little island on the "inside" where we had a woman for our "host." So rare is this that I must tell you. I well know the long days and the empty hours of the great prairies in the winter months, but we are right in the centre of the "bright lights" compared with the western squatters or beachcombers. I shall not mention names or location. As usual the wee ones fled as we landed, in this case splashing like wild cattle through a "lagoon" (flood water from high tides). The little series of shanties were built of the ocean flotsam and jetsam. In this case of a deck load of doors,



panelled, glass inserted, plain, heavy, and many other kinds, roof, floor, walls, verandahs—all were cleverly constructed of this shipwrecked cargo. The husband was away after sea otter, a devious chase, unlawful and

risky. The woman was of Coast Indian origin, but evidently only a halfbreed, as she spoke our language rather imperfectly. The dogs belonging to the island had taken to the woods with the cow and kiddies and there maintained a rapid fire of mongrel yelps. We asked her if she was short of anything. "Would you trade any records," she answered questioningly. Here she lifted an old mortuary box (it would have delighted the heart of a collector, as it was beautifully carved out of native cedar, about three feet long, really a native coffin). She inserted in the ancient machine—now what do you think? "By Killarny's Lakes and Fells," cornet solo by Dickenson—but that was haphazard, as we found they always put the played record under the pile and played right through. The balance of the concert was very poor. Needless to say we did not trade records, as we had none, and we felt unless we beat a retreat soon; the kiddies would starve. I was wrong, as I saw through my glasses the eldest girl about ten, digging clams on the tide flats always with an eye on the invaders; no sooner was our thirty foot cedar log canoe launched and Laskit and O'poots, and Laddie and I swinging the short sharp pointed paddles, than the children and dogs crept back to the house.

We took the canoe through Stuart Channel, on our maps, "chaco-chuck" O'poots called it, "tide up and down"; and it truly was. If you want hair-raising trips use the natives and the native canoes. Even if they do upset, they ride the craft like a horse, turn her over by grasping the handle-like bow and paddle-splash the water out. Thank goodness they omitted this performance this time. It is truly a wonderful experience to paddle up the great "shishing" seas, hold your breath in the windblown spume of the crest and coast down the receding slope. We had thirty miles of this wild work before we headed into the little unnamed harbour or inlet. If it had been wonderful "bucking the seas," it was terrible once we headed in and tackled the surf and sea together. To

the average white man the time had come for "the jumping off place," but to these clever craftsmen it was but a time of jockeying on the boiling tops, and "backpaddling" if we seemed to be getting ahead of the tremendous power that unceasingly urged us forward. One instant it was with faces blinded and mouths gasping and the next we were riding on the calm waters of the inlet, and the eagles we had come so far to see were whistling shrilly from the wind-twisted tree tops.

"I wonder what her name was?" questioned Laddie Jr. We were standing beside the remains of a wrecked sailing vessel, one of the old "oaken walls of old England"—truly oaken walls as she was built of two foot oak timbers spiked with three foot heavy iron spikes, only the deck protruded above the sands at low tide. Utterly lost, even to human records, as this "outside coast" is not lighted nor patrolled. So long had she lain there that not a vestige of wreckage remained above high tide line, all worn out by the elements or buried in the sands. Who manned this one-time noble three master? Evidently a full rigged ship, a glorious sight bounding over the long seas, but a sorry one lying here unrecorded and unknown.

All night long the giant surf beat on the inlet's mouth and the high-flung spume was carried by the roaring sou'wester clean over our wee tents—a quarter of a mile above high tide line. When an overtaxed hemlock branch would snap in the inky black turmoil all the migratory hosts of eagles would whistle and scream—the boy said, "Just like storm demons."

Morning broke clear and almost calm. A light ripple was on the retiring waters of the bay and a tremendous surf on the bar—made by the outgoing tide. "Hyas muck-a-muck," called O'poots as he placed the tea "billy" near the flat rock table. This clever guide had caught a red rockfish and broiled it, had beaten up and baked "sapo-lil," flourcake, stewed "to-luks" (mussels); no wonder he called it "Big-food." As we ate, the



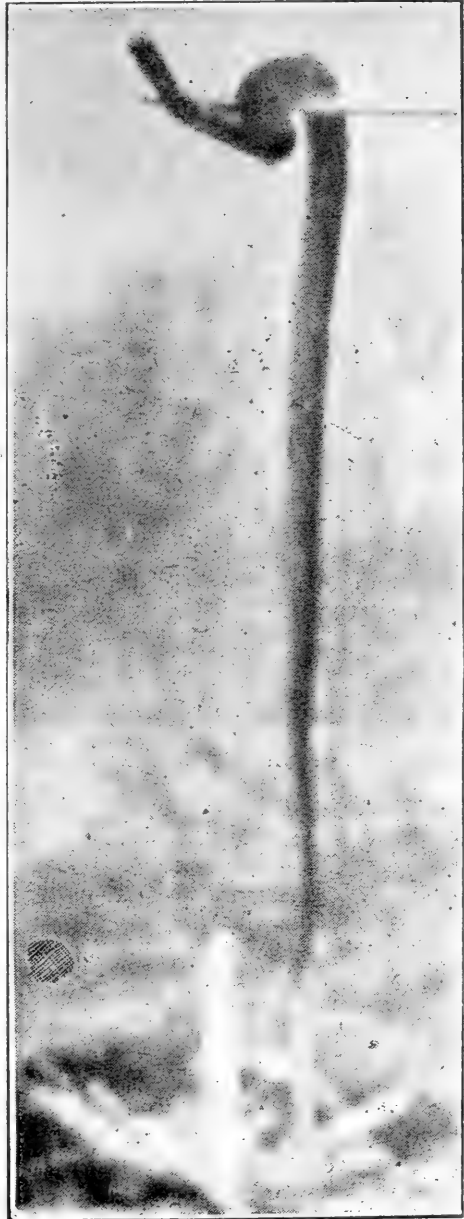
"chack-chacks" (eagles) flew and fed and quarrelled. Look at the picture of the "bald-head," the American emblem, sailing above the trees. This huge bird was fully three feet long with wings that spread eight feet wide; its snowwhite head, tail and neck gleaming in the bright Pacific sunlight; its slow mighty wingstrokes unexcelled by any bird that flies. I know what a varmint it is among the birds of prey. Read the stories of any "desk writer" and he will tell you they make their breakfasts of nice young, plump children, usually blonde ones I fancy. But all these migrating birds were eating "singing fish," a little wriggling chap left under the kelp and fuca by the retreating tides and if you put your ear down, you can hear them grunting, this is called "singing." Well! I have heard worse sounds by humans called by the same name.

We were greatly amused as we sat there watching the crows. They were picking up cockles from out the sands for breakfast and carrying them up in the air and dropping them—on the sand—to break them open. They had been successful when they dropped them on the stones, but my! they were such poor shots. "Eighteen and out" screamed Laddie Jr., as a disgruntled crow left unopened a recumbent cockle which he had carried aloft and dropped that number of times.

The ample table set by that wondrous old Dame Nature is always a source of wonder to the traveller in these wild parts. Here we were, four different coloured atoms in a wild western bay, where the foot of man seldom wandered; yet there was food enough for a multitude—aye and light too, as we found many stranded oulican "(candle fish)" all nicely dried and ready for wee torches. Laddie Jr., made a weird illumination of a tide-worn grotto that night.

Now if my lady readers will kindly compare their pantries with mine.—Here we were four men, animals without that noblest of all the arts: housekeeping. The nearest market was some hundreds of miles distant; and we didn't even have a

basket. The lad and I had a knife, fork and spoon, cup and plate apiece when we left Vancouver. I had lost my fork and spoon and was using a



fire hardened tiny crotch stick and a mussell shell. The guides had lost or traded away all their table equipage and were using shells straight, with cups made out of kelp weed balls. They drank their soup in a couple of

gulps and only objected to stew because it was "Pit-lilb skookum" (thick, bad). As I had already taken most of my notes and photographs of the eagles, we had let our supplies run low; so that all we had was pilot bread (sea biscuit or hard tack), salt, a little pork, sugar and tea. To men unfamiliar with the life, semi-starvation stared us in the face. Aye, even the guide's rancid whale oil was mighty low; in quantity, not in perfume.

"Chuck sagh-a-lie halo klak-sta kla-awa" (Low tide, no one go today) said the squat O'poots glancing at the roaring "rip" on the bar.

"Hyas Manook" laughed Laddie Jr., (big buy). This made the Coast men laugh as the lad wanted to say, "Let's have a big search for food." So we all set out to fill the larder. O'poots set snares and caught two big young racoons. Laskit filled his cedar bark boiler with eggs from the nests of sea pigeons (guillimot) sea parrots (puffin) and gulls, these last have red yolks. Laddie Jr., working along a tide runnel, with no tool or weapon save a willow gad, threw out enough oulican to last for many meals and many candles. We followed the retreating tide and while I gathered

the edible laver as a vegetable, Laddie Jr., took clams, fine big clean ones that could run away far below the sands faster, in many cases, than he could dig with his fire-pointed stick. Using a rude net made of sea-lion sinews, I caught a dozen big blue crabs, filled my hunting coat pockets with some small but excellent oysters, good even if they have a slightly metallic taste. Six times I threw my baited spinner into a runway and six times I pulled out a fine big cut-throat trout and, to make the bill of fare complete; from a Coast Indian point of view, O'poots came back from the low tide line dragging a big devil fish, one weighing fully forty pounds. The Indians cut this up into short sections and boiled it later, but very few white men can eat the grisly, but perfectly clean, semi-transparent tentacles.

So my good housekeepers, my larder, in a few minutes work, without the expenditure of a single cent, contained a really wonderful collection of fine foods—truly the old saying, "The low tide is the poor man's table," is very, very true. Some of this "hyas manook" was in our canoe when we paddled finally into Prince Rupert.



A nest of teal duck, Alberta.



Nest of prairie lark.

# Camping Out along the C.P.R.

by F.V. Williams



**F**

FROM Woodstock, Ontario to Metagama, Ontario, a 'flag stop' on the Canadian Pacific Railway,—the old reliable road that girdles the earth—

is a wee bit over twenty-four hours' ride. A change in Toronto, another at Sudbury, Ontario, and a short ride after that you are at Metagama. This same ride from Sudbury to Metagama proved a very interesting part of the trip, as the conductor and one of the trainmen very kindly pointed out places of interest along the line,—one spot in particular where a large mass of rock stood boldly out against the blue of the sky, and where a few days previous, a big deer had stood and watched the train roll past on its way to Vancouver the while passengers and trainmen admired the big fellow silhouetted against the blaze of a rising sun.

At Metagama, Mr. M. U. Bates met Jack and me—Jack by the way is a white collie. He has been as far west and north as the lakes north of the Canadian National at Collins on that line, and as far east as Algonquin Park and this trip he is my only companion. Mr. Bates is the C.P.R. agent at Metagama by the



*Hunting with the  
'Picture Gun'*

way, and also the owner of the finest kennel of real born-and-bred-in-the-open, hunting airedales in Ontario,

but we will mention these wonderful dogs later.

As we remarked before, Mr. Bates met us and made us feel at home at once. After being introduced to Mrs. Bates and that lady kindly furnishing us with a splendid lunch, we were out and at the business of getting our Lakefield canoe out of its crate and ready to start. A regular natural canal leads almost to the back door of Metagama station.

Mr. Bates lead the way in his canoe and the first lap of the journey was simply following the windings and twistings of this little canal; perfectly smooth water, practically no current. We made time as easily as on the lakelets in the city parks and in a short time, we emerged onto Larkin or Metagama lake lying parallel with the C.P.R. tracks at this place, and now the breeze that we could not feel in the sheltered waters of the little canal we had just left, freshened up, and as it was directly in our backs, we travelled the length of this lake with less effort than the first part of the journey. At the end of the lake we passed under the C.P.R. trestle, out through a big bend in the Spanish river that resembles a small lake, rapids at the upper end and the river flowing out again a half mile beyond. A turn to the left and we again enter a natural canal waterway, this one as large again as the first. Again we pass under the C.P.R. track and then we are on the last half of our journey. The shore line of this canal is lined with swamp grass for miles; we see beaver signs aplenty; freshly peeled sticks are floating about in a dozen places, and muskrats swim across our bows as the canoes glide silently along. At last, the first portage is reached and joy of joys, there's water enough to get the canoes through without unloading. Five minutes more of the paddle and we arrive at the second and last portage. Here we have to unload our canoes and make a regular job of it. However, the portage is short and ten minutes beyond the portage is our destination,—a little cabin on the hill above the canal. There in the

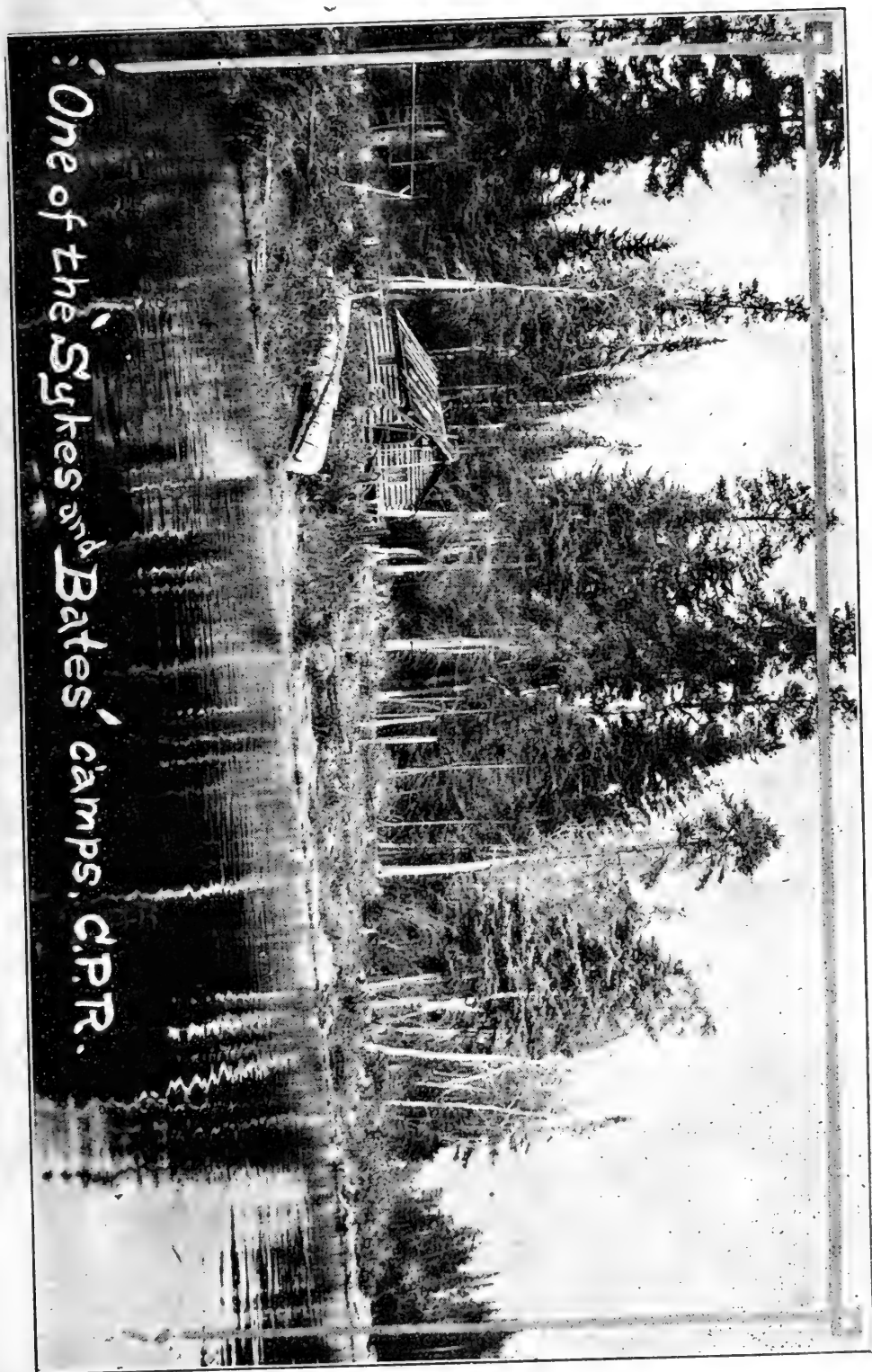
trail leading up to the cabin is the track of moose. Two moose have actually walked up the trail a short distance directly in front of the cabin after crossing the creek. The tracks are probably a week old, but it gives you an introduction to the country that makes you feel as if you had really arrived in a game section. If you have any imagination at all you will know that something, which would make the average horse look small, made those tracks.

A bit of lunch disposed of and Bates takes you out and shows you the various trails and a general idea as to where they lead to and in the midst of this you run on to partridge, a half dozen or more of them. The season still lacks a few days of being open but there is no open season for the camera and you waste an hour snap-shooting at them with the camera. Then you are shown a beaver dam, and a place where a black bear had marched off with beaver, trap and all. After travelling a short distance tore he the beaver from the trap and made off to the thick "jack pine" jungle where he was safe from pursuit.

The time passes quickly and Bates has to return to Metagama. You travel together to the first portage where he has left his canoe. As he turns the last bend he raises his paddle in the air as a farewell and as you see the sunlight flash from the wet paddle blade and it falls once more to the water to propel its owner homeward, you are aware that you and the white collie are alone.

As we have mentioned before the distance from this portage to the cabin was not very great,—ten minutes' paddling would do the trick, and as the water is practically landlocked, you wonder if there are fish in that tiny stretch of water?

With the collie lying in front of you, your trolling rod firmly held across your knees, you paddle back toward home. Right off a big black rock the dark amber colored water looked as if it might contain fish. It was deep here and you paddle along expecting a 'strike' that does not materialize. Well, that settles



One of the Sykes and Bates' camps, C.P.R.



it, that's about the best place there is in this part of the water and you are rapidly approaching some weeds that show too near the surface.

There's a tug at your line and you think, well, there are the first weeds. You lay in your paddle and proceed to reel in that line. The line is slack and you reel in rapidly as the trolling spoon is evidently deeper than you thought,—splash! Kersouse! and a pike comes half out of the water and falls back and you see a glint of red at his jaw. That's why your line is slack. Now you reel in for dear life. Mr. Pike is fighting good—these fellows in the cold waters of the north at this time of year give you sport as well as meat. In five minutes you have him in the canoe much to the curiosity of Jack who can hardly keep his place in the canoe he is so curious to examine that flopping creature in the fish box in front of him.

You are satisfied now that the fish are there right in front of your door whenever you want them and now you have to get back to the cabin and set things to rights.

There's a bunk to prepare, provisions to open and say those first few meals are a regular burlesque. Ever do your own cooking for a few weeks? Why man, you'll be surprised how little you know and what a lot of little things there are to learn and also, what a lot of time you waste. You cut your fingers, burn yourself in the steam from the potato pot and tea kettle, trip up over the frypan handle occasionally, to say nothing of upsetting the coffee pot off your tiny cook stove just as you were about to get breakfast. Gradually you 'arrive' and at the end of a week or ten days you have progressed so far that you can set a table with a wholesome hot meal and have your tea, coffee or chocolate hot at the same time. It is quite a trick to accomplish on a small stove, but it can be done, even by an amateur cook if he has patience.

Then there was the exploring. Is there anything more interesting than travelling out through the big woods in search of a new lake and after

discovering that lake to put up your little shelter tent on a small island, stop over night and the next morning with your canoe go prowling about the shores, 'just lookin'?

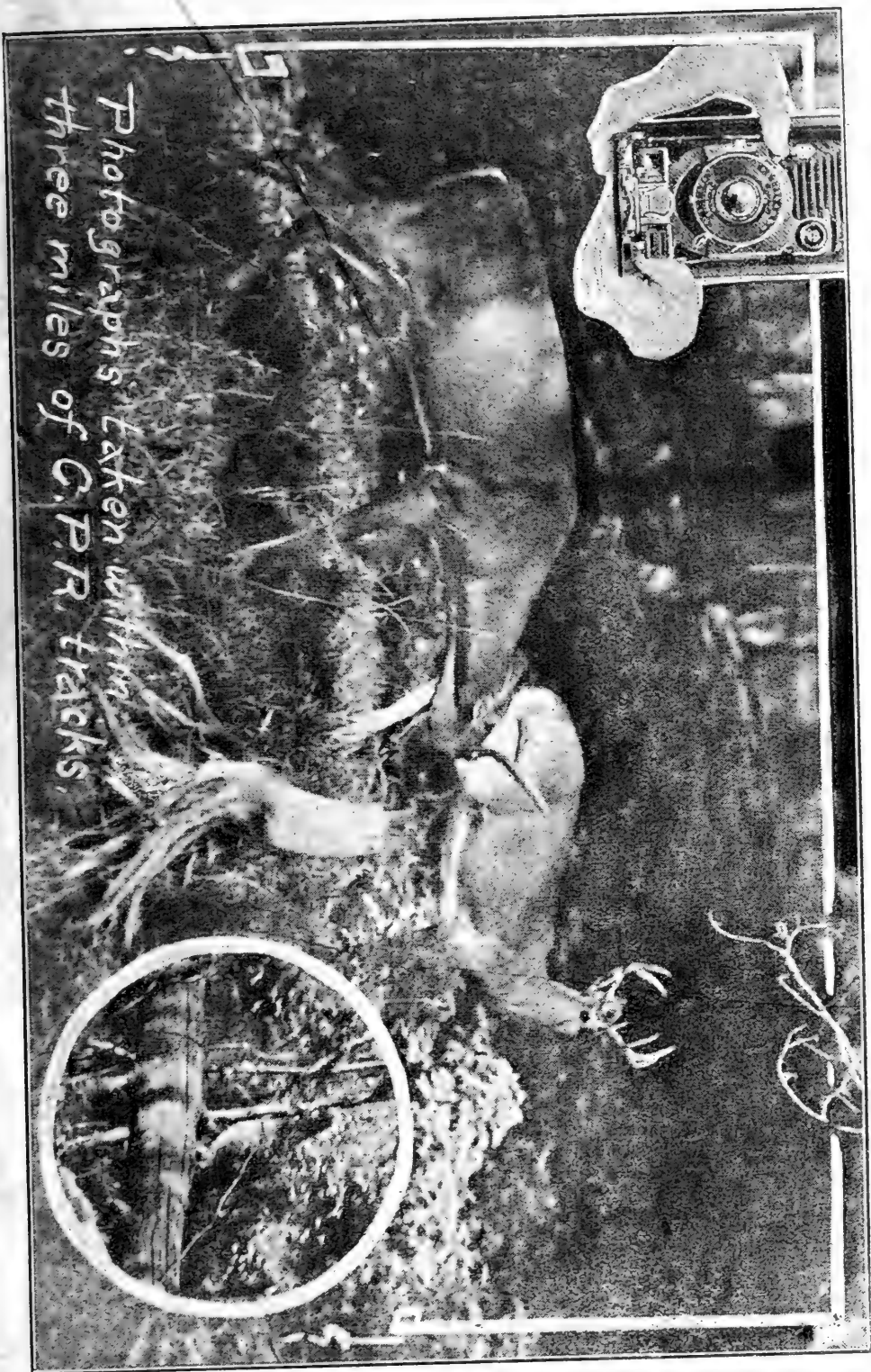
We had been told there had never been anyone fishing this lake and we trolled all the way round it, but got "nary" astrike. There may be fish there, but if there are, they were not feeding the day we were there. At the far end of the lake we discovered in a little bay a famous big beaver house, and as it was near what was evidently an inlet when the water was high, we landed the canoe and went ashore, the dog and I to stretch our legs a bit.

Gruntings and rumblings came from the interior of the big beaver house and we lay on the side of the house listening to the family gossip going on inside. Whether the inmates were discussing the probable price of beaver skins this fall or swearing about the intruders we could not understand, but true it was they were doing a lot of talking in the beaver language.

From the lake—after 'hanging' the canoe in the trees—we followed the outlet and discovered more beaver houses, partridges, and then ran across several moose tracks.

About this time we began to think of a sack of potatoes and onions that were to arrive by express at Metagama and the more we thought of these 'spuds' the more we longed for them. Accordingly, one day, a very fine day by the way, we were out taking pictures on the Spanish River—we decided to paddle to Metagama and get those potatoes.

The trip down was beautiful—a regular pleasure trip that canoe journey, but we did not leave Metagama till quite late in the afternoon. It was dark when we arrived back at the Spanish, but there was a fairly good moon and not for many a long day will we forget that trip by moonlight back up the little canal. There were rustlings and thumpings in the tall grass as we drifted along with scarcely a sound. Once or twice from out of the black shadows came the crash of small sticks and under-



*Photographs taken within  
three miles of C.P.R. tracks.*

growth as some large animal got suspicious of the canoe out there in the moonlight. Any number of times the muskrats and beaver were within fifteen feet of the little craft. One big beaver from the moonlit water near the shore struck the water a resounding whack! with his tail as we entered a pool, and by the following splashings he must have warned the whole clan.

Now by all the laws of the woods and common sense, when you get caught out at night it is far better to camp and wait for daylight than to attempt to travel in the darkness. When we arrived at the second portage that night the moon had deserted us, and, it began to rain.

Now once across that portage there was but ten minutes' travel to our very comfortable little camp. We got the luggage all across and then we started over with the canoe. Ever try a strange portage with a canoe on your back in the dark? Well, we got off the trail and could not find the way back. As we could not turn the canoe for the thickly growing trees, and as a result we had to leave the canoe in the bush, go out to the beach and build a fire, then it was all very simple, and we made short work of the portage. That little fire was like a lighthouse to a ship amongst the reefs; it showed the way out, and by the time we reached the little cabin, the show, for such it proved to be, was over.

It was near the opening of the moose season, in fact, it opened on the morrow, and only two nights before we had heard a moose grunting and calling down in a swamp not more than five hundred yards from where we were camping. The nights were moonlight and it looked dead easy to get that moose.

There was a small meadow half a mile above the camp on the little creek and as it neared sundown we went up there and sat down about one hundred yards away in a bunch of big boulders. Directly across from us two muskrats had a great squabble over a choice root; a big snowshoe hare got up out of the grass on the marsh and went leaping across the

dry bed of a little creek to the thickets beyond. An hour passed in complete silence, the big silvery moon lighting the landscape like a fairy picture. It was grand, alone with Nature, as the great God originally created it. It is getting mighty close to God himself for those who care to go and see, in our humble opinion. The great silence makes you *think*. An hour of this, and then up there on the hill—crash! a dry stick—a good sized stick, by the crash it made in breaking—had been snapped in two. There was not a breath of air stirring. If anything, the breeze or draught of air was from that hill to you, and a shot from a heavy rifle would not have startled you more than that stick breaking up there. For perhaps five minutes there was absolute silence, and then, smash! whackety smash! crash! You could imagine now what was on that side hill—Mr. Moose taking a walk through a place where the fire had been years ago, and those sticks you hear breaking are the charred remains of small trees. When Mr. Moose thinks he is alone, caution is a thing he does not know. He smashes and crashes about as if he owned the universe and truth to tell, he is practically boss of the woods until he runs afoul of the man animal, with his high power rifle.

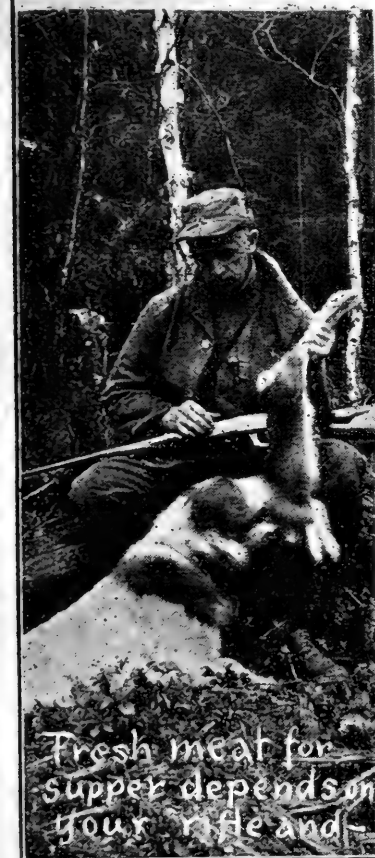
Well, slowly but surely that racket advances straight toward you. Old Jack lying here on the flat rock beside you has his nose in the air and is trembling with excitement. Oh, ye gods! for an opening in that mass of moonlighted jack pine, but it is as thick as the hair on a dog's back. That moose is not 80 yards away now and still he is under cover and then he deliberately walks away to the northland and the moose that you were so sure of, has gone for this time at least. You walk quietly back to the canoe and glide silently down to the little landing and you and the dog have a late supper with an early start next morning, nevertheless.

The early mornin' sees you travelling the hills where you had heard your moose the night before. In a thicket just off the portage at the





M. U. Bates  
ing the way to the



Fresh meat for  
supper depends on  
your rifle and



your ability as a cook

little dry creek, you discover a bleaching skeleton, a moose skeleton of the year before, probably that of some animal which had been wounded and got into this thicket and died. Just for proof you collect a few teeth, and resume your hunt and a half hour later the freshly broken end of a small charred tree trunk stares you in the face. As you pause and examine this, you notice the big broad track in the soil below. Here is where the fellow travelled last night. You follow that track for miles. Oh yes, when a moose goes out for a moonlight stroll he takes more than one turn around the block—and then lose it on a large barren place, and after an all day hunt you have to come home and feed the dog and man again.

Then the snow comes. Eight inches of it falls in one night; then on top of that it turns warm and that snow begins to melt. For two days you take your hunt through the wet bush and do not see anything larger than a squirrel track. The game large and small is all lying in the shelter of their dry thickets. You come in wet and hungry and wonder if the game has all left the country. Your better judgment tells you that anything with feathers or fur for a coat would be mighty foolish to travel in the bush this sort of weather, when every move means a handful or a bushel perhaps of wet snow dumped down on your back. The third day the trees have about rid themselves of their load of snow and travelling is quite a bit dryer. Back on the ridges you are sure there's been a moose in those thickets these wet days, and at the earliest possible moment you and the old dog are away. An all day hunt reveals nothing larger than a big buck's tracks and when you arrive at the cabin at 4.30 p.m. and have a bit of lunch, you notice that old Jack is very busy with something in the spruces and birches just back of the cabin. The whirr of partridges' wings gives you the tip, and five minutes later you have your first of a pair of partridges. You have scarcely got the second one stowed away when Jack begins

to get interested in the snow and a glance at his object of interest makes you quickly change the auxiliary cart-ridge you've been using for 'Pats' for the real heavy load. There, fresh in the snow, are the tracks of two large moose. Back tracking these fellows to the creek you find where they crossed and after standing around for a few minutes headed up over the ridges in the very direction from which you had just come. It is still mild and the snow fast disappearing and it is getting dark so following those moose is out of the question. Then, over night a quick change in the weather freezes your section of the creek. Well there's your choice, leave your canoe in here for the winter, or set out before the ice gets too thick to move. Four hours of packing and cleaning the little house up and you're ready to move. Its lucky for you that you made up your mind when you did for this part of the creek froze up early. As you leave you have to break ice for two hundred feet or so before you get open water. The rest is easy, the whole channel all the way to Metagama being open and free of any real ice. At Metagama your canoe is shipped and you return to your camp with Mr. Sykes—as a guide for the overland trip of about two hours' walk, three miles of this along the C.P.R. track, and the remaining distance over a good blazed trail. Mr. Sykes by the way, is Mr. Bates' partner. They have several splendid camps in different locations, and keep them well supplied with all the necessary cooking utensils, stoves, etc., and—tight roofs. Deliver us from the leaky roof.

For two days we trailed moose over the snowless hills. No hunting weather this; you need a little snow. On the last day we heard away to the north of where we were hunting, bang! bang! bang! a pause and then, bang-g-g! Fifteen minutes later, bang! bang-g-g! bang-g-g! We knew some one had found them for sure and on the following day when we hiked out on our way back to work, we found the hindquarters of one big moose in camp and were told there

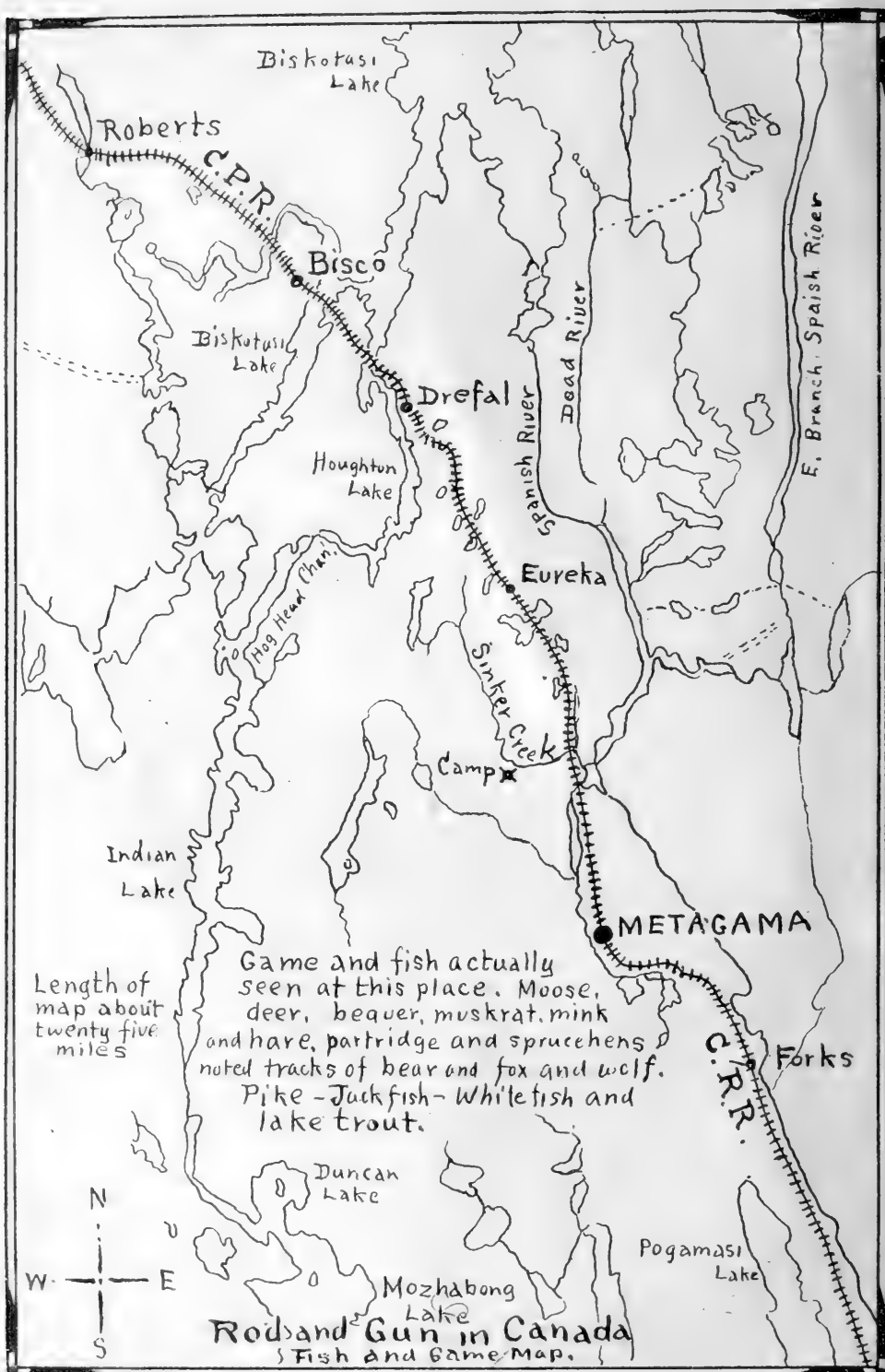


Moose at the Hartleys Camp  
four miles from Metagama



Mrs Bert Hartley

and friend enjoying the  
Big Outdoors.



was another down in the bush and the boys were out getting the meat ready for transportation. Mrs. Hartley of Chapleau, and Mr. Vance of St. Thomas, were keeping their respective camps in order awaiting the return of the successful hunters. Mrs. Hartley had three fine partridges that had fallen to her rifle out of four shots, and after taking a snap of these we proceeded on our journey. Half-way home we discovered two gentlemen from Walkerville, Ontario, fishing for pike off the rocks. The weather was too fine for hunting and they were after a few pike for the camp larder.

Seated in the luxuriously fitted train and speeding back to the daily grind we can close our eyes and dream of the moose, the partridge, and the pike. The moonlight through the tall spruces touches the surface of

the little creek with a brush of silver; a muskrat shoves his head up in the bright spot of light and swims steadily away leaving in his wake two long ribbons of silver; an owl hoots away over on the hills yonder and is answered by its mate not a hundred yards from your cabin; the tamarack stick in your little heater snaps and sends out a shower of sparks; the fire dies low and you in your dream think of the little house on the hill.

Camping out along the C.P.R., believe me or not, is great. The fish and game are there, big and small. It would be superfluous to mention the courtesy of the officials and trainmen on this road; that is world-wide knowledge, and for canoeing or camping we can only recommend you to Mr. M. U. Bates. He has ideal locations and you start your canoe trip two hundred feet from where you leave the train.

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## Suggests "Lost" Dog Department

*Rod and Gun In Canada:*

Enclosed you will find "Lost Advt." with price to cover same.

I am a steady reader of the ever-welcome *Rod and Gun* and believe it to be the best of its kind, but I would suggest that more real hunting tales be narrated from the readers, who like myself are a little backward in describing some hunting excursion. I am enclosing a couple of negatives taken near Westport after a successful hour's sport with Reynard. The four foxes in the picture were shot the same morning inside of an hour; one by "Doc" and three by myself.

Every fall finds me in pursuit of the deer at McCauley Lake near Egan Estate. I shoot a .250-3000 Savage, which brings home the bacon every time I hold it on the target, and believe it to be the ideal gun for deer, no elevating of sights, no holding ahead of the game, just line up the deer in the sights and it is venison for supper. I have it equipped with ivory bead front with Lyman bar rear with ivory insert. This is the nicest combination I have used, permitting a clear vision of the game at all times and as accurate as any crotch sight when held true.

There has been considerable discussion re the use of dogs in the hunting of deer. My

opinion is that fewer deer get away wounded when followed by dogs. I heard a party of still hunters say this fall, that they ought to have a couple of hounds, to follow the wounded deer, as they lost a good many in that way, which they knew must die owing to the wounds inflicted. It is my belief that game will be conserved more, by permitting use of dogs, since a dead deer is better than a wasted one.

This year our party lost three hounds which must have gone to other hunters. Why does not the *Rod and Gun* start a registry of hounds, charging so much yearly for the issuance of a number or mark of some description, so that all clubs may be able to locate stray dogs. Say if a dog comes to camp with No. 7 mark, by turning in that number to *Rod and Gun* the owner could be located and made happy. Think this over brother sportsmen who have dogs they worship and would hate to lose.

Trusting I have not taken too much of your valuable space I wish you every success.

I am,

Yours very truly,

W. D. Stevens, D.D.S.

Westport, Ontario,

Dec. 10, 1920:



# THE TRAIL THAT LED TO NOWHERE



F. V. WILLIAMS



**T**HE trees popped and snapped with the frost. It was cold, cold as only a night in the big north country knows how to be. Not a breath of air stirring and the stars, the millions of stars as brilliant as pointed daubs of fire in the big blue black vault of heaven looked down on a stretch of country seemingly desolate of all life. Away still farther to the northwest the northern lights glimmered on and off. In a snow bound thicket down close by the little frozen river the 'King of the big swamp' raised his head to listen. Away off to the east and north came the long-drawn howl of a wolf and as he listened it was answered by another of his kind farther to the south. The moon was not yet risen, but the big fellow did not wait for moonlight; if the timber wolves had already discovered his recently made tracks it was time he was on his way, and silently he stepped out of the west side of the thicket and *walked* away up across the side hill opposite.

Old he was and wise, this fellow of the fine antlers, and a single timber wolf would have had his work cut out for him had he attempted a scrap with the big deer. But a half dozen

gray fellows were different, and the buck instinctively knew there was trouble in store for him should he await the on-coming pack in his present surroundings. Accordingly he had started off, but there was no panic or even a hint of haste in the deer's movements. Away up across a mile long open, snow-covered hillside he went and at the edge of the inky black timber line at the top he stopped and took a long look backward. Did you ever try travelling at night through heavy standing timber? If you have not you will not appreciate the cleverness of this fellow as he made his way through that mile and a half wide stretch of timber through the inky blackness, past windfalls and tangle of snow covered underbrush. In a remarkably short space of time, considering the obstacles to be overcome, he emerged on a fairly open piece of ground sloping down to a ravine on the other side. This slope was but the first of a succession of low hills, and now it was nearing moonrise and the buck quickened his walk. He was over the last open hill and out of sight in the gully beyond just before the moon's rim topped the trees. And then things began to happen.

Joe Sonson, timber cruiser, and sometime trapper, appeared at right angles to the deer trail, on snowshoes,

and he was travelling fast. Joe had need to travel fast. For three days he had been held up at the flag station down the line of the C.P.R. getting in a lot of neglected provisions, and in the three days he knew, he felt it in his bones, that he had been losing fur. This morning he had made his start early, knowing the big moon would make the last hours of night as light as could be desired over his route. He noted the fresh deer track, the enormous size and the direction taken, but he kept on toward the trap line straight up the ridge. In five minutes he was out of sight and for another five minutes there was an absolute woods silence. Then, like a shadow a big grey wolf suddenly appeared from out the night. He came on with his head down and thrust forward, travelling at an easy lope that covered distance amazingly. Twenty feet from the deer tracks his gait slackened, he swerved sharply, and sprang ten feet to one side as he nearly stepped

in a snowshoe track when he rounded the edge of a bunch of small, low bushes. He paused, stepped cautiously back and forth and sniffed the air curiously as he detected the smell of the deer tracks; then slowly with his mane bristling along his spine and suspicion apparent in every movement he advanced to within a few feet of the crossing of the deer and snowshoe tracks. For a full minute he stood and studied that track then with a sidelong glance of suspicion at the man track, he retraced his steps and his followers racing up the long slope of the hill swerved to follow their leader and raced directly away from the deer track. The 'King of the big swamp' had started a trail leading west, circled until it pointed almost due east; and as good fortune would have it, was crossed by the trapper at the really important part, where the wolf pack would have picked it up. It finally led, as far as the wolves were concerned, to nowhere.

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#### PURIFYING DOUBTFUL WATER.

Robert Page Lincoln.

Water that is deemed harmful to ones health can easily be made harmless by boiling it a matter of one half an hour and then straining it through several thicknesses of cloth. A more simple method can be used, however, which is satisfactory and which will kill all germs of either vegetable or animal origin. A teaspoonful of dilute hydrochloric acid is used to every quart of water. *The use of stronger acids should never be considered.* The acid given is perfectly safe and does nothing to the water save kill the germs it may contain. It is especially desirable that this be used when one is in a region where the water supply is thought harmful to the health. In a limestone region it is generally far better to make use of rainwater whenever that is possible, although rainwater that has come in contact with lead in gutters may be harmful. Rainwater, however, that flows through wooden gutters into a clean receptacle makes the best drinking water to be had. Water that is taken from a faucet can be kept clean by tying two or three thicknesses of heavy towelling to the mouth of it, these cloths being renewed once in a while. This

should be done even where water comes through a filtration plant.

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#### ROBINS AND CHERRY TREES.

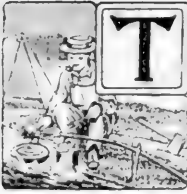
Robins have increased to such an extent under the protection afforded them by the Migratory Bird Treaty Act that many complaints are being heard from fruit growers in different sections of the country who contend that these birds do great damage to cherries, strawberries, etc. The U.S. Department of Agriculture has on several occasions been requested to issue permits allowing the shooting of robins where they are damaging fruit.

Sen. George P. McLean of Connecticut, one of the fathers of the Weeks-McLean Migratory Bird Law, offers a plan which he says never fails to work, whereby the cherries may be protected without killing the birds. Robins have great respect for black snakes. Their winter sojourn in the South has taught them that this reptile is very fond of robin meat. Senator McLean says that if you will cut an old garden hose into four-foot lengths and put a length of this in each cherry tree, the robins, thinking each piece of hose is a black snake, will give the tree a wide berth.

(A. G. P. A. Bulletin.)

# Dwellers in Snow

J. W. WINSON



THE GARMENT OF spring is green, the robe of summer is rainbow, autumn comes in cloth-of-gold, but winter is snow-white.

Perpetual at the poles and on high mountain peaks, rare in temperate seas, absent altogether at the tropics, this frozen moisture is one of the first of Nature's wonders. Regarded as the emblem of winter, the symbol of cold, it is greeted by all the seers of "out-doors" as a welcome blanket of warmth!

Some scientists maintain that it is never absent from the air, that up in the highest strata of the atmosphere, fine ice-particles are forever floating as small but perfect crystals.

The summer shower of liquid life, warm and invigorating started as minute ice-particles which joined into flakes as they fell, but melted when reaching the lower atmosphere, and reached the earth as rain.

Future aviators may verify the theory but there is one practical observation which gives it credence. The line of eternal snow is at sea-level at the poles, even down from the north to Spitzbergen. From there it slowly mounts the hills. First, there are cliffs which never lose their crown, then only high ridges can remain white-crested. In Alaska the summer sun can raise the line to 2,000 feet. At the international boundary it has reached about 8,000 feet and further southward the higher it climbs.

Down in the tropics no snow is seen at sea level, but high in the Andes it lies eternally above 18,000 feet, a strong indication that it exists always in the sky and that rain is only a condition of warm currents and low levels.

The theory is offered that in very high altitudes there is never any rain, but only fine ice crystals, which unite

on occasion into flakes of snow, crystals such as those on a frosted window-pane.

\* \* \*

Whatever the theory regarding conditions in the air, it is certainly the rule that snow makes for warmth below.

In localities where it lies all winter, the first fall cushions the ground and all plants and roots are safe from further freezing. Buds may continue their cradle development, and underground sapwork goes along steadily. Hibernating creatures use up flesh and emerge weak in the spring; plant roots use the waiting darkness in gathering strength for the first warm days.

When not wind-driven, the flakes fall softly as if with apology, quietly, and without patter. The crystals keep their lovely forms, the air between them is encaged. Flake over flake is piled light and airy as feathers, fern and grass are slowly bent, bushes keep erect, evergreens catch armfuls and hold until tired. Soon the earth is overlaid with frozen cloud-stuff, white and glistening; no cold or heat can vex it now until the mantle melts.

\* \* \*

The burrowing rodents now come on the ground and tunnel through the yielding snow. This is easier work than mining in soil and if their food is now more difficult to find, they have the great advantage of foraging in safety. They are well screened from hawk or owl; any other enemy must tunnel after them, and few beyond the slim relentless weasel will hunt with much success.

\* \* \*

Birds seek the last bare patches under trees and lee of logs for food. Some game birds will shelter here but the refuge is insecure, their hunters run to such places first. When these retreats are covered they must take to the trees—or burrow!

The instinct which prompts the



ruffed grouse to go tunnelling is probably but an extension of its propensity to scratch.

It would scratch away the lighter sprinklings that barely covered the fallen leaves and discovering that this white stuff was easily scattered would get the habit of "pawing" it away as the reindeer does—to uncover its lichens. If the snow was deep or drifting it would continue to scratch until the soil was reached, then follows the cleared space unconscious that it was mining.

As the snows appear, a bristly growth develops on the toes of the grouse, as if it was becoming webfooted. They finish as a feathery fringe, making a perfect snowshoe, enabling the bird to walk on the soft drifts, as well as assisting greatly in the foraging tunnels.

Thompson Seton, that tireless trailer and interpreter of tracks was the first to report this snowshoe development, and it is an interesting sidelight on the popular-interest now shown in the ways of the wild things, that theatrical managers dare offer him \$3,000 per week to appear in vaudeville and tell of these secrets!

Travellers and trappers in the sub-Arctic regions have many experiences of the sheltering power of the snow, perhaps one of the strangest is the "huskies" curling up to sleep at night in a snowstorm, and being found next morning by their owners, from the steaming "breathing holes" that lead like funnels down to the sleeping dogs now deep in the drifts.

\* \* \*

The use of the snow for shelter by animals and birds may be understood as making a virtue out of necessity, but that insects should revel on snow for their constant existence is somewhat astonishing.

The snowfleas, though only seen on the whitened earth which they cover so thickly as to darken, are really creatures of the thaw. They are said to feed on the lichens of trees and rocks, and take to the snow only on sunny days, but this is where they are generally found, at any rate. If the thaw is strong enough to melt into pools, these will be filled with

them to suffocation, while as they hop over the snow they will purple the surface for yards, and when they die they fill the air with olfactory evidence of their decay.

Found everywhere from the Pacific to the Atlantic, in various species, at times a nuisance in the east when they jump into the maple sap, perhaps a commonly general name is spring-tails. There could be no better name for these snow travellers, for it is by the spring of the tail they progress.

The abdomen has a horny extension which is curved back under the body of the insect, and when it wishes to move, sudden pressure on this spring-board raises the creature in the same manner as a swimmer leaps from a diving board.

These fleas are akin to the fish-moths or "silvers" that are often found in cupboards and drawers.

\* \* \*

The snowflea is only a fair-weather traveller, insisting on thaw and sunshine before it ventures far, but Mr. H. J. Blurton of the Okanagan has discovered a species of wingless crane-fly which prefers the other extreme! He has noticed these insects for years when out trapping, seeing them usually above the five thousand feet line, in the open spaces near the timber line, where spruce and balsam grow sparingly.

They always travel in a straight line which he considers is a mating quest but when sensing the vibrations in the snow caused by his footsteps they crouch and remain motionless until the vibrations cease.

It is only in the coldest weather he finds them travelling. They are absent in the morning sun, but appear if the weather should cool to snow in the afternoon.

Specimens picked up and carried in the warm hand would die in a few minutes. If put back on the snow before life was extinct they would revive in the cold! When he placed his warm hand in front of their line of march, the creatures would turn aside from its heat, but would pass over his snowshoes without hesitation proving that they prefer cold to warmth

a fact extraordinary in natural history.

\* \* \*

Entomologists were long puzzled over the matings of some more or less common flies that attack animals until they were discovered above the snow line in the mountains of the interior. Hunters and mountaineers have found butterflies even, on the snow fields above the everlasting glaciers. What mysterious migrations could these be pursuing in such altitudes?

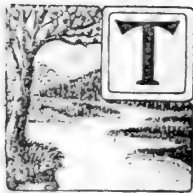
There is minute life, fungoid or animal or insect, which colours the

snow over immense patches, making "red snow" as we have "red seas."

The range of wild life seems limitless. Whenever or wherever we imagine conditions are too severe, Nature surprises us with unusual adaptations. Much of this strange life is new and uncharted, and experts in biological research are very dependent on hunters, trappers, prospectors and other pioneers, who have the eye to notice these wonderful forms and the self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of knowledge to take trouble in catching and forwarding specimens to the government authorities.

## The Buffalo Runner

HARRY W. LAUGHY



HE training of the buffalo runner both man and horse, commenced at an early age. In the case of the man it commenced when a prairie flower mother sat a chubby

coppery kid on the back of a cayuse colt; while with the horse it had its inception a dozen generations before his birth when it was noticed that an ancestor, of either sex, could produce a burst of speed.

The earliest ambition of a half breed, or Indian kid, is to mount a horse alone; first the old travois horse, with his blistered back, that can scarcely be kicked around; next a lame one, or a gentle mare, and finally a wild-eyed colt. Trained in boyhood and through early youth to ride anything he can catch, he arrives at manhood with a horse of his own, a part of the horse himself.

The Indian filly that showed signs of speed was carefully singled out. No searing travois ever galled her back, and no kid broke her heart in youth. Culling the dainties from the lap of luxury she became the village belle, more petted and caressed by far than any squaw in camp; her

matings and her off-spring were a study in themselves, but it was only after generations of most thoughtful care and breeding that the petted Indian pony could produce a buffalo runner.

When the object had been attained, my, the beauty of him, not necessarily large, perhaps nine hundred pounds or so, but that lithe-limbed body of his must contain a frame of steel; must have heart and lung power that would drive an old-world cart horse; an intellect ripened through the by-gone years; an action free and light as thistle down, and a burst of speed like a swallow on the wing.

Petted and pampered to a marked degree, his only time of travail was at breaking time, for no wild arab of the desert wastes demanded more of exact obedience in his horse than did the buffalo hunter of the plains. Early in the spring of his fourth year this usually pampered aristocrat would be caught up, and without preamble of any kind a raw-hide thong would be slipped around his jaw. Now everything depended on the adjustment of this thong, for this was the only harness that would be used. A simple running knot would be made in the end, and the nose carefully adjusted with the

knot on the *right* side of the lower jaw; the thong was then carried back along the *left* side of the neck, and the first operation was complete. Next came the running mount. The pony was encouraged to a walk, then to a trot, and when the desired speed had been obtained, the Indian, running beside him would spring flat footed to his back.

That mount alone was a work of art. We see an effort made to duplicate it by the "cowboys" in the movies of today, but the Indian mount of the buffalo days was a *something* by itself. Running lightly beside his horse with both hands tangled in his mane the Indian would jump once, his moccasins hitting the prairie grass together; then, aided by volition, one upward swoop and the rider was seated upon his horse. This feat was practised over and over until the pony ceased to shy, and then the lesson was ended, for no two lessons were ever allowed to lap.

Next came the breaking to the rein. The stop came first. The pony was urged to a gentle run; then with a low, sharp grunt the rider would throw himself backward with a surge upon the thong; the savage grip of the slipping knot would tear away the skin and tender flesh; yank the jaw around sideways close up against the throat, and the pony with fore feet threshing the air would come to a sliding stop. This cruel lesson was repeated until the motion backwards and the grunt alone were needed to throw the pony back upon his haunches while running at break-neck speed.

We read of the eastern rider who controls his horse with his knee, and on the plains we have seen the cowboy "neck rein" a horse with a skill that seemed uncanny; but the buffalo runner of the early days actually controlled his horse by the motions of his body.

The method of teaching was this. Remember the position of the knot upon the jaw. The thong was taken out of the *right* side of the pony's mouth, carried back along the *left* side of this neck and held in the rider's left hand. Now for the first time the

horse was walked through his lesson; leaning well to the left side, with that arm extended, the Indian would draw the pony's head to that side, but so gently that the pull of the thong would not irritate. Soon at the leaning of the body and the extending of the arm the pony would turn with scarce a touch upon the cord, and within an hour would be running free, and responding to the sway of the rider's body, without the cord at all.

To turn to the right the treatment was a little different. The cord was drawn straight back along the same side of the neck while the rider swayed to the right; this acted upon the horse's jaw exactly like a common bit, and responding to the curb and the swaying body the horse would swerve to the right.

When he had been taught to stand, the running mount, to stop, and to turn, his education was complete except for one thing. Those buffalo runners used to divide their time between hunting game and Indians; on the old Dakota plains the Red river hunters might run into a brush with the Sioux at a moment's notice and on the open prairie it was often necessary for them to obliterate themselves. To that end the buffalo horse was taught to lie down, and do it mighty quickly when the order came. The lesson was taught in this manner; the right front foot was tied up to a broad strap that was laced around the withers; a hackamore was slipped onto him, and his head was tied back to his tail on the left side; this tended to throw him off his balance, and his trainer could force him off his feet at the word of command, and with very little effort. When this final touch had been given to his education the buffalo horse was the pride of all the prairie, and was now ready to actually run his quarry.

Of the professional hunters there were two distinct types; the dried meat hunter, and the fresh meat hunter. The one hunted close in around the trading post, and traded off his meat as it was killed; while the other went out in the spring, and remained until fall, drying his meat and pounding it into pemmican. The

actual mode of hunting was the same in each case so I shall confine myself to a trip of the dry meatmen.

In the spring of the year, as soon as the grass was green upon the prairie, the first big hunt of the season was in order. Then, one evening the camp would gather around the council fire and the looser methods of existence would give place to a military discipline. The women and children all withdrew, and the men went into council to elect a chief and captains and to frame a set of laws to govern the hunt. The chief and his ten captains were always chosen by vote, and their word was always law while the hunt was on; they in turn chose ten others who should act as scouts, or outriders; others were chosen to guard the camps at night, and so on until every office had been filled. Then the chief asked anyone who was dissatisfied with the laws laid down to leave the camp, and their failure to do so implied a willingness to abide by the rulings of the council.

On the morning following the pow-wow the camp would be broken at the signal of the chief; the tents and all the fittings packed onto Red river carts, or in earlier days, the travois, and the troupe would pull away toward the buffalo grounds. The scouts would be thrown well out in front and on either side; the old men and squaws would drive the carts, while the hunters, riding their buffalo horses would dawdle along ahead. To get an idea of the long drawn out equipment of a hunt of this kind it is only necessary to quote Pere La-combe, the old missionary, where he says, that leaving Pembina, for the hunt in the spring of 1850 there were between 800 and a thousand half breeds in the train.

Presently, after several days upon the trail, the advance guard would sight the feeding herd. Perhaps he would be miles ahead of the others, but riding to the nearest hill he would signal to the man who rode behind him; he in turn would pass it back to the next, and within a couple of minutes the ever watching hunters of the band would know that the looked for buffalos were in sight. Immed-

ately the cavalcade would close up and halt, then the hunters, armed for conquest, would ride ahead. Behind the hill nearest to the herd they would make their final rally and get their orders; then when every last detail had been arranged, and the proper formalities gone through—for the Indian was a formalist always—the ponies would be circled into line, and pawing the grass in their eager haste would await the final word. Then, "En avant," and in a single bound they would swirl across the hill top.

This spring initiation in the new year's hunt was always an event to every hunter. Lean, and perhaps hungry days had been dogging his camp of late, and little or nothing had hung upon the lodge pole. He drew to the rally with a craving for freshly killed meat. Chewing the thong, his pony strained beneath him, while the gnawings of hunger were urging him to the chase. Then a plunge across the hill-top, and as far as his eye could reach the plain was a sea of buffalo. This was one occasion when an Indian could not yell, for his mouth was always filled with big lead bullets; but with rifle in one hand, powder horn in the other and guiding his horse with his swaying body he would flatten himself out along his racer's neck, and ride like a fiend of hell. Straight along the flank of the milling bunch he would go swift as a swooping hawk, with his pony pounding a tattoo on the grass; and here came in the science of the hunt. A running buffalo is stupid as a sheep, but after he is wounded he becomes a devil; and many an old hunter's leg I have seen with a sear from knee to ankle where a wounded buffalo had ripped him open, on account of a careless horse. Racing close beside, but a little behind the buffalo, the hunter would fire at point blank range behind the shoulder blade; the big bullet passing forward and downward would tear a hole in the heart, or in the lung, and the horse would swing aside at the shot as the wounded beast went down. But if he happened to run straight on past the

reeling animal,—a rip of a horn, and his entrails were hanging out.

Running with the bunch, the hunter would insert the nozzle of the powder horn into the muzzle of his rifle, let the powder run while he turned the horn once around, then spit in a bullet, cock and fire. Almost at every jump of the horse he would drive home a big lead ball, and his trail far away across the plain was strewn with dying buffalo.

Abandoning the chase when his

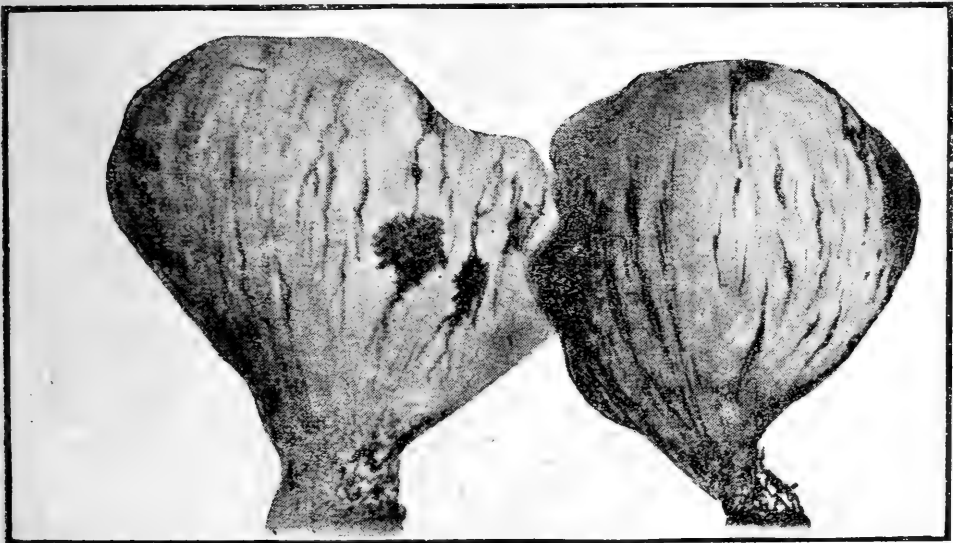
ammunition became exhausted, and returning along the line of hunt he would find the camp pitched at the nearest water to the centre of the carcass strewn plain, and the small boys racing around on the colts and cart horses butchering, with fiendish glee, any buffalo that still showed signs of life. Pots would be boiling and fresh meat roasting by the time he got back to camp, and stretched in the shade, by the teepee fire he would gorge till his sides were sore.

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## Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

T. WARE



*Lycoperdon cyathiforme*—(natural size), edible.

I have found this plant quite frequently in stubble fields.

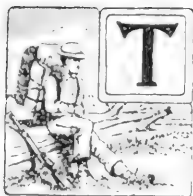
The body of the plant does not rest on the ground as in (*L. giganteum*), but it is somewhat pear shaped, rounded above and tapering below. They are from two to six inches in diameter, white when young or sometimes pinkish, changing to brown then purple. Like all other puff balls they are only fit for food when young and white all through.

The plant has a curious habit of breaking up at the top and when the spores have all been blown away the outer covering is left in the shape of a cup giving it the common name of "Breaker Puff ball."



# The Code of a Hunting Tribe

GEORGE R. BELTON



HERE are not many tribes of people on the face of the earth now who live entirely by hunting. There may be a few of the pygmy tribes of Africa—who though small are mighty hunters and live by the chase alone; but their numbers are few and they are going the way of the animals from which they once made a good living. The pot hunter and the commercial greed of civilised man has made it impossible for such tribes of men to exist in any region that can support the race in modern style.

But there is still a hunting tribe even in North America; in Canada and under the same flag as the Canadian loves. The Esquimo of the north are still a hunting tribe getting their food and their clothing as well as their home furnishings and their utensils of war and peace from their prowess in the hunt. It is reported that of late they are getting high power rifles and taking after the way of the white man in killing for commercial sale and even for "sport." What effect this will have upon them as well as upon the game is a matter for conjecture only. Will they go the way of other aboriginal peoples when this gets too far into their blood? Most people will hope not. Yet this may be a break into their ways and customs that will be fatal to them as communities and even as a people.

They had their stern laws before the white men came to them. One of these has been interfered with directly by the white man, according to their understanding of the case; and though they are wrong in this assumption there may be some trouble in the north among the hunting lodges over the matter.

Ouangwak, an Esquimo, killed two men at or near Chesterfield Inlet. Now I will not tell you where that is; look it up and get some idea of how far

north the laws of your country run. Ouangwak was caught by the Mounted Police after a long hard chase, and was brought to The Pas for trial, for that was the nearest court. But no



Ouangwak, Esquimo hunter

witnesses were brought that long distance for the trial and the authorities ordered him taken back to Chesterfield to be tried under the inspector of the Mounted Police there.



When Ouangwak came back to Chesterfield there were murmurings of surprise and indignation amongst the Esquimo who felt their ancient exact sense of justice was outraged. They had their own law strict and stern, and by it the council of old men would have met to deal with Ouangwak's case and appointed an executioner to make him pay the penalty. But they had seen the Mounted Police come amongst them with the laws of the land they are adopted into and had left the matter to the "Great White King" for disposal. Now they see the man brought back and they cannot accept the explanation of Father Turquetil, the resident missionary, that he will be tried there and if guilty will be executed. They gave him up to justice and their childlike minds cannot see why he was not killed at once. He had confessed to killing one of these men to get his wife.

Father Turquetil, who recently returned from Chesterfield Inlet to The Pas says he did all he could to explain the matter but fears the Esquimo did not accept his explanation and that the tribe may take the matter into their own hands. They may over-power the little handful of police there and take Ouangwak and deal with him according to the law of the hunting tribes as existing since they were a people in the dawn of human life when perhaps, our Saxon and Celt forefathers were under laws and customs similar to those of the Esquimo, hunting in the woods of Britain and Gaul "with their bodies stained by juices" instead of clothes, Caesar says that, after stating Gaul is divided into three parts in opening of Latin troubles for all students.

It will be interesting to see how the hunting tribe ends this matter.

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## Ontario Game Exhibit

The Department of Game and Fisheries in the Government Building at the Canadian National Exhibition last autumn, brought convincing proof this year that Ontario is the world's sporting paradise. While our neighbors to the south measure their hunting grounds in acres, the province of Ontario measures the vast virgin expanse of practically unexplored territory in square miles.

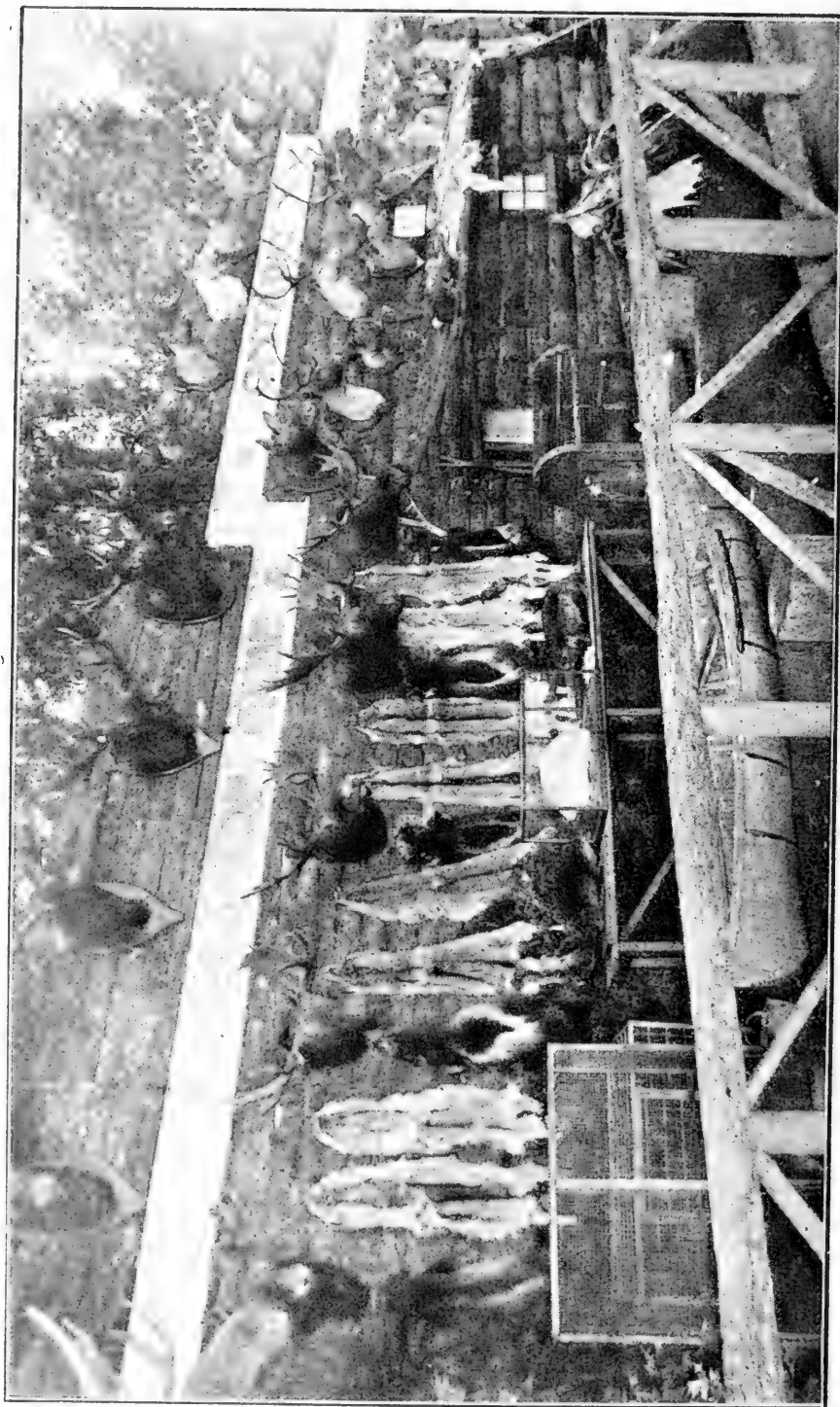
Lord Burnham and Lord Cave, members of the Imperial Press Conference, who visited the exhibit, expressed themselves in words of admiration at the originality and beauty of the display and at once suggested that the Government take steps to bring this display over to Great Britain for the British Dominions' Exposition in London in 1923. This, more than anything else, would bring home to the sportsmen of the whole world the possibilities of Ontario as the greatest fur market and the best stocked fish ponds in the whole world.

The actual demonstration of what the lover of the outdoors may find in a hundred

different districts with rod and gun eclipses anything that could be accomplished in that direction with the aid of books or pamphlets. Among the live animals were also several Canadian black bear and grey and black squirrels. The latter are protected until 1923.

The part of the exhibit that hits home to every resident of Ontario, as well as all sportsmen, was the fish showing. Trout from the famous Nipigon waters, white fish and sturgeons brought alive a thousand miles in the province, brook trout from the Ontario hatcheries and a splendid exhibition of black bass, which made the mouth water of all anglers who looked at it. The work and activity of the Department of Game and Fisheries are well shown in the fact that there are over fourteen thousand trappers and over 1,800 fur dealers in the province of Ontario to whom they sell. It is estimated that furs to the value of three million dollars are annually sold in the province.

Last year there were twenty thousand hunting licenses issued and the number of licenses



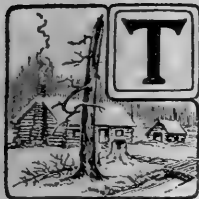
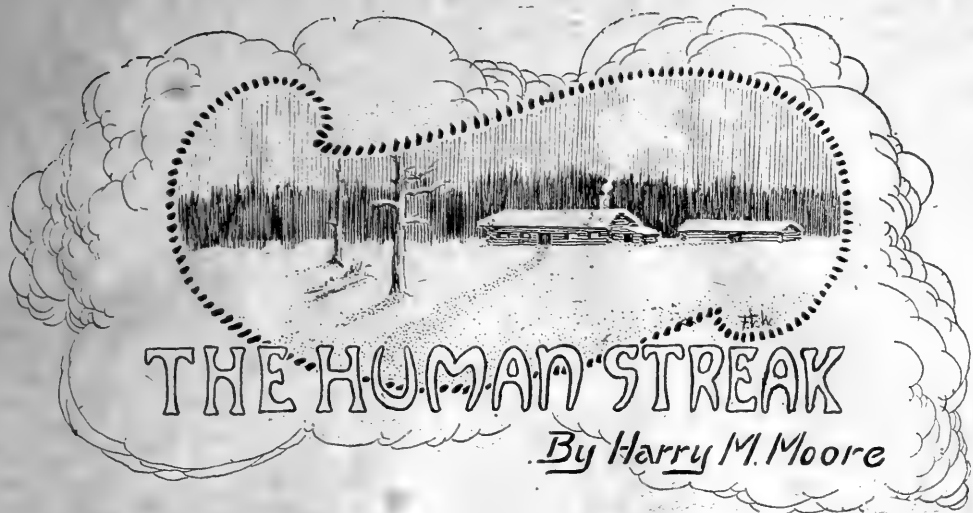
Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries Exhibit at Canadian National Exhibition, 1920.

issued to non-resident anglers was 12,000.

This year the department has restocked provincial waters with over seventy million

fish of different kinds, and in the coming year it is proposed to increase this number by fifty million.





**T**HIRTY-SEVEN un-  
nerved French-Can-  
adian lumberjacks  
packed their belong-  
ings and with the  
coming of dawn, they  
hit the trail—out!

For the time being

they were through with the camp at Mount Laurier. Five of the thirty-seven bore the marks of a combat with an unseen, terrible something. Five of the thirty-seven—

One nightfall Jean Prevost, bruised and bleeding, dragged his two hundred pounds of beef and muscle into the sleep camp of the Rouge River Lumber Co. at Mount Laurier and whispered faintly, "Wolf." Then Jean Prevost fainted.

Three dozen excited shantymen, with many "Mon Dieus" and "Sacres" dressed Prevost's wounds and put him to bunk. They were mystified. Prevost's injuries had not been caused by a wolf. A wolf tears out the piece his snapping jaws strike. Prevost had not been cut up. Rather he had been worried like a dog-worried sheep.

The mysterious attack on Jean Prevost was but the beginning of a series of mysterious attacks, each growing in magnitude, each drawing the victim nearer to the door of death.

Joe Duhamel, Vincent Court, Xavier St. Louis, respectively, straggling in from cutting logs back off the main road, were set upon. Each at-

tack followed the coming of the long dark shadows among the trees. Each attack was sudden—a surprise rush from behind, a one-sided struggle and—and—a strange letting up just when the victim had been rendered powerless.

Not one of these men could give the slightest idea as to what had hurled him to the ground. Each one believed that this powerful, quick, supple animal was a monster wolf. But!

A wolf tears out the piece his snapping fangs strike. Not one of these lumberjacks had been cut, as a wolf cuts his victim.

The men swore bitterly. Inured to hardship on river and in camp, brave, fearless fighters when there was fighting to be done, they roundly cursed this thing that would not be seen by the light of day.

They trooped over to the office and told Tom Thompson, their foreman. They threatened to quit. Tom Thompson, the interests of the company at heart, parleyed with them. They must not give way to fear. He advised them to wait.

"I'll have a man go out today for poison and traps," he told them.

The lumberjacks unpacked their bags. They went back to work, but with the coming of darkness each night they cringed with fear and foreboding. They began to show "nerves." This strange thing that struck them down without warning

had drawn heavily on their courage.

Poison and traps were spread and placed in every likely spot on the limits, and for ten days nothing untoward happened. During those ten days the injured recovered, fear left them.

Tom Thompson stroked his black moustache and smiled.

"I told you we'd get him," he chortled. "He's picked up a bait and crawled away somewhere to die. God bless his old skin."

But!

Tom Thompson was wrong.

That animal was insured against the killing drugs or devices of man. The cook was his last victim.

Striking back to the spring half a mile from the camp at ten o'clock one night, the cook was hurled face downwards into the snow. His frenzied cries for help, brought the shantymen, armed with axes and peevies, on the run from the sleep-camp. When they arrived the cook was unable to tell them what had happened to him. With scowling faces they carried the cook into the sleep-camp.

It was eighteen miles to a doctor. And no one—not one—would venture a trip out for the doctor in the blackness of night. The lumberjacks applied all the knowledge of treatment they knew to the cook's injuries, and lip-locked they waited for dawn. And at dawn—

With the coming of the sun, they packed everything they possessed and carrying the revived cook on an improvised stretcher they silently hit the trail out.

Tom Thompson's tall raw-boned figure moved among them.

"I can't blame you," he told them. "If I felt as you do about it, I would go too. Prevost, you take this letter to the boss. It will explain why you are leaving. Tell him that if I am not out to see him in two weeks that he better send some one up. I want you men to be ready to come back—when I send for you. In the meantime I intend to remain here and probe this thing to the bottom. So long!"

Long after his men had filed down

the blazed trail through the big swamp, Tom Thompson dangled his legs over the side of the handy-man's work-bench. He was thinking.

A fearless man was this tall, spare, wiry son of an Ontario town. He had been schooled in the lumber and railway camps. Devoted to animals, particularly dogs, he was reckoned as an authority. But! For once his vast knowledge of the ways of animals offered no solution for the present problem. Wolves were numerous in the Laurentian hills. Just a few days before Jean Prevost had been so mysteriously injured, Tom Thompson had driven a wolf pack from a partially devoured deer at the head of the Devil's Rapids on the Rouge. But! Tom Thompson could not, nor would not, believe that the animal that had undermined his gang was a wolf. A wolf does not attack singly and silently. A wolf—

Tom Thompson's brows wrinkled. The solving of this mystery was entirely up to him. Knowing as he did the eccentricities of the lumberjack of French-Canadian extraction, he knew that he would have to remove this animal or the lumber company would be unable to entice a single man back to the limits. When Jean Prevost, Joe Duhamel, Vincent Court, Xavier St. Louis and the cook bared their backs to the inhabitants of Huberdeau—Tom Thompson knew that money could not induce them to return. No! This strange animal must be killed or captured. Proof of its death or capture must be advanced before operations at Mount Laurier could be continued.

That afternoon Tom Thompson was on the trail of the jinx. Two weeks later old Colin McKenzie of Seven Mile Mountain stamped into the sleep-camp and—

Tom Thompson had fully intended to kill the jinx, but Tom Thompson's intense love of animals made killing impossible.

To ingratiate himself into the good-will of the jinx, Tom used the charm of the good house-wife—food. And it was by a careful study of what the jinx relished that Tom

recognized the streak—a streak that he knew existed under the skin of every domesticated animal—a streak that caution, perseverance, love and kindness would develop in all untamed animals—a streak that once crossed made men murderers and animals man-killing.

It took a lot of perseverance to accomplish what Tom Thompson set out to accomplish. It displeased one carefully guarded article of the cook's pantry. But!

It worked! One morning Tom Thompson coaxed the jinx into the office and slammed the door behind it. And that day—

Although he had never set eyes on the jinx, Tom Thompson knew that it was but a question of time until he would. Each night it came down from the mountains for its food, each night it ate nearer and nearer to the camp. Signs were not wanting that it had tuned its ear to the call of the tame. Tom Thompson discovered one morning that the jinx was beginning to hang around the camp in day-time. But he never could catch a glimpse of it. Sooner or later he knew he would. At the first break of dawn one morning Tom Thompson first saw the jinx.

Stealing softly to the log-wall and removing a "chink"—just as he had done morning after morning for eight days—Tom Thompson applied his eyes to the crack. And then—

Tom Thompson stifled an ejaculation of surprise. Tom Thompson's eyes bulged with wonderment. There—there—before him—

The jinx wasn't a wolf!

Tom Thompson's eyes smiled kindly.

Sitting on his haunches, less than twenty-five yards from the building and fitfully watching the lone window, sat a monster mongrel dog. Lean, starved, the poor brute showed the lack of human care, of human affection. The terrible condition of the animal was most pronounced when it suddenly straightened up and supinely hugging the ground it crept towards the shadows of the woods. Long-eared, slender-barrelled, strong-jimbed, his big powerful jaws gave the

lie to any doubt of his strength. From the place where his neck began to the point of his bushy tail, the dog was protected from the below zero frost by a scraggly, though heavy, coat of long reddish brown hair.

That was the beginning of the end—for the jinx. Three days later Tom Thompson stood in the office door between the jinx and liberty. And that same day—

That day an Indian breed arrived from Huberdeau. He had been sent up by the company to find out why Tom was keeping them in suspense.

Tom lead the Indian to the office, and pushed open the door.

"There!" he pointed to the dog crouched in the corner opposite.

The breed stepped in cautiously. Then he gave a grunt of surprise.

"Why—Tom—that dog— Why Tom, don't you know that dog? He belonged to old Colin McKenzie over at the Seven Mile. You know old Colin—the man that beat his wife and drove out his family."

Tom Thompson's black eyes flashed. That series of brutal occurrences at the Seven Mile was well known to him, as they were well known to everybody in the Mount Laurier district. Tom turned to the breed.

"Tell the company, L'Mab, that I have succeeded in removing the jinx and that operations will begin at once. See St. Louis and Duhamel and the gang and tell them to hurry right back. Casually spread it around that I have old Colin McKenzie's dog here and I intend to keep him. And see that the cook brings back with him some sweetened chocolate—I've a sweetheart here who must have her chocolate."

Next night the boys came in. They were open-eyed and open-mouthed. The breed had not told them what manner of thing the foreman had captured. They wanted to know. Tom Thompson exacted a promise from them that they would not demand the life of his capture. They were men quick to forget. They were men that any foreman might love. Tom lead them over to the office and opened the door.



"Each attack followed the coming of the—

Joe Duhamel was the first to spot the jinx.

"Sacre!" Joe ejaculated, scratching his head. "That — old — son — of — a — gun! Why, Tom, he's only a dog—only a dog. Bah! Hell! I never run from a dog in my life before. Well, well, sacre Mon Dieu! What you think, Tom, is the matter with him? Mad? Crazy?"

Tom Thompson stepped into the office, his hand made a mysterious movement towards the animal's mouth. The dog wagged his tail, got up, his hazel brown eyes coaxed, he followed Tom towards the men.

"Boys," he turned to them. "There is no secret to this. Treat a dog with kindness and respect and he'll follow you to the ends of the world. Treat him brutally—" Tom Thompson's eyes narrowed— "Some day old Colin McKenzie will come in here, and when he does—" Tom Thompson's teeth crunched.

And old Colin McKenzie did come.

It was three days later. Tom was in the sleep-camp giving his men their orders for the afternoon's operations on a new cut near the river. old Colin picked Tom out and went right to him.

"See here, Thompson," he snarled, his grizzled beard and hard eyes peculiarly matching his round bullet-shaped head. "I hear you have my dog. I came to get him."

Tom Thompson's black eyes glistened dangerously.

"I admit that I have a dog," with a hard effort to keep his control, "But as to its ownership—well, that must be settled here and now."

"He's mine!" old Colin snapped testily.

Tom Thompson's broad hands rested on his hips. Three dozen lumberjacks formed a semicircle behind him.

"He—was—yours!" Tom drawled sneeringly. "If possession is nine points of the law, he's not yours any more, Colin."

Old Colin McKenzie's fist rattled the timbers of a bunk nearby.

"You'll give him up, Thompson, or by—"

Tom Thompson's strong hand

dropped heavily on old Colin's narrow shoulder. Tom Thompson's jaw muscles tightened into ridges along his cheeks.

"Listen to me, McKenzie!" he commanded. "I want to tell you something." The lumberjacks edged closer around them—the foreman and the old wife-beater. The silence was intense.

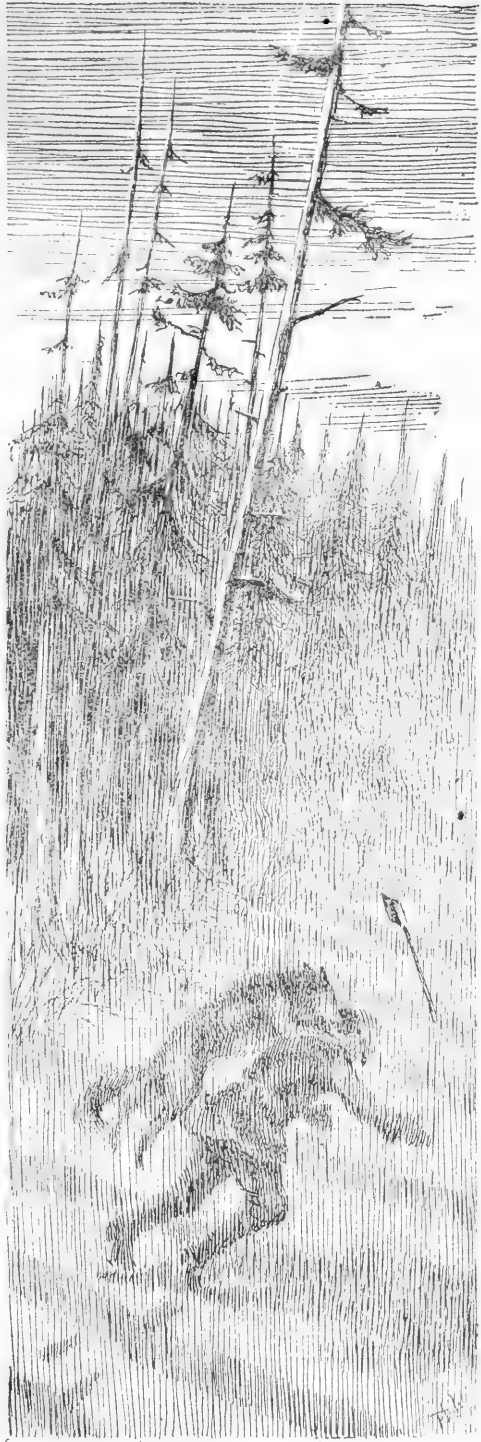
"One night when it was fifty below a bruised and bleeding, heart-broken and frost-bitten woman rapped at the door of Dame Sarazan's house and asked medical attention and protection. That poor woman was your wife. Listen!" Tom jerked old Colin's shoulder roughly. "You had a son. Where is he now? In Ste. Scholastique penitentiary. What for? Not for the crime he committed, though that was bad enough, but for the crime you committed when cursing him as no good you brutally kicked him out scantily clad into the biting frost of a midwinter night—"

Old Colin jerked his shoulder from under Tom Thompson's hand.

"What in—has all that got to do with my dog?"

Tom Thompson's hand leaped the intervening space. His strong fingers tightened on old Colin's collar.

"Don't say your dog!" Tom warned him. "That dog is not yours. You deprived yourself of his affection, his undying loyalty to you when, like your son, he was driven from your door. You starved and abused him. Poor old fool that you are, how could you expect that your son or your dog would turn out well. He was only a dog—a poor mongrel. I'll admit that much. Yet a dog has a streak of humanity about him. You crossed that streak. What was the result? That poor mongrel returned to the wild of his ancestors. He was enraged and bitter with just cause at the treatment accorded him by one who transgressed all the laws of God and man. That dog soured on humanity. He was not a killer, though. Time would have driven him to that stage—eventually. He preyed on my men, he did it with human intelligence, doing so under cover of darkness and striking where and



—long dark shadows among the trees.



when he was least expected to strike. Poisons and traps, he had become accustomed to all these devices at your shack—" Tom Thompson cleared his throat before proceeding. "I re-tamed that dog. He is my property. What better claim can you advance that he is yours?"

Old Colin McKenzie's eyes appealed for sympathy from the silent circle of faces. There was none apparent. Old Colin's head dropped dejectedly. Tom Thompson's fingers unloosened on the old man's collar.

"The trail leads direct to your shack, Colin," Tom Thompson suggested. "Better hurry along."

Old Colin slowly paced towards the door. He stopped. His head straightened up. He turned to Tom Thompson who was watching him closely.

"Forgive me, Tom," Old Colin shot out his hand. "Forgive me, Tom. It is the first time I ever asked forgiveness from God, man or devil."

Tom Thompson's lips opened with

surprise. Colin McKenzie was travelling westward towards the Long Silent Trail. How soon! Tom Thompson's hand went out involuntarily.

"Keep up the good work," he said.

Old Colin's right hand and tear-moistened eyes were directed upwards.

"If God gives me time, I'll make amends. You have taught me a valuable lesson, Tommie—a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. Good-bye."

And the jinx—

The jinx—the lumberjacks humorously christened him that—became once more the obedient, devoted friend and companion of man. When the camp broke up in the spring and Tom Thompson was leaving for home, thirty-seven French-Canadian lumberjacks followed him to the station to see him off and they hugged and kissed the jinx when they parted with him as though he were a fellow being,—which he was.

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## Hungarian Partridge in Alberta

Attempts have been made to establish European gray-legged commonly called Hungarian partridge in many different sections of the United States. These attempts have generally resulted in complete failure. In some instances the birds have held their own for a time and slight increases have been noted, but we have never heard of any section where they have become well enough established to consider the experiment on entire success from the standpoint of the shooter.

Experiments made in Canada have shown far better results. We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Fred Green of Calgary, part of which is as follows:

"The Alberta Fish and Game Association of Calgary started the importation of foreign game birds in the year 1908 and in all has liberated about one hundred and ninety-five pairs of Hungarian partridge. These birds were liberated about five miles apart in five and ten pair lots in a circle approximately twenty-five miles in diameter.

"The results which have been attained are far beyond our fondest dreams. These birds have multiplied and spread out so that they

are now found in all directions from Calgary. Some have been noted as far as one hundred and seventy miles from the nearest point where any birds were liberated.

"We have found this bird, which weighs about thirteen ounces, is very prolific, fast on the wing, and is a splendid bird for dog work. It prefers the farming communities and is invariably found on plowed fields and stubble. I think I am well within the limits of the truth when I say that there are more Hungarian partridges in Alberta today than there are prairie chickens."

As Alberta has long been noted for her prairie-chicken shooting, these European birds must surely be firmly established. The fact that they have thrived in Canada, where they have generally proved a failure in the United States, leads us to believe that a study should be made of the conditions under which the birds have succeeded in Alberta. These European partridges are a valuable addition to the game resources of any section, as they are prolific and hardy, and it is possible that they may yet furnish real shooting in northern states.

(A. G. P. A. Bulletin.)

# A Week's Holiday in Muskoka

G. J. CONIBEAR

IT had seemed such a long way; I was anxious to reach my destination, and the express train had seemed to move as slowly as a heavily-loaded freight would have done. The time-table which I consulted every few minutes showed that we would be there in eight minutes, and I had my valise ready at hand to jump out the instant the train stopped.

I had been away from my old home where we used to have such merry times before we moved. I had worked hard all winter, and the greater part of the summer so that I would be able to take this trip and have a week's fishing in my old home in Muskoka. I was anxious to see the dear old village, the dear old folks, and all the dear old places where I had wandered, and fished, and hunted and done all the other things which a good healthy boy so loves to do.

All through the winter I had looked forward to this trip. And in my mind I had gone over the old fishing grounds, recalling the times when I had landed the big black bass that were then so plentiful in Muskoka. I expected that the place would be greatly changed, but still I could not help thinking that I would yet be able to get good sport and lots of bass.

All day I had been sitting or lying on two seats of a first-class passenger coach, watching the scenery drift; and watching the time-table to see how much longer it would be before I would reach my station. Now towards evening it had started to rain torrents. I am rather fond of rain usually but just at that time I hated the sight of it. I had told Uncle that I would be there, on Monday, but I had been delayed and now it was Wednesday. Uncle's house was more than a mile from the station, and I knew that the roads would be a mass of mud, and I had brought no rain-coat or rubbers.

What should I do? I would not likely be able to hire a horse and the one small hotel was closed for the time being.

The train whistled and slowed down, then it stopped, and my meditations were cut short in the usual hurry of getting off the train. I was just going to dive into the shelter of the little over-turned box of a station to get out of the rain until I decided what to do, when I heard a friendly and familiar voice say:

"Hello, Jack, come around this way; I left the horse around behind the station so it wouldn't be frightened of the train, here, put on this old coat; it isn't much to look at but it will keep off the rain."

Well, in about two minutes we were going up and down hills as fast as the old mare could cover the slippery road, and with pieces of Muskoka flying in every direction from the wheels. A few minutes later we turned at the gate and drove up to the back door. There was a rushing noise inside the house and the next minute Auntie and four girl cousins burst out of the door and showered me with questions about how everybody was at home, and all the other usual questions which are asked upon seeing someone who has been away a long time.

I hoped it would clear up, so that I could go fishing the next day and in fact all the week I was to stay there, but in spite of all my wishing, it rained heavily the next two days and part of the third day.

However, the third day about three o'clock, it stopped raining and appeared to be clearing up nicely. I have always believed that the fish would not bite very well after a rain; nevertheless I borrowed Uncle's fishing-pole, dug about twenty worms, got into the boat and rowed around to the narrows where the fish used to abound.

I rowed up to what had been the best place of all for bass; where there

was a small eddy just below a straight cut rock about two feet above the water, and a large pine tree hanging far out over. This same pine tree had caught and firmly held many a youthful fisherman's hook. Indeed one has to be very careful or he will have the same luck.

I started in feverish haste to slide a worm on to the hook, but I found out right then that I wasn't going to have any luck. Instead of sliding on as it should have done, that worm divided itself into many small pieces and fell or went squirming up my sleeve. I was not going to be beaten, by the failure to put on one worm; so I took another one which was short and fat and looked as if it would be good.

Well, this worm had an altogether new set of tricks from the first one's. Instead of breaking itself into small pieces the moment I stuck the hook into it, it merely stretched itself about six times its original length, and in doing so made itself as thin as a darning needle, and as soon as I had it on the hook it contracted to its original length again. That meant that I had to put at least five inches of worm on the hook to cover one inch of it.

But I persevered and finally, with a triumphant sigh I threw the line out into the stream. O delirious delight! The cork float hadn't fairly settled on the water before it headed for the bottom as if there were a whale tied to the hook. Say, I gave that line a pull that would have jerked the whale out if it had been on. But instead of the vicious resistance which I expected the line just came out of the water and flew high in the air, and then to add insult to injury curled itself lovingly around an overhanging tree.

With a strong feeling that I had been betrayed I went to work with mind and muscle to extricate the hook which was firmly fastened about ten feet out from the shore and it seemed to me about twenty feet above the water. I worked hard for about a quarter of an hour trying to induce it to come down, by giving it quick jerks with the pole from as many

different directions as I could think of. The hook just simply refused however, so I came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it, if I wanted to fish any more but to climb out on the tree and chase that hook down. Taking a good look at all the roots to see that they were firm and hardy, I crawled out, and after many risks of falling into the water, and soiling my clothes, I released the hook and was just going to jump on it to teach it better manners when I remembered that that might cause me to slip and scare all the fish out of the lake.

When I got back on to terra firma I examined the hook and line to see if they were damaged. Then I saw why the float had headed for the bottom in such a hurry. You couldn't expect a little cork out of a vinegar bottle to hold up a two-ounce stone could you? In my eagerness to get the line in the water I had not noticed that the owner of the line had for some reason tied a stone weighing at least two ounces on to the line by way of a sinker, and I can't deny that it answered the purpose.

About five minutes later I again threw the hook into the water and anxiously waited results. It lay on the water for about one minute then bobbed under. But I was not to be deceived again, this was just some more trick play of the hook, so I did not even pull it out.

However the next instant when the float dived and stayed under for a longer period I could not resist the temptation to see if there was anything fooling with the hook. I soon found that there was, for when the line came out, there, hanging on the end of it was a very small and innocent-looking sunfish about three inches long. And the little brat had taken all the worm.

Needless to say I took it off the hook and then watched it struggle back into the water without even attempting to stop it. Then I threw the hook into the water again, farther out this time, and picking out the softest piece of rock I could find, stretched out comfortably and let my mind run on the days of long

ago. I went over many of my fishing experiences again, one in particular when I had come down here alone at night and caught two bass each over two pounds.

It had been just such a day as this, and no one else had cared to go fishing. I was not quite sure whether I wanted to fish myself, or not. However, I had thrown in my line and sat down to wait. I had almost given up hope when I felt a jerk on the pole, and the next minute I had a large bass wriggling at my feet. A minute later I landed another to match the first, but after that I couldn't get a bite. So I had gone home quite content with life.

Just as I was thinking of this pleasant little incident, I saw my float disappear in a hurry—and stay under. Then I exerted a little strength on the pole and landed a bass that weighed at least a pound. I had been expecting no less than a two-pounder but this would make a start.

After that I got bites aplenty but all from sunfish or perch too small to take the hook, but big enough to eat the worm as fast as I could put it on. About five o'clock when I found that I had used up all the worms, I went home.

I told Uncle of my poor luck, but he just grinned and said the fish were mostly all fished out of these lakes. "However," he said, "last year I got ten two-pounders in about two hours up at the end of the lake at the mouth of the river; if you would like to go there, why, we can both go and maybe between us we can catch something."

Of course I was agreeable. So the

next day at two o'clock we started out for the end of the lake which was about three miles distant. We got there in short order, and after anchoring the boat we immediately started fishing.

We got bites by the hundred but all from sunfish or perch. Several of these we pulled out and kept after deciding that they might make good eating even if they were small.

We roamed around all over that end of the lake and away up the river, all afternoon trying to scare up a big fish, but nothing worth while would bite. About six o'clock with thirty sunfish and perch aboard we went home, and I didn't want to do any more fishing just around there.

We went to work immediately on our arrival home and cleaned and scaled all those little pests of fish. Next morning we had them for breakfast and they really were very nice tasting little fish, but owing to the amount of bones in them, I decided that it was not very profitable fishing.

I did not get another chance to go fishing, and I was not quite so anxious to do so either, although I had thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Four days later I bade farewell to Muskoka and all the folks for the time being. But I promised them and myself that I would return again as soon as I got the chance. I hope next time I can find some little nook where the tourist fish fiends have not penetrated and there enjoy at least another hour of real good fishing where the bass take the hook and fight for it.

## Mourning Doves in Newfoundland

A very interesting discovery of bird life in Newfoundland has been reported by Mr. W. A. B. Slater of St. Johns. Writing under date of 12th November he states:—

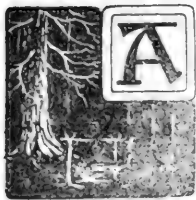
"It might be of interest to you to know that about the middle of October, two birds were sent to me for identification. I found these to be a male and female mourning dove. The

female was too much shot up to be preserved, but the male was in perfect condition and it is now at a taxidermist's being mounted.

"These are the first specimens of this bird seen or taken in Newfoundland. I think they must have been driven by the late storms across the Gulf. They are indeed beautiful birds. They were in company of curlews and golden plover when shot."

# The Ghost of Fairy Lake

GORDON HILL GRAHAM



WAY up in the Muskoka district, in the Northern part of Ontario, is a little body of water known as Fairy lake. On the farthest shore of the lake in a small clearing, overgrown with weeds and underbrush, is the ruin of a log hut. Doorless, windowless, with the walls crumbling and the roof falling in, it is a picture of decay. The superstitious Indian trappers and hunters thereabouts shun the spot. They say that it is haunted, and prefer to camp, if need be, on the mosquito-infested swamp on the other side of the lake rather than spend the night on "Gregg's Farm."

Big Buck Peterson, one of the bravest of the backwoods guides, once tried to spend a night on the farm. When he came back the next morning he was pale and looked as though he had not slept much. He did not tell what he had seen on the farm and somehow or other none of his companions cared to ask him. They noticed, however, that for many nights afterwards Buck would draw closer to the fire as darkness set in and would never leave the camp after dusk when near Fairy lake.

One night when he and I were in camp alone Buck told me this story.

"Guess you've heard of me goin' to pass the night on Gregg's old place," he began. "Well, there's a story in that if you'd like to hear it. It'll explain why I don't like jackfishin' or doin' nothin' else after dark on Fairy lake. Wan time that little clearin' was the makin's of the purtiest little farm in north Ontario. Sam Gregg came here with his young wife—he had married a girl from the south—'bout fifteen year ago I reckon. There was no other house for miles 'round-an' he intended to take up more land later on. Well, he took his land by 'squatter's right' an'

started clearin'. For a time things went good with Sam. By the time the second kid come, he'd cleared five acres an' had raised one good crop; 'sides this he'd laid up a little by huntin' an' trappin' in the winter months.

"Then his luck changed. When the third little baby come his wife died. Sam was miles from a doctor an' so the baby died too. It broke Sam all up, it did, for he was terrible fond of his missus. Bein' winter it was three weeks before he could bury her, but then one of the boys happened along an' between them they managed it. They made the grave 'way out on a little point, where Fairy lake was purtiest in the summer time. Sam said that his missus used to like the place.

"For a long time after that Sam kep' to hisself with his two little ones; 'bout five an' six they was I'm thinkin'. He wasn't neighbourly, the boys that called to see him said. He used to spend his evenin's an' spare time sittin' by the grave with his two little girls, just thinkin' an' dreamin' like. They said he was just wrapped up in the two kids, special in the eldest which favored her ma. They called her Violet. Her ma had been a city girl an' liked them high-falutin flower names better than plain Mary or Jane, which was good enough for the likes of us. T'other little 'un was just called Baby.

"'Long about Christmas time one year, Sam's axe slipped when he was cuttin' timber in the clearin' an' he got laid up with a cut leg. So far's we could learn from Baby, he was sick abed for a couple of weeks.

"The day before Christmas there was nothin' to eat in the house. Sam bein' sick couldn't walk good, an' he darén't trust his little girls out in the woods 'cause there was wolves about. Finally he must have made up his mind to go to some place where he could get food, or else p'raps he wanted to do a little shootin', 'cause



he warned his two little girls to stay home till he come back, an' wrapped them up in deer skins to keep 'em warm. Then he took his gun an' went out. He must ha' been powerful weak, 'cause we seen after where he used his gun for a crutch, just a little ways from the house. The butt marks was frequent in the snow, an' deep as though he had leaned heavy on the gun. Just after he had gone, Violet told her little sister to stay where she was as she was goin' to follow her father, 'cause he was sick an' might need her. Seems she'd promised her mother somethin' of the sort, 'fore she died.

"Well, Sir, to make a long story short, it seems Sam, bein' a good woodsman, must 'a heard somethin' followin' him an' turned 'round to see what it was. An' then,"—Buck paused and sat looking silently into the fire for a few moments—"Then—You see, the little girl had the deer skins onto her, an'—an'—well the Good Lord knew best. She was a purty little girl an' a good little girl. P'raps that is why the Good Lord allowed it to happen, an' made it sudden an' painless.

"Sam walked back an' looked. We seen afterwards from his tracks that that was all. He stood still for a minute or two an' then threw his gun far off into the bushes. Then he walked the ten miles to my shanty. He didn't need a crutch; he didn't know his leg was sore.

"I didn't know it was Sam at first when I seen him standin' out there in the moonlight in front of the shanty. He was old an' his hair was white.

"Come with me!" he said.

"I wondered what was up, but my missus seemed to guess. It's the childer, Buck' she says. So the three of us tramped back, Sam leadin' an' sayin' never a word; seemed like he was walkin' in his sleep. Us two was somehow too scared to talk.

"When we came up to Violet, lyin' there peaceful an' quiet in the snow, with her pretty little baby face smilin' up to the sky, the moon seemed somehow to shine a blessin' on her little head an' made her golden hair shine as though it was daytime.

My missus an' me knew how it was. There was a whole story there that didn't need no tellin'.

"Sam gripped his hands in front of him, hard, an' for mebbe two minutes he didn't move, only stood there lookin' at his little girl, so white an' still. She had been shot right through the heart, an' only a little dark spot on the snow beside her told that it wasn't sleepin' she was. My missus leaned her head against me an' was cryin' softly. I stood still lookin' at Sam, wishin' to God that he'd cry or do somethin' 'cept stand still an' shiver like that. Bimeby he seemed to know what it was all about, for he lifted up his hands over his head an', turnin' up his face to the sky, he cursed.

"I sent my missus to the house to see if the other baby was all right. It weren't no place for a woman there—an' I aint religious at that. Then I tried to peacify Sam. He didn't seem to hear me an' when I talked to him he looked at me but didn't see me. Finally he seemed to shrink into an old man again an' callin' in a voice that was full of broken-heartedness 'Is there a God?', he dropped down beside the little dead girl an' buried his face in the snow.

"I left him then an' went back to the shanty. Baby was all right an' the missus was feedin' her with milk that she'd brought along, thinkin' that it might come in handy.

"Is it Kissums yet?" the kid asked. 'Violet said that tomorrow would be God's birthday, an' that we'd all be happy an' not hungry.'

"My missus was cryin' her eyes out an' couldn't answer, but I said as well as I could, 'Yes Baby, it's Christmas today.'

"An' I aint hungry now—an' where's Violet an' Daddy?" she said. I went out to look after Sam.

"He wasn't lyin' where I had left him an' neither was the little girl. I followed his tracks through the bushes till I came to the little point where the grave of his missus was, the place where the lake looked purtiest from, an' where Sam an'

his little girls used to sit on the summer evenin's.

"Sam was lyin' on his back with his head on the grave an' one arm acrost it. With the other arm he was holdin' his little girl protectin'—like with her head restin' comfortable on his shoulder.

"'Sam!' I says. 'Sam, come into the house for God's sake!' But he didn't answer. Sam was dead too.

"Now sir, it's the livin' truth I'm tellin' you when I say that the night I was fool enough to take up Black Pierre's dare, an' go an' stay on the farm,—that night I heard the same

cry that I heard that Christmas Eve fifteen years before. I didn't hear no words mind you, just a cry like what a man would give when his heart was breakin' to pieces with a sorrow that he couldn't bear. No, 'twas no animal; no animal could give a cry like yon, an' no man that heard it once could ever forget it.

"Why didn't I tell this before? Well the boys would have said something or other about it some time p'raps, an' Baby might have heard of it. Baby's my girl now—mine an' the missus's. She'll never hear how her father died if I can help it."

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## The End of a Day

W. C. MOTLEY

WHO, as he wends his way homeward along the dusty pavements, through evil smelling streets and jostling city crowds, has not longed for a sojourn in the mountains—far from the ignoble pretence of being something which he is not? Deep down under the veneer with which at times he attempts to hide the best that is in him lurks the hunger to cast it all aside and live as the Creator intended—to revel in the great out of doors, far from the maddening scramble which men call civilization.

As I write this, I see the towering peaks of the snow-capped mountains extending for countless miles all around me. The sun is slowly sinking in the west and already the deep shadows are gathering in the valleys, hiding, who knows, how many woodland tragedies. The waters of the "Pool" reflect the pine clad hills on the broad surface of this mountain gem and three fishermen are busily casting the dainty fly in an effort to tempt the wily trout from the unfathomable depths.

But even here the hand of capital has intruded. Just to the east, at the foot of the falls, the huge turbines of the power company spin in countless revolutions to supply electricity to the distant towns. The mighty Kootenay pauses for an instant only at man's puny efforts to turn it from its course, then flows majestically on its way to join the mightier Columbia.

To the west, the power-lines stretch like long tentacles, carrying the mysterious force which science has stolen from nature. Indeed,

as though in wrath at man's presumption, the storm gods of the peaks hurl bolt after bolt of crackling flame at this intrusion into their domain. The winds reach down from the hills and snatching giant trees from the earth, hurl them across the lines as though in protest at this desecration of their home. Truly, man with all his science is a puny thing in comparison to the irresistible forces of nature.

At present though, Nature seems to be in repose. All is peace. The twinkling stars appear one by one and the snow-clad peaks, but a moment ago clad in gorgeous pink, are slowly changing their evening dress to one of sombre purple. The moon peeps slyly from behind the mountains and in the distance, a lone coyote howls, the one discordant note in the wilderness. The boats are gone, and on the opposite shore, a light twinkles as the fishermen depart with their catches.

The last embers of my camp-fire are flickering low and as I write these few lines, I am impressed with the wonder of it all. A vast store-house of marvellous things which we do not see—a beautiful picture by a Divine Creator which we casually pass by. Truly, man is a blind thing. In his egotism, he frowns at the simple life lived close to Nature. His little achievements fill his mental horizon and he thinks he lives. Does he? Who shall say?

Somewhere in the gloom, afar yet near, a bird-voice softly echoes my query, "Hoo? Hoo? Hoo?"



# GUNS & AMMUNITION

## A Comparison of Different Loads and Guns for Duck Shooting

EDWARD T. MARTIN

**I** DOUBT if there ever was a person who tried harder than I to learn about shot guns and shot gun shooting; and the law of cause and effect. Naturally of an investigating turn of mind, I was anxious to know all the whys and wherefores of everything pertaining to the shooting of game. As a boy, if I killed a bird, which at first certainly was not often, no other hand must pick and clean it but my own. The course of every pellet of shot must be traced and its penetration noted. As a result I lived and learned and my knowledge grew as opportunities increased.

A young man can finish his course at college in four years. Fifty have hardly sufficed to complete my education in the school of shooting. In that time I have learned—what? Well, for one thing that an overloaded gun is as ineffective as one that is underloaded, this applying largely to shot, for a person does have need of plenty of powder.

The old argument, particularly in the black powder days was, referring to an extra heavy charge, "A gun won't burn it." True, not all of it, nor will it burn all of a light load either. Try the gun over newly fallen snow, no matter how light the load, some grains will fall unburned; perhaps a very few. Still some. More, of course as the load is increased. Shooting at a paper wall will prove the improved penetration extra powder gives even if a very little of it is unburned.\*

To settle an argument and prove my case I loaded 100 shells with six drams of black powder and another hundred with three and a half. The result was that with the first lot I killed seventy-eight ducks against forty with the lighter loads, part of the difference

coming from the increased number of cripples it was necessary to shoot a second time. All this in decoy shooting. On flight shooting, it was even more noticeable. With another lot of shells, not picking shots but taking the birds as they came, the average was forty-one and eighteen respectively. Years later with smokeless, four and a quarter drams against three, the result was about the same.

"But does not a heavy load of powder tend to scatter the shot?" is asked. Sure it does; still that is no detriment for its penetration is so much greater that one pellet will almost do the work of two; the comeback being the one argument against plenty of powder.

Captain Bogardus, when world's champion, had it on most of us, his wonderful physique giving him the power to stand an all but limitless amount of recoil. I also had little reason to complain for I would often shoot from four to six thousand of my big loads in a month with no ill effect other than a headache on a very warm day and a little falling off in my average toward the end. It caused my right shoulder to thicken though, so I had a natural pad of flesh and muscle which deadened the recoil, but this is not remarkable for in my time I have used several tons of powder and at the trap and in the field a matter of *fifteen tons* of shot.

Let us see—twelve loads to the pound, 24,000 to the ton. Yes, fifteen tons and then some. Why, such experience would make even a fool wise.

It did not take me long to learn that a quick burning powder is better, than a slow one and that having become accustomed to one grade of ammunition, it does not pay to change.

Get the best and stick to it even if it does cost a little more. Ten wing shots are missed through not holding far enough ahead, to one for any other cause and a quick powder helps on this, particularly in flight shooting where birds travel fast and usually are far.

The difference in powders is more than appears at first sight.

It impressed itself on me when practicing for a big match, at mud-hens. Most of them were flying low along the water and when there was little wind the course of every charge could be easily seen.

Holding about the same on a forty yard shot, one make of powder would drop a line of pellets across the head and neck of the bird; another, only cut tail feathers and the tail is far from a vital spot, which explains many misses made by skillful shot, but careless in using mixed shells.

If there are no mud-hens, and it is wrong to shoot them unless they are to be used, even if they are plentiful, aero-targets thrown low from a hand trap form a good substitute.

After powder, the next thing was the size of shot. All novices seem to favor heavy shot and plenty of them and here is where over-loading is a fatal defect. The beginner as a rule, wishes to crowd in all the shell will hold, then wonders why he does not kill. In my "kid" days it was buckshot and bullets, about two ounces of them, but I soon learned, and now if I had to shoot a match for my life I would limit the size of the gun to a twelve, but permit my opponent to use a fist full of shot if he desired; the more, the less his chance of winning.

Soon my post mortems on the game I killed caused me to reduce the size of my shot.

A person who thinks he knows it all is hopeless. I lived to learn and learned wherever I went. As I progressed from the tenderfoot stage to become one of the most successful hunters of winged game in America, I hesitated whether to use sevens in one barrel and fives in the other or straight sevens in both. I would not believe the evidence of my own eyes. I said many a thousand ducks and pigeons picked. The smaller shot had done its work most effectively and yet I clung to the fives in my second barrel; but there came a time when I was getting some good flight shooting and I became convinced. Often I used the coarser shot on duck that seemed too distant for the sevens and missed, then got peeved and sent the sevens after the fives only, even at the increased distance, to make a clean kill. After this had happened many

times I discarded the fives entirely. Perhaps a little experience with Canada geese hastened the decision which was bound to come sooner or later.

I was returning from a snipe shoot on which I had run into a flight of mallards and used all my duck shells, when I noticed some grey geese working from the stubbles to a little pond for their evening drink.

I had nothing left but a few snipe shells loaded with nines, yet out of five shots I killed four geese, the smallest of which weighed eight pounds. It seemed a good argument if nines would kill big geese, certainly sevens were large enough for ducks and so I let the fives follow the ones and twos into the discard.

With the sevens I made many almost unbelievable runs, including a grand average, covering several seasons, of seventy-eight per cent, mostly ducks. Many an advocate of coarse shot, I convinced in this way. I let him pick two or three or ten that he had killed with his twos; did the same myself with a like number killed with sevens, and placing them side by side, a comparison never failed to win me the argument. The heavy shot made two holes, one going in, the other coming out. As a rule the sevens did the same and there were three times as many of them as of the others. A heavy shot would break a wing bone or go through the head of a goose, likewise so would the sevens, with many more chances of reaching a vital spot and such a spot we were all trying for. Once I saw a goose shot through and through with a bullet from an old fashioned Springfield rifle. It flew a mile when a charge of sevens would have stopped it instant. Once, in the long ago I made a centric shot on a grouse with a pistol, a forty-four I think. The bird went several hundred yards before letting go, when a shot gun with sevens would have ended its career then and there. These and other instances convinced me that a big hole isn't so very much better than a small hole. Why, I don't know, unless the small one produces internal bleeding, causing the bird to choke up and die more quickly. I am sure of one thing, however, which is, that reasonably small shot will kill where the extra heavy fails or only sends the object sailing where it fails so far away as to be of no benefit except to the mink and owls.

Fine shot, or in fact any shot will kill as far as it will stick in a pine board.

How far is that? Plenty far enough, depending much upon the gun and the load. A hundred yards, perhaps farther. I have kill-

ed many ducks out of flocks at that distance with my sevens, and on the other hand have seen the breast of a shell drake turn number twos at very close range.

The most desirable bore of a gun was the next thing I had to work out. Under present conditions a sixteen or twenty is large enough. There is nothing to be gained by using a small cannon. I know, for I have been through the mill, and even in the days of no limit bags and plenty of game, there was such a thing as having a gun too large.

I once tried a four gauge; a gun weighing eighteen pounds. A muzzle loader the charge for which was four ounces of shot and powder proportionately. I never did know exactly how much. What a scattering of shot there was when the thing went off! The pattern would cover at forty yards a space ten feet square with many a hole in it that a goose could go through. The gun was so light at the muzzle that it jumped and shot high. There was no depending on it even for flock shooting and my! how it did kick! At that time I was a poor shot. The gun punished me so I got flinching and shutting my eyes when I pulled the trigger. That didn't make so very much difference for I couldn't have killed anything with it no matter how careful the aim and one day of it was enough.

I also experimented with a single barrel six gauge and after that an eight. Ammunition destroyers both. Good guns to burn powder, make a noise and kick but their penetration was not as good as that of my ten gauge nor would they carry the shot as far, largely because they were "choked" to death, while the ten was more of a taper and no shot flattened and none crossed, but with the others very many of the load fell by the wayside. At sixty yards the patterns were good; at eighty, nothing. The shot had

crossed and gone the wrong way. Shooting over freshly fallen snow told the story.

With a twelve the results were very good. It would kill at any reasonable distance, but would not rake a flock like a ten and that was the fault I found with it.

At the trap it was all a person could desire. I made at least one world's record with it that stands today. Thirty-four live pigeons out of thirty-five at forty yards rise, use of one barrel gun below the elbow until the bird took wing. The one bird scored "lost" was dead out of bounds. It was good for upland shooting, very good for snipe, but in common with most shooters I thought I must have a gun that would kill a whole flock and so in the end tied to a ten, making with it what probably is another world's record, this time at ducks, decoy shooting, killing seventy-eight straight and using but eighty shells.

Well, this is all over with and whatever excuse there may have been forty years ago for using a ten gauge, there is none now and I repeat that a twenty gauge is good enough for present conditions. With a gun of that size a gentleman can kill all the game he needs for his own use and to give away, besides having a lot of satisfaction with the pretty work the little gun does even in flight shooting or on the sea shore.

I have had no chance to make the careful tests with the "twenties" that I made with the larger guns, but I know they shoot plenty hard enough. I have seen one double up a five pound scoter and kill a ten pound goose as cleanly as a larger gun could, to say nothing of long shots on flight shooting. What more is needed? It is sport people go out after these days and what better sport can be had than in making a clean kill with a fractional load of shot and a pinch of powder fired out of a gun so small and so nice that one can almost wear it for a charm on his watch chain?

## Improving Your New Rifle

JOHN LYNN

Perhaps your old one, too, may be made a more satisfactory and effectual tool by applying to it one or more hints from this story.

**N**EVER take a brand new rifle into the woods without first *working it over*. Shooting it enough to learn its "hang" and where its bullets strike at different ranges is important, but does not go to the heart of the matter. When you shoot for practice,

you are giving your own muscles and eye certain necessary improvement, but your own skill never makes up for defects in the gun. New rifles have faults. Never yet have I seen a rifle in "factory condition" which did not need to be changed somehow in order to



make it as dependable or as handy as it ought to be.

In three or four or five numbers of Outdoor Life Magazine, of Denver, Colorado, a prominent hunter has been telling a most unusually interesting story of his hunting trip in the far Northwest. He carried along two rifles of a popular make, and he bought his ammunition in a city he travelled through going in. When he got to his selected hunting ground he found that about one cartridge in ten would go off with a good resounding "bang," reasonable promptness and a fair degree of accuracy. The other nine gave hang-fires, misfires, weak explosions and wild strikes. He credits the trouble both to rifles and to ammunition.

That is what happens when you fail to do your own testing before the starting day, and long enough before to provide for remedying any trouble that you locate. In 1916 the writer got his ammunition supply for Ross 280 as usual, about six weeks ahead of open season. On trying it, the bullets struck all over a 15-inch circle at 90 yards, whereas good ammunition in the same rifle had struck inside a 2 or 3-inch circle at 100 yards not many days before. That ammunition was sent back, was exchanged by a courteous dealer in those goods, and new ammunition once again demonstrated fine accuracy. One other little thing was found, however—the new ammunition grouped four or five inches away from previous sighting. That sight adjustment made, we were ready for the woods.

One possible explanation of part of the trouble with the two rifles mentioned is that the firing pin points or strikers were not long enough. Several years ago a new rifle of this same make was secured by a man in Washington, who took it to a range there to try it. It would not fire at all. Investigation disclosed that the firing pin point was too short. It was taken out of the bolt, heated, hammered to lengthen it between a sixteenth and an eighth of an inch, and after that it did its full duty without a failure.

The only hunting rifle I have ever seen come from a factory with a trigger pull that was really satisfactory was a Ross 280. Its sear works over a roller, and fit of all parts showed that care had been taken at the factory to make the pull right. A Savage 303 once was bought which had a long, heavy, rough drag. Resort to screw driver and whetstone resulted in a light pull with instant let-off. It worked splendidly—until one day a cartridge was thrown in its chamber in a hurry, lever was

slammed shut, and the cartridge was fired by the jar. It would do this every time its lever was closed hard. Model 1899 Savage trigger action is peculiar in that it has upwards of three eights of an inch of engagement. If you cut the ends of the parts off too short, leaving engagement of only an eighth of an inch or less, you get the result mentioned. Consequently, while the pull of this rifle can be much improved, it can never be made very short or quick.

Another Ross 280 always worked a little light on the trigger. One year its trigger got so light that a cold finger or gloved finger would fire it before a touch could be felt. Cleaning oil off the slanting engagement face of sear, and slightly roughening it crossways with sharp edge of whetstone made a world of difference without increasing the pull disagreeably.

Savage Bolt Action rifle calibre 250-3000, has a peculiar long dragging trigger which some profess to like, but which is bound to cause many a miss unless much improved. By glancing in under the rear end of bolt when closed, and working the trigger a little, one can see that engagement of sear and block on bolt is lengthy. To smooth this pull, polish the engaging faces with a fine whetstone followed by emery powder on a cloth. To shorten it, cut down the block on bolt or the sear, either one, until just the required amount of engagement remains. How much that should be, can be determined only by test. Put the parts together often toward the last and try the pull. Don't make it too short or too light. It will go off itself sometimes if you work it down too far.

On the models 1886, 1892 and 1894 Winchester the pull can be made very smooth and quick. The job takes time on account of necessity of removing screws to remove trigger and sear, and takes care on account of danger of getting the pull too light to be safe. Winchester Model 1895 rifle has a loose trigger. It swings back and forward for a quarter inch or so in front of its engaging position. Two of these rifles have been tried, both of which had good smooth "let-offs." On one the loose motion was taken up by fastening a little flat spring in trigger guard in front of trigger by means of a small screw. To do it, one screw hole was bored and tapped. There is no doubt of the improvement made by this taking up of lost motion.

Remington model 12 rifle, 22 calibre, is hard to improve in trigger pull. One of these rifles as it came from the factory had a pull

weighing up to 8 or 9 pounds. Attempts to whet or to grind down notch in hammer or end of trigger or sear resulted in getting too much done, and the gun would go off too easy. The trouble was remedied by getting a new trigger, which happened to fit so the pull was just right. It would have been best to take hammer, sear and trigger out and send them to the factory, with an explanation of the trouble. Factory could have tried several triggers, and finally could have selected a shorter or longer one that worked better.

Springfield army rifles, model 1903 are supposed (on target ranges) to have trigger pulls weighing at least three and a half pounds. As they come from the armory, they often pull much more, pull rough, and have a long drag. It is rather easy to whet down the engaging parts, and to smooth their faces until the pull is snappy, oily and light enough, while keeping them perfectly safe. We have made it a practice to whet down the sear rather than the bolt block, because if the small part is spoiled it costs less to replace. It is worth knowing, however, that a part cut down too much for safety or to meet the rules in one rifle may be just right in another. Exchanging parts for those in another rifle therefore often saves trouble. Put the parts together often as you whet down the engaging surfaces, and test the remaining grip by pressing *upward* on firing pin head with your thumb. If rifle remains cocked after you press the bolt up and jar butt on floor, it is entirely safe.

It pays to improve the butt-stock of a rifle. Few factory stocks are what they ought to be. They are poorly shaped, too short, with too little drop as a rule. One man with a 38-40 Model 1892 Winchester missed game persistently until he lengthened his rifle stock from 13 inches, or less, to fully 14 inches. After that he could hit what he wanted to on quick shots. A 405 Winchester recently was lengthened fully an inch with much benefit to its shooting. A sort rubber pad was used. It absorbed some of the sharp recoil as well as provided length. A 30-1906 Winchester was lengthened, and at same time provided with more drop and with a quarter-inch of cast-off, by making a new stock out of native walnut. Its owner always was gun-shy when he used the old stock. Now he has recovered from that entirely, and shoots well. A 280 Ross was lengthened with advantage by adding a quarter-inch under the butt-plate. Sole leather was used for the purpose.

Checking stock and other parts often helps

rifles that are so smooth they slip in your hands when you try to handle them with gloves or mittens on, particularly when you wear wool. One such rifle was checked over fore end and over grip, and the steel butt-plate as well was ridged. It gained a good deal in quickness of first shot. Trigger also was ridged up and down after the pattern of one or two high-priced bolt-action rifles noticed. That made trigger touch surer. Another small item that helped a Model '95 Winchester carbine was to straighten out the butt plate. It was too curved, with projecting corners almost like the regular so-called "rifle" butt plates. It was taken off and hammered flatter and straighter with the result that when wood was cut to conform, recoil was not nearly so noticeable.

Sights of course are the most frequently changed item. Factories are supplying better sights than they did a few years ago, but so far none have furnished anything but open sights. The first real rifle ever owned by the writer was a 303 Savage. One day I missed a big wild turkey on a fair snap shot. Thereupon I immediately proceeded to squander the considerable (for me) sum of three dollars for a Lyman rear sight, and thereafter old round-barrelled Sally and I usually brought the answer.

This article is not intended to preach about which sights are best, but just to tell the story of what we have done. That original Savage was finally fitted with a Lyman No. 5 front sight, which has an ivory blade interchangeable with a black bead in a ring, which made a pretty workable combination. When that rifle was discarded, Marble and Sheard gold bead front sights were used for several years on other rifles, but they always seemed to have a tendency to blur in sunlight, and they appeared poorly outlined in certain lights and against same objects. When V-M sights first came out, they were tried with rather astonishing results. Groups seemed to be almost a half smaller. Definition in all lights and on all manner of objects averaged a hundred per cent. better. For nine years past we have been using home-made V-M front sights of steel, as well as Marble's V-Ms, and they continue to demonstrate their claims to better definition and better average accuracy.

A certain amount of experience with ivory bead sights on a couple of rifles has been accumulated at the same time. When face of an ivory bead is straight and square its clearness against game usually is excellent. Its blur sometimes against a target, but that is

a place where blurring can be forgiven. At the present time, all the rifles in the home gun cabinet are fitted with V-M front sights or square faced ivory beads.

Our rear sights invariably are of the peep type. One thing we insist on is windgauge movement in the sight. The only rifle not so fitted is a 45-70. All high power rifles require side adjustment of sights for different kinds and lots of ammunition. The Lyman windgauge stem No. 47 has been used with satisfaction, as well as the Lyman No. 30½, with windgauge in base. On 405 and 30-1906 Winchester rifles Lyman No. 41 and Lyman No. 38 are used; on Springfield and Ross, the excellent Lyman No. 48. On two rifles Marble extension base sights are used, with Lyman No. 47 windgauge heads brazed to their stems.

Proper sights double a man's chance for killing game. It is not so much downright increase in accuracy which makes the difference, for very fine groups can be made with almost any open sights under good condition. The advantage comes in getting sights set more precisely where the rifle shoots, in getting sights that suit the eyes and purposes of man who uses them, and in better visibility where light is poor. Value of ammunition wasted in adjusting crude open sights often will pay for the very best windgauge peep sights—and when you have adjusted the rifle once, you are likely to have to do it over again as soon as you buy another lot of cartridges. Value of game missed, and of time you spend finding it, will buy a new gun, not to mention new sights.

Open sights have been improved by filing the notch big enough so that the front bead can be seen full. A clean-cut open sight with proper notch has almost equalled a peep sight in satisfaction, but not quite, especially in fast shooting and very fine shooting. In connection with sights, it is important to learn trajectory and at 100 and 200 yards,

group size your rifle will make, time of flight (as measured by your eye), also fall of reduced loads if you use them. Until you know how much your bullet falls, or where it is going to strike at any range, you are hardly in condition to guarantee results at running game. Shoot at distances you step off, then mark your rear sight with a knife in a way you will not forget. To determine group, shoot ten or more shots at one mark without going to look. The result will show you what you really depend on doing to game.

Stiff actions can be made to work smoothly and easily by dusting them with powdered emery and then working them freely for a few minutes. We have smoothed up a stiff Springfield bolt that way, and a Model '95 Winchester action that worked like a threshing machine before, but now works like a charm. A new Savage bolt rifle is waiting in a corner now for its dose of this treatment.

Sometimes one can pick up an old rifle with a smooth action and a beautiful trigger pull, and have a new barrel fitted. Barrels are apt to be ruined by wear of muzzle in careless cleaning, as well as by rust. But new barrels are very cheap compared to prices of new rifles, and when one has an old rifle fitted with a new barrel, he has something better than a new rifle, because he does not have to do a lot of trigger fixing and other adjusting. More than that, it is still possible to get new barrels for many reliable old rifles which are now off the market. Thus the Winchester 45-70 is no longer made complete, but barrels can be obtained. It has been our experience that it pays to spend a little money in equipping ourselves with reliable and suitable rifles. That does not mean to pay outside prices to every profiteer who offers some "doodad" for a rifle, but it does mean to fix trigger pulls, sights and stocks, smooth up actions, make sure magazines are feeding certainly, check smooth hand-holds, and work over in general every rifle bought new. It pays to do this in advance of going into the woods.

## A Talk on Revolvers

M. NEELY

**T**HE worn-out subject of the .45 Single Action Colt against the latest patterns by the same firm and Smith & Wesson, keeps being revived by one and another of your correspondents. In the November

issue of *Rod and Gun*, there is a letter from Chas. E. Hastings, inquiring what you mean when you reply to a form correspondent on the subject in this way—"I do not believe it (the S.A. .45) will prove as good a target wea-

pon as some of the other models of Colt and S. & W. Arms which permit of a cleaner and shorter sweep of the hammer."

Surely this does not require explanation. Anyone who has used the old-time .44 or .45 S.A. knows that the stroke of the hammer is much longer than in any of the best weapons made to-day. This may be seen by placing both models at full-cock on a table. It will be at once noticed that the hammer of the old-timer comes much further back than that of the others, and of course has further to travel in it's fall when the trigger is pulled. I think, to, that most of the latest revolvers have a sweeter trigger-pull.

The majority of gun cranks seem willing to advance with the times. If anything new is brought out, it is tried, discussed, its good and bad points are brought to light, and if it proves to be an article of merit, it is accepted without question. Not so with some people and the old "Peacemaker." They swear by it at all hazards, when at the same time it is known that much handier, better sighted, and consequently more accurate weapons are in daily use.

We have known some good targets to be made with S.A. .44 and .45 with  $7\frac{1}{2}$ " barrel, but this was done by men who used the gun almost daily and fired thousands of shots in a year. The great drawback to the .45 was its heavy recoil,—we have noticed beginners flinch under it so much they were actually afraid, and it is doubtful if any of these would ever become good shots, with that weapon. The .44 was somewhat more pleasant to shoot, and in my opinion made better targets; but, a man had to do a lot of work with either of them to become even moderately successful.

When we read of what the "Cowpunchers" and "badmen" of past days have done with this gun, let us take it with a very big grain of salt. Books of fiction are written to sell, not to state facts, and most of those relating to the old-time west are full of glaring exaggerations with regard to the shooting abilities of their heroes. We read them, we enjoy them more or less, at the same time knowing that much related therein—is overdrawn.

Take the shooting "stunts" of one "Hopalong Cassidy" as related in the closing chapters of "Bar 20," a book written by Clarence C. Mulford,—read it, and then imagine anything like this taking place in real life.

Against this we place the experience and opinion of such a man as the late Col. W. F. Cody, whose western experiences covered practically the whole of his lifetime. He lov-

ed guns, and would discuss firearms and shooting for hours on end. When asked whether the .44 or .45 Colt was preferred by most men, he said — "It didn't make any difference, just what we happened to have at the time." He admitted that old-timers could not shoot as well as the gun-men of today, simply because they did not have as accurate rifles, revolvers, and loads. He claimed that Captain Hardy and C. M. McCutchen of to-day can out-shoot the best of old-timers. Frank North was one of these latter, and was looked on as a wonder in his day.

Some of these men of the past had one splendid quality—they were willing to give the credit of being the best gunman to the other fellow. Captain Hardy, who was an excellent marksman says that Col. Cody was the best shot from horseback the world has ever seen. Col. Cody willingly gives the palm to Frank North, among old timers, as the best revolver shot under any conditions he had ever seen.

If we are to believe the literature written about men of the old west, "Wild Bill" stood as a peer among gun-men, both for quickness and accuracy. But Col. Cody, who knew him personally for many years, said that he had seen very many men who excelled him on these two points, men who were probably forgotten the moment they were dead.

We must not forget that those men who were proficient with the .45 S.A. in the past, wore it and used it daily, chiefly because their lives and safety depended on their being able to use it quickly and well. Today, we do not require to carry weapons for safety-sake and few of us use them as much as did the men of old frontier days.

Personally, my choice of side arms are the Colt .38 auto Military model with 6" barrel and the Colt .38 Revolver with 6" or  $7\frac{1}{2}$ " barrel and target sights as supplied by the Colt Co. I have yet to see anything to surpass the latter for handiness, reliability and accuracy.

The "New Service" Colt taking the heavier cartridges is an accurate shooting weapon, but it is doubtful if it could be used for as many purposes as the old Single Action without a serious breakdown. The latter was built for a certain type of service: the rough use which was inseparable from the daily life on the frontier, where repairs were hard to obtain, and a breakdown meant the purchase of a new gun. But these days, are past. The automatic seems to be more in demand than the revolver, and will, no doubt, ere

long take its place entirely as a weapon of defence.

While writing this a neighbor has dropped in to say that he had just bought a new gun,— a .25-35 Carbine, which he expects to use in bear-hunting sometime soon. This would-be Nimrod has never spent a day on the mountains or in the woods in his life and has never shot out of anything bigger than a .22, less than 50 shots at that. When told it would be well to have a little more experience, and a

bigger gun than the .25-35 before facing a probable grizzly, he still fondly believed that with his present experience and his little gun, he was fully equipped to meet the worst that came along. I proposed to lay the matter before the Editor of *Rod and Gun*, and I want you, Sir, to tell this fellow candidly how many grains of wisdom you think he has packed away. I showed him a .405 Winchester which I thought would serve him better, but he declined to see the merits of the larger gun.

## Exceptional Scores and Targets

EDITOR

**W**E believe that it would be a good idea to print, each month in this department, several exceptionally fine scores or groups made by our friends and subscribers.

The writer is particularly interested in groups that are made from 50 to 100 yards, especially with .22 calibre rifles as this is a sport that is bound to grow in this country. It is also possible to print 50 to 100 targets full size, which cannot very well be done with long range targets.

This Department will, therefore, welcome exceptionally fine targets or groups of any kind that have been made by our friends and subscribers.

In sending in your targets please give a full description of the weapons and ammunition, and something of the conditions of the shooting, written in the form of a short article so that the other readers will appreciate the class under which the exceptional score sent in was made. We prefer groups of from 7 to 20 shots each. Five shot groups do not contain enough shots to eliminate freak groups to any appreciable extent. Please bear in mind that we must insist upon one condition being observed, and that is that all of the ranges must be accurately measured. Groups made at ranges that are guessed at or paced will not be printed. We believe that this feature of the department will prove very interesting to many of the readers who like the old turkey shoots and who are very much interested in fine target shooting. We believe that several months of this practice will bring to light some exceptionally fine groups.

In case some of the readers are not familiar

with what are actually considered good groups at various ranges we might add that groups larger than 1 to 1¼ inches at 50 yards, 2 to 2½ inches at 100 yards, or 4 to 5 inches at 200 yards are not worth sending in unless the groups is exceptionally fine with the exception of one shot.



Shot by C. S. Landis, Diamond State rifle range, 7 consecutive at 50 yards, 22 B.S.A. peep sights, prone position; U.S.N.R.A. cartridges. Witnessed by about 100 shooters and spectators.

We have no doubt that we will receive plenty of groups that will be less than one-half of this size.

As a start-off, the Editor is printing a 7 shot group recently made at 50 yards at a large turkey shoot. It will give an idea of the accuracy that is required to win at this kind of shooting. The combination that made this group won all of the first prizes at that match.



## The .38-40 Has The Last Word

ASHLEY A. HAINES

**A**FTER reading Mr. John Lynn's criticism of my articles on the .38-40 for deer shooting, I am rather at a loss to account for the attitude that he assumed and believe that he rather misunderstood my meaning in some of the articles.

I wrote a reply of considerable length replying to his last article and decided after giving the matter more careful thought that it would be best to drop the matter without further discussion so that there would be no misunderstanding between us as I do not wish to be in any way responsible for anything of a controversial nature.

However, in closing I would suggest that Mr. Lynn and others who are interested would take the trouble to re-read my former articles and possibly at that time they would take a different view of them and would more readily agree with me.

Now, just a word concerning rifles suitable for deer shooting. If Mr. Lynn and others require a .405 for regularly landing game of this nature they have my permission to use them and advocate their use to the exclusion of other calibres. I only hope that he will grant the rest of us the privilege of using

rifles of less power with which many of us are perfectly satisfied. Rifles, by the way, with which we get our venison as regularly as we believe the advocates of these dreadnaughts get theirs.

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*Reply by the Editor:—*

This controversy between Mr. Lynn and Mr. Haines will cease with this note by Mr. Haines as apparently both of these well-known contributors were beginning to get a little personal.

However, the subject of big bore vs. small bore and high velocity vs. low velocity rifles is always an interesting subject to discuss and we always welcome articles of this nature to these columns provided the men who write the articles can keep calm during the ensuing argument. Most of us learn by experience and sometimes we change our views as we gain a greater amount of experience and also as we gain it under different conditions, and for that reason I believe that articles of this nature are always instructive as well as entertaining.

Editor.

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## Queries and Answers

### A Few Odd Hunting Experiences.

*Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.*

There are two letters in your December number "that remind me"—One is "That Reminds Me," the other—"Experiences with Home Made Ammunition."

First:—Some thirty years ago, a brother arrived from a trip North, with a new rifle and wanted a shot at real game. I told him I knew of an old ruffed grouse that I could pilot him to. So—one afternoon (it was in October) I took him out of town about two miles. I told him to stand very quiet. Very soon the old grouse drummed.

I then told him to give me ten minutes to go down and cross the fence under a little hill, where there was a little brook (here called a branch) with thickets of laurel. At the expiration of ten minutes, he was to cross the fence and walk about forty yards at right angles to it, and watch the old log, some fifty

feet long about midway on which the old cock would be.

I carried out my part of the program and sat down with my back to a small tree, and facing the thicket—knowing if the old cock flew, he would fly right for the thicket.

I sat for quite a while, when I heard the crack of a rifle, and the coming bullet, which fell at my feet, battered out of all shape.

I leaned forward and picked it up just as the old cock sailed by me within four feet. I dropped the bullet, and quickly fired as the bird reached the thicket. I never saw or heard it again. I fear I broke a wing, but had no dog. This was such an unusual occurrence, I wanted to keep the bullet, so brought it home with me; but, my best half, while I was relating the experience to her, threw it into the fire. *Strange—but true.*

Second:—During the war between the states, our family refugee in a small town in

South Carolina. My father and an older brother were in the army. My brother supplied me with cannon powder, which I powdered up. It was dirty stuff. Lead pipe, I split and cut in very small cakes with a large table knife; then, rolled with a flat iron. We could then, only get G.D. caps, but when I could get a few Ely double water-proof, I used them more than once by putting a match head in the explosive cap and it worked too.

Yes—those days will always come back to one, and this letter in the December issue carries me back half a century. I learned to shoot under difficulties,—but, I learned to shoot.

Ernest L. Ewbank,  
Hendersonville, N.C.

*Reply*—One of the most peculiar happenings I ever experienced was on a small game hunting trip years ago. My kid brother and I were hunting squirrels and grouse and had hunted up a ridge to a small clump of woods. We sat down on a large rail pile to eat our lunch, and spread it out on our laps on the newspapers in which it had been wrapped.

While we were sitting there, someone came down over the top of the ridge and chased up a big grouse, without shooting at it. It flew down off the ridge and tried to light on the top of my head. I ducked my head so suddenly that I bit my tongue quite badly, and this of course startled the grouse, which flew down into the thicket and disappeared. After we picked up the remains of our lunch, which was scattered along the ground, we went to the thicket and tried to chase it out, but could not raise it.

If I live to be fifty years older, I will never forget the unearthly noise that grouse made when it arose off the top of my hat. It was one of the most peculiar and horrible experiences I ever had, as I had no idea what it was at the time, until I saw the grouse fly down the hill. When the grouse came into sight, it sounded exactly like the arrival of a small shell, and when it started off my head, I thought the thing had exploded.

Editor.

#### The Effect of Sticking a Cleaning Rag in the Rifle Barrel.

*Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.*

On one occasion when cleaning the barrel of my rifle the rag stuck about two and one-half to three inches from the muzzle. A friend bored it out from the muzzle and when it was removed I noticed a scratch all around the bore where the rag had been. This

scratch isn't very large and can only be seen from the muzzle. Will this effect the accuracy of the rifle, and if so, how can it be fixed?

My rifle is a .25 Calibre Rim Fire. Should I use the long or short cartridges? What kind of oil would you advise, in cleaning out this rifle?

D. S.,

Midland, Ontario.

*Reply*—I had the same thing happen to me once when using my finest rifle and I got rid of it by shooting about one hundred metal cased bullets through it. Up until that time it almost ruined the accuracy. Possibly a good gunsmith could work this down with emery and a lead plug, but I would not advise you to try it yourself. As this is a rim fire cartridge you could not very well try the metal cased bullet method of getting rid of it. You should always use the regular .25 Stevens Rim Fire cartridges, which you probably call the long cartridges. This advice would hold good for any rifle where more than one length of cartridge could be used.

There is no oil made that is of any use whatever in cleaning rifles. Oil is used for the purpose of preserving the bore after the rifle is cleaned, and the use of oil before the rifle is cleaned makes it just that much harder to clean the barrel. You should use some good nitro-cleaning fluid such as Winchester Crystal Cleaner, Hoppe's No. 9, Stronger Ammonia or hot soda water solution or just plain hot water. After the barrel is thoroughly cleaned, oil it, or what is still better, grease it with gun grease. There is no more reason to expect that oil will clean a rifle barrel than there is to expect that washing a pair of dirty hands with oil will clean them. The office of the oil is to keep moisture from touching the surface of the steel of the barrel. If oil is put in on top of fouling, the acid residue of the primer is between the oil and the barrel and there is a chance that it may rust the barrel.

Editor.

#### Various Calibres Compared.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Not knowing much about rifles, would like to have your advice on a good calibre rifle for deer and moose.

Have a leaning to the .401 automatic. Has this rifle more hitting power than the .35 automatic, .303 Savage or .30 W. C. F.? Which would be more effective on moose? Which of the above give long range and flat trajectory?

Is the .401 auto. 20 inch barrel considered a long range rifle? What would you advise for sights using the 250 grain bullet?

Would the snow have any effect on the working parts and are they easily put out of order?

What is the energy in pounds of each of the above mentioned rifles, at 100 yards; also, velocity.

H. Lamont,

Mont Joli, Quebec.

*Reply*—At 100 yards these calibres compare as follows:—

.35 Automatic, 200 gr. bullet, velocity 1681 f.s., energy 1260 ft. lbs.

.303 Savage, 195 gr. bullet, velocity 1718 f.s., energy 1285 ft. lbs.

.30-30 W.C.F., 170 gr. bullet, velocity 1735 f.s., energy 1136 ft. lbs.

.401 Win., 200 gr. bullet, velocity 1721 f.s., energy 1315 ft. lbs.

.401 Win., 250 gr. bullet, velocity 1543 f.s., energy 1323 ft. lbs.

The .401 calibre automatic is not considered a long range rifle. The .30-1906-220 or .35 calibre, model 1895, or .33, model 1896 would make you a much better calibre rifle for moose shooting; as, you will notice, there is very little difference between the theoretical of any of the rifles mentioned.

None of them are my ideal of a moose cartridge, when we compare them with some of the more powerful and longer ranged cartridges. All of them, however, are fairly good killers at medium range.

The .401 Winchester automatic, should work alright in snow as the action is well enclosed. For sights I would recommend a small ivory or gold bead front sight and a receiver peep rear sight on the .401 Winchester automatic.

Editor.

#### Chilled vs. Drop Shot.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Will chilled shot carry up as far as soft shot?

Do you think that chilled shot will injure the barrel of a shotgun? Some fellow hunters told me that chilled shot did not carry up at long range.

E. Vallance,

Prescott, Ont.

*Reply*—Theoretically, chilled shot would not hold their velocity as well as drop shot; practically, there would be very little difference. Chilled shot would be slightly harder than drop shot, but any standard make of shotgun will last a lifetime with either type of shot.

You can depend upon it that chilled shot will kill just as far as drop shot, because they will penetrate better with low velocity.

Editor.

#### A New Barrel For a .40-65 Winchester.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Will you please tell me if a rifle barrel, .40-65 calibre, that is pitted a little can be rebored or would it be advisable to have a new barrel put on—my rifle being a Winchester, model 1886. What would the velocity of this calibre be at a hundred yards; also, its penetration, with the 260 grain bullet.

F. L. M.,

Mooretown, Ont.

*Reply*—If you are sure that your barrel is sufficiently pitted to ruin the shooting, I would suggest that you have a new barrel put on, provided you could get it, as this calibre is no longer being made by the Winchester Co.

The velocity of the .40-65, 260 cartridge at 100 yards is 1145 f.s. and the trajectory height would be about 3". The penetration would be about one foot of soft pine.

If you prefer you could very likely have your rifle rebored to use the .45-70 cartridge. It is usually more satisfactory to get new barrels.

Editor.

#### Reduced Loads In a .32 Remington.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I recently purchased a 6 shot, .32 calibre Remington repeater, pump action, and would like to know what you think of getting an auxiliary cartridge for this gun to use a .32 pistol cartridge in, for target work or small game.

Would there be any danger of the all lead bullet leading up the barrel if it were greased?

The Marble people have an auxiliary cartridge to use with this gun, taking a .32 Colt Auto-pistol cartridge. Would this be all right? Could this auxiliary cartridge be used the same as the other cartridges in the magazine?

The sight is—I think what they call a Buckhorn rear sight. It is a common flat spring sight which on some rifles has a notched bar to raise it. On this one it is a wheel, which turns on a fixed screw, and all around the edge are letters from a to h. Does this mean that every letter stands for a hundred yards?

Augustine Bourque,

Shediac, N.B.

*Reply*—I would suggest that you would reload your ammunition with short range loads rather than to use an auxiliary chamber with pistol cartridges, as the results would be much more satisfactory. You can obtain reasonable accuracy with the pistol cartridges, but not sufficient for fine target shooting. It will be impossible to tell you which notch on your rear sight will change the sighting of your rifle by 100 yards except by actual trial.

I would suggest that you would try the rifle out at from 50 yards up to the limit of range at which you will use it. Shoot several shots at each range and be sure to shoot them from the same position and if possible, with the same amount of light on the sights. The changes of light will cause a large amount of difference in the grouping of the shots.

Editor.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Please tell me what are the standard sizes of targets in Canada for use with the 22 rifle at 25, 50, 100, 150, 200 and 250 yards respectively. I am using the Savage N.R.A. 22 rifle, which will handle all of the above ranges.

I notice cartridges advertised as "N.R.A. Cartridges." Are these the same as "Long Rifle." If not, what is the difference?

Where can I purchase targets ready printed?

C. H. James,

Regina, Sask.

*Reply*—It is customary to have the ten ring of the 25 yard target,  $\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter; the 50 yard—1" in diameter; the 100 yard—2" in diameter, and so on. I do not know of any standard targets for 150 and 250 yards, excepting the C-4 target which is used at 200-250 yards. N.R.A. cartridges, are long rifle cartridges manufactured by the U.S. Cartridge Co. and Peters' Cartridge Co. and are so loaded to give a higher velocity than their regular issue of long rifle cartridges.

You can obtain targets, free of charge, from the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., or the Remington Arms Co. Inc., 233 Broadway, New York City. When you write to them tell them the ranges at which you will shoot.

Editor.

#### Various Rifles For Moose.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I would like to know the velocity and energy of the .33 Winchester Rifle, Model 1886 at 200, 300, 400 yds., using the 200 grain soft point bullet, Winchester make ammunition.

Would the Savage ammunition .303 calibre using the copper cased bullets as they make, give less metal fouling in the barrel than Remington shells with nickel bullets?

Which is the better moose gun—.303 Savage Featherweight or .30-30 Winchester?

Which bullet would you choose for moose shooting at long range—300 or 400 yards, soft nose or hard point bullets using Savage .303 rifle?

What is the chamber pressure of .303 Savage Featherweight rifle using Savage ammunition; also of .30-30 Winchester using Winchester ammunition?

What is the velocity and energy of the .303 Savage Featherweight rifle at 200, 300, 400 yards using Savage ammunition?

Would you choose the .303 Savage, .30-30 Winchester, or .32 Special for moose at long range?

Russell Raymond,

Tusket Falls, N.S.

*Reply*—The .33 calibre, model 1886 Winchester cartridge, gives a velocity at 200 yds. of 1467 f.s. and an energy of 960 ft. lbs. At 300 yards, the velocity is 1246 f.s. and the energy 680 ft. lbs. At 500 yds. the velocity is 1009 f.s. and the energy 454 ft. lbs. These figures are from the Newton catalog, but Winchester ammunition would give practically the same results.

Ammunition loaded with copper-jacketed bullets will give slightly less metal fouling than ammunition loaded with cupro nickel bullets; but, in the .303 calibre Savage neither type will give excessive metal fouling. The .303 Savage cartridge is a more effective cartridge on moose than the .30-30 Winchester.

I would always use the soft point bullet for game shooting at long range in the .303 Savage rifle. The breech pressures of the .303 Savage and the .30-30 Winchester, can be obtained from these companies. Either type of ammunition will give pressures that are perfectly safe in the rifle for which they are intended. There would be very little difference between these pressures, and neither one of them would develop pressure enough to worry about.

The .303 Savage rifle uses ammunition loaded with the 195 grain bullet and which gives a muzzle velocity of 1952 f.s. and has the remaining velocity at 200 yards of 1556 f.s. and an energy of 987 ft. lbs.; at 300 yards the velocity is 1300 f.s., and the remaining energy 762 ft. lbs.; at 500 yards, remaining velocity is 1082 f.s. and the energy is 509 ft. lbs.

I would not choose any of the cartridges

mentioned for moose shooting at long range, but would choose a cartridge like the .30-1906 loaded with the 220 grain soft point bullet. For moose shooting at moderate ranges, these cartridges would be reasonably satisfactory. There is very little difference in range and power between the .32 Special, .303 Savage or the .30-30 at moderate ranges like 200 yards. The .303 Savage would be the better cartridge of the three.

Editor.

### Choosing Between Two Rifles.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Will you kindly give me your opinion regarding two rifles, and their respective merits as to moose killing?

What bullet, powder and how much of the latter do you recommend for the .303 British?

What load and what bullet do you recommend for the Winchester, .33 calibre, model 1886, 24" barrel?

I have both and do *not* need them, and wish to keep the one most suitable for moose. The .303 British has a 28" barrel, I think, although I would not be certain.

F. E. R.,

Port Colborne, Ont.

*Reply*—The .303 British cartridge, when loaded with a 215 grain bullet, has a muzzle velocity of 2000 f.s. and a remaining velocity at 100 yards of 1776 f.s.; its energy at the muzzle is 1908 ft. lbs. and the remaining energy at 100 yards is 1506 ft. lbs.

The .33 Winchester, loaded with a 200 grain bullet, has a muzzle velocity of 2050 f.s. and a remaining velocity at 100 yards of 1761 f.s. The energy at the muzzle is 1867 ft. lbs. and the remaining energy at 100 yards is 1758 ft. lbs.

You will notice there is a very slight difference in energy between these two cartridges. Theoretically, there is a slight difference in favor of the .303. On account of the flat point of the bullet of the .33, I believe that you would find it to be the better killer at short range. As there is so little difference in calibre, bullet weight, velocity and energy, between these two cartridges, I would keep the rifle with which you can do the best snap shooting. This would depend almost entirely upon the way the rifle fits you, the smoothness of its trigger pull and the type of sights with which it is fitted. The .33 Winchester has always been my ideal of a lever action, as far as appearance and balance are concerned, and the cartridge is a good killer.

In this case, I would say that your decision

should be influenced by the relative difference with which you make a given number of hits in the shortest possible time at off-hand snap shooting, paying particular attention to the length of time it takes to hit with the first shot.

Editor.

### The .303 Lee Enfield.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Please let me know what you think about the .303 Lee Enfield sporting rifle.

J. Heyden,

Medstead, Sask.

*Reply*—The .303 Lee Enfield sporting rifle would make you a very satisfactory big game rifle. The cartridges are effective and very easily obtained almost anywhere in Canada.

Editor.

### Purchasing Powder Scales.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I have a Bond loading tool for a .30-1906 and am getting parts for same tool to reload the .32 Winchester Special with metal cased bullets. With the .32 Special I want velocity as high as possible, with safe pressures. I have a new .32 Winchester Special rifle with 24 inch Rnd. Bbl. so consider it reasonable to use maximum loads. Can you suggest a good scale for measuring the powder for extreme loads? I mean one that is procurable, and the price is not prohibitive. I should say, \$20.00 should be the limit for a scale for this use, if the ordinary rifleman was expected to buy it.

Also, what do you know of the new Bond powder measure? Can you give an opinion of the Knoble scope mount for use on New Springfield rifle?

An article on scales suitable for measuring powder, would be a welcome bit of information to riflemen. A few illustrations would help in making a selection.

E. G. Gale,

Alameda, Calif.

*Reply*—Powder scales, suitable for weighing smokeless powder, can be obtained from The Fairbanks Company, Philadelphia, Pa., or any of its branches, or from The Henry Troemner Co., Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. They will cost you in the neighborhood of fifteen dollars.

I have not as yet seen the new Bond powder measure, but understand it is a good one. I saw the Knoble scope mount used at Camp Perry and it seemed to give very good results. It has the advantage of being well designed in so far as putting it on and taking it off the barrel is concerned.

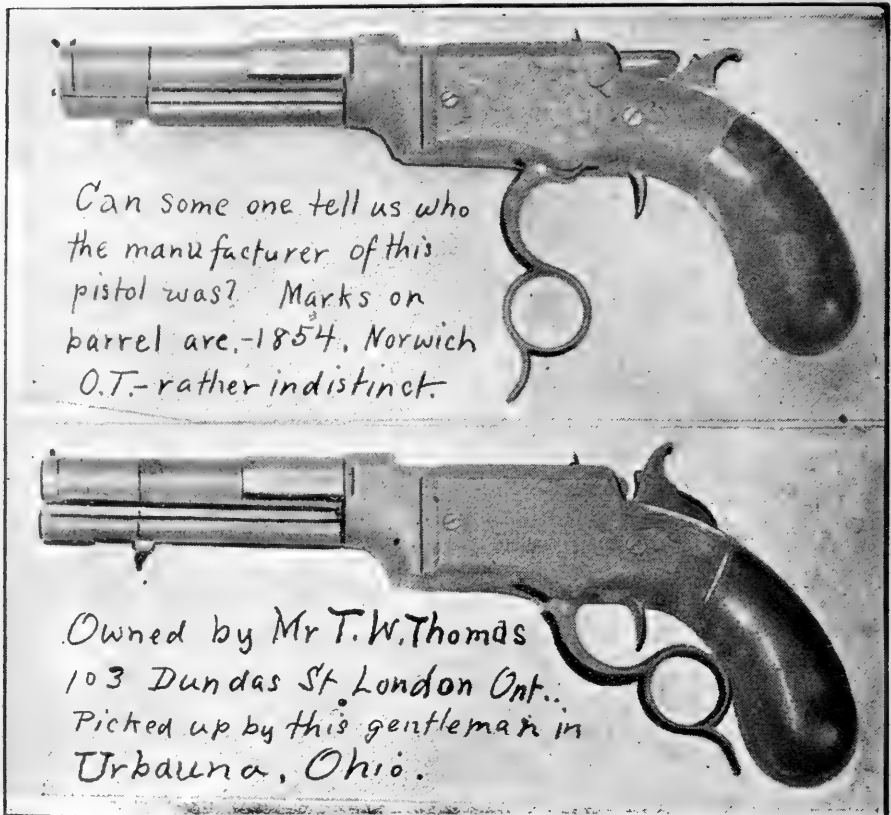


I agree with you that a practical article on powder scales, would be very suitable for use in this department and I would welcome such an article. I do not happen to have seen an article of this nature that contained much real information.

Editor.

it cleaned out, but if I could get the most of it out, I could keep it from gathering any more. What kind of pull through would be the most effective, and where could I get it?

Thanking you for information you may be able to give me. I am,  
Pictou, N.S. "Nova Scotian"



#### **Cleaning a .303 Lee Enfield.**

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I have lately come into possession of a Lee Enfield rifle, .303 calibre. The rifle is in perfect condition every way except for fouling in the barrel. Cordite was the ammunition that was always used in it and anybody that has used this kind of ammunition knows what care has to be used in cleaning out the rifling, if you want to keep your rifle in good shooting condition—and, this is what the former owner of this rifle failed to do.

The fouling spoils the shooting of this rifle just a very little. Not enough to spoil it for deer and moose shooting; but, it is there just the same and I want to find out from someone how to remove this fouling.

I don't expect to be able to get the last of

*Reply*—The best way to clean this rifle would be to give the barrel a thorough soaking for about half an hour in Whelen's Metal Fouling Solution. In case you cannot obtain this, use the strongest ammonia you can buy. Then, dry the barrel thoroughly, oil it, and set it away until you can get a good scratch brush. I would suggest that you buy one of the "dreadnought" cleaning brushes from P. J. O'Hare, 33 Bruce St., Newark, N.J., as well as one of his .30 calibre cleaning rods and use them.

These dreadnought brushes will take out metal fouling and all of the rust that can be gotten out of the rifle barrel. If you cannot obtain these, you can get most of it out with a Marble's brass brush. Get a .32 calibre brush and then it will grip the steel harder.

Motte's paste, applied on a rag, will also help to remove the fouling. This can be obtained from O'Hare. However, I have found that the vigorous use of a good steel brush will nearly always take out the metal fouling—irrespective of it being copper or cupro-nickel.

Editor.

### SHOOTING HARES.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

One Saturday last fall in company with four friends, I left Brantford, Ontario, on the Grand Valley Car for a day's hare hunting. After reaching Paris, Ontario, we started out over some stubble fields, walking along about 15 yards apart. We walked over several fields without result when suddenly a big hare jumped up about 10 yards to my left and ran down the field. My friends were all young sportsmen and became very much excited, and all of them fired at it without getting any results. They all felt very much down-hearted about losing the first rabbit, but I cheered them up and told them not to make so much noise as there were plenty more of them in the vicinity. After walking about 50 yards down the same field up jumped another hare, so I took a shot and knocked him over at 40 yards.

I am writing you this letter principally to let sportsmen know what kind of shot to use when hunting hares. I have seen some fellows use No. 2's or 3's. That's all wrong because four of my friends saw me kill a 12 pound hare at 83 yards with No. 5 shot. I use Eley's Grand Prix shells and I will back Eley's shells against any shells on the market and I have used all of the other makes in Canada and the old country. I believe that the best size of shot to use for all round shooting is No. 5 or 6's. We bagged five splendid hares on this afternoon's shooting and were back home at 5 p.m.

I would like to hear from some other sportsmen as to their experience in hunting hares.

A. E. Howting,

Brantford, Ontario.

### "Revolvers or Pistols For a Surveying Trip."

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Would you mind giving me a little "dope" on the capabilities of the Colt Auto .45 Government Model using the 200 grain bullet as recommended for this arm.

I would greatly prefer your statements regarding this pistol than those of others who may be interested in exploitation of this model pistol.

First: is it a more powerful arm than the "New Service .45" using the S. & W. .41 Special or the Colt .45?

Would the Auto .45 have equal penetration in animal tissue as well as equal shocking power at 50 ft.?

If unexpectedly confronted with a black bear at this distance with no other arm handy, would it be advisable to go to a finish with this weapon? If so, where would you advise placing a shot or shots?

Are there any other revolvers or pistols than the one drawn for comparison, more powerful and having greater shocking power than the Colt .45 Gov. Auto Pistol?

Is this a useful arm to take through the Canadian far North woods on a scientific survey, not a hunting trip? Could you recommend a better one?

C. A. McMahon.

*Reply*—The revolvers, pistols and cartridges that you mention compare ballistically as follows:

.45 Colt Automatic, 200 gr. bullet, Muzzle Velocity 910 f.s., Muzzle Energy 368 ft. lbs.

.45 Colt Automatic, 230 gr. bullet, Muzzle Velocity 809 f.s., Muzzle Energy 335 ft. lbs.

.45 Colt Revolvers, 255 gr. bullet, Muzzle Velocity 770 f.s., Muzzle Energy 336 ft. lbs.

.44 Special, 216 gr. bullet, Muzzle Velocity 755 f.s., Muzzle Energy 305 ft. lbs.

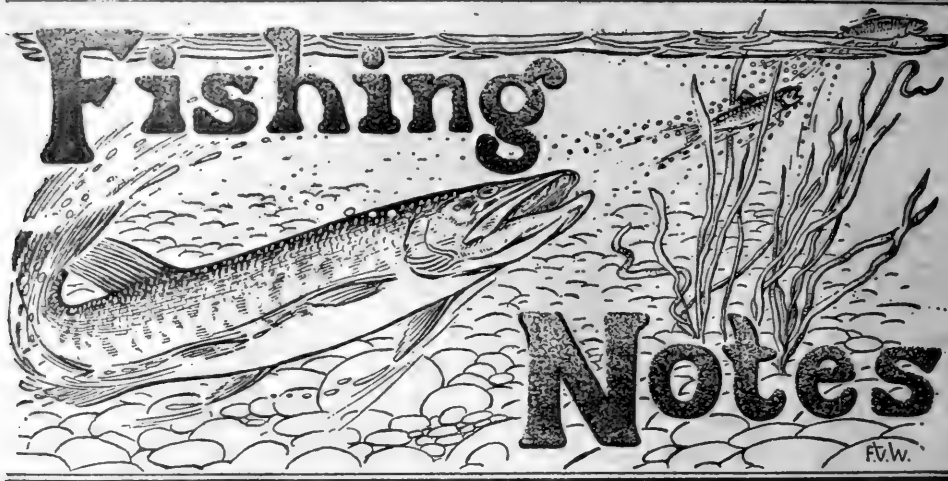
I would prefer the .45 Colt Auto to the revolvers mentioned unless you wish to reload the .44 Special with reduced loads for shooting ptarmigan, grouse and other birds. I do not have very much faith in revolvers or automatic pistols for killing big game and it is very seldom that a black bear becomes dangerous even when wounded. If the opportunity presented itself I would shoot for the base of the ear as it is a most deadly spot to hit in North American animals. I am rather inclined to believe that you would get better results by choosing a Colt or Smith and Wesson revolver shooting the .38 Smith & Wesson Special cartridge and use a variety of hand-loaded ammunition. For most purposes a .22 Colt Automatic Pistol or Smith and Wesson target pistol would do very well as long as it is not necessary to kill anything large. Use the hollow point, high velocity ammunition if you can get it.

One advantage of the .22 would be that the ammunition weighs much less than the average larger calibre. The actual danger from black bears is practically nothing when you are on a surveying trip. If a dangerous situa-

tion presents itself you undoubtedly should have a high power rifle as a revolver is too uncertain except possibly in the hands of an expert shot. Of the big revolvers mentioned

I would prefer the .45 Colt Auto as it is easier to shoot accurately and besides the gun is easier to carry.

Editor.



## Amateur Fly-Tying

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

### Chapter III.

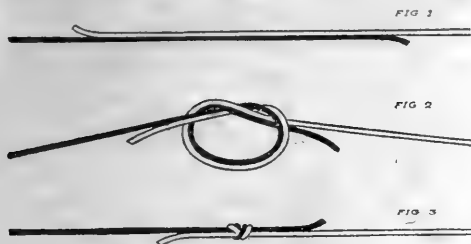
#### Leader Tying and Testing

**I**N the two chapters already printed we have considered the manufacture of gut for leaders and directions have been given for the coloring of same suitable for use in various waters. I shall in the present chapter take up the matter of tying leader strands together to make the whole, it being presumed that you are willing to do this yourself; that you have purchased your gut for leaders in the hank; that you have colored them since you cannot buy colored leaders, to the best of my knowledge, on the market. I have previously stated that leaders for trout fishing can be made either level in calibre (which is to say of the same thickness throughout), or it can be made tapered, the back portion of the leader being of heavy gut, the middle portion of medium gut and the front portion of a finer gut. By following up these latter directions you attain to what is called the *tapered* leader. If you have never used one in your fishing you have missed something for there is no doubt but that casting ability on your part is increased in a manner that it would be hard to set down on paper but which is a

known fact. The same is true of a tapered line, the heavier portion is back acting upon the lighter forward portion forcing it much as does the crack of a whip. Gut, as stated, comes in hanks; the gut pieces are twelve inches in length; these are tied together to make the whole. Not all the gut strands in a hank are of value, therefore select the best and eliminate the useless. To be able to tie gut strands together it is obvious that they must be soaked in water heated to a degree that is a trifle more than lukewarm. This softens the gut and the strands can be connected without any trouble.

(Drawings of the various moves made in tying leader strands together and making other loops and knots are of course a necessity. The illustrations that go with this article are reproductions taken from the elegant book by Charles Zibeon Southard, "Trout Fly Fishing in America" a book which I believe to be one of the most interesting ever put out and which should be in the library of every angler. The drawings being flawless, there would be no use to improve upon them; in fact they are the best drawings ever made of leader knots and loops.)

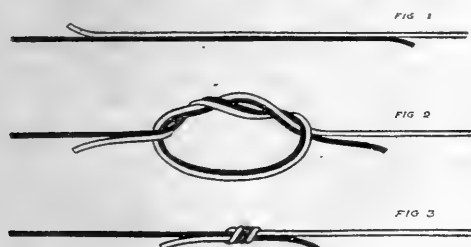
To connect two leader strands together we have for use the single surgeon's knot and the double surgeon's knot both of which are useful. Of course a glimpse at the two drawings will be sufficient to show how this is done. In the single surgeon's knot the two ends of the leaders are laid together and the tie is made. In the double water surgeon's knot one simply



Single Surgeon's Knot.

slips each end through the loop once more and then pulls it tight.

Probably no knot for tying leader strands together is equal to that known as the single waterloop knot, also known as the single water knot, also as the fisherman's knot. Turn to the illustration for an idea how to go about this. It will practically explain itself. Figure 1. of the illustrations shows how the two leader ends are laid to overlap. Figure 2 shows a loop thrown around one end and then a loop thrown around the other after which the two are pulled tight together. Figure 3 shows the result. But the claim is

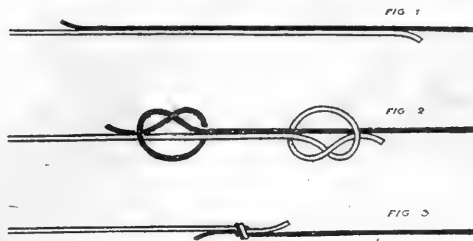


Double Surgeon's Knot.

laid against the single waterloop knot that the ends cannot be clipped close to the knot without it coming up. Therefore some prefer the double waterloop knot, which see. It is the same as the single waterloop knot save that instead of throwing one loop around the leader, two loops are thrown. It is then pulled tight and the result is a firm knot and it is possible to sever the leader waste ends close to the knot without it coming undone. For my part I have never found anything wrong

with the single waterloop knot. True, there may be some points against it, but not important enough to lose sleep over.

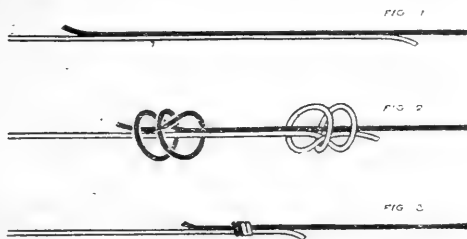
Generally in trout fishing three flies on a leader are used. There are some who prefer to use only one fly and the use of one fly of course is a practical necessity in dry fly fishing. For wet fly fishing the use of three flies call their attention to the fish more speedily where one fly would, in the sense of things, be lost sight of. It is, therefore, necessary to have loops on the leader to which the fly snells are connected. As shown in the illus-



Single Waterlock Knot.

tration the leader dropper loop is made by bending the down-end of the gut and laying it to the other leader end as shown in Figure 1. Then as shown in Figure 2 a simple knot is tied and drawn tight as shown in Figure 3. It will of course be interesting to the beginner to know how far apart he should have these dropper loops; say a distance of forty inches from the tail to the middle fly; and about twenty four inches between this one and the hand fly. That is about right.

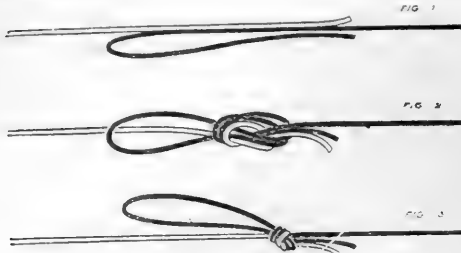
There are several methods of connecting the line with the leader. The jam knot is one that is largely used which note in the illustrations of the various moves. The jam knot



Double Waterlock Knot.

is a good one and it will stay put, but there is another one that is known as the tiller hitch that is an exceedingly good one in that it can be readily pulled apart in a twinkling and readily re-tied again. On all scores the tiller

hitch wins. Mr. Southard gives an idea of the tiller hitch in his accurate illustrations. For my part I have an improvement on this that I think is much safer. In the illustration: "tiller hitch improved" a glimpse will tell you how this is made. This cannot be up-set when it is once tightened; where, as I have discovered, the other one may. You will make



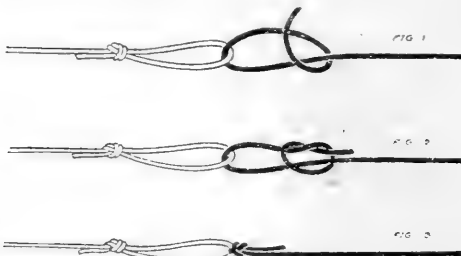
Leader Drooper Hook.

no mistake by using the tiller hitch for it is one that should be used by all trout anglers in making line and leader connections.

The leader end loop is very easily made as shown in the illustration. It does not need to be explained in words for the various moves explain themselves.

For attaching the leader to the fly we have the jam knot again which is shown in three illustrations. And then there is not to be forgotten the famous turtle knot, which also see. The turtle knot is by far the most desired knot that the angler uses and is especially in demand in dry fly fishing.

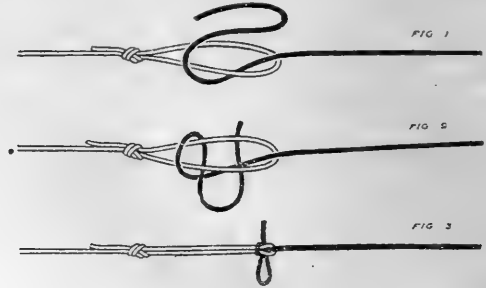
The drawings of knots listed Numbers



The Jam Knot.

10, 11 and 12 are some that were especially favoured by Mr. H. P. Wells. A glimpse at Number 10 will practically tell you how to go about it. You slip the leader through the eye of the hook, throw it around the hook shank, then up on the other side and through. That is all there is to it: it is then pulled tight. At first glimpse this "knot" will appear woefully insecure to you, but there is a place for it, for it can be said of it, that only

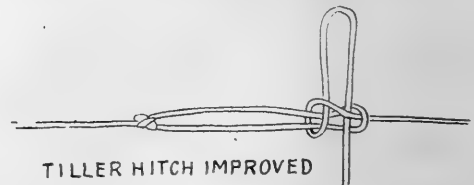
under certain circumstances is it reliable. Have you ever stood on a stream with a desire within you to use a smaller fly than those you have been trying out? You have then discovered that the eye of the fly hook was small and it was very nearly impossible to connect the leader with it, try as you would. Of course you were able to slip the gut through the hole, but to make a knot that you could easily untie was another matter. The illustration (Number 10) is a knot for use on small-eyed fly hooks only, as, where the eye is large



The Tiller Hitch.

it will come undone. But for small hook eyes it is a reliable one. It will not pull out. To undo it, all that you have to do is to push the spare end downward and you have no gut end to clip off as eternal waste.

In Number 11 we have a simple knot for a hook having a larger eye that is always reliable. Unlike Number 10 which goes around the leader shank one time, the gut is thrown around the hook shank two times in Number 11 and then drawn tight. Still another method is shown in Number 12 which is another good knot, the spare end lying parallel with the shank of the hook or the body of the fly. All spare ends of gut in these three knots can be clipped down to leave a quarter of an inch protruding which will not



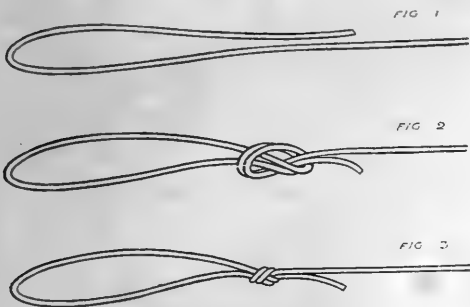
TILLER HITCH IMPROVED

in any sense of the word interfere as alarming the fish by creating any unnatural aspect to the fly.

In the directions and illustrations contained in this chapter you will have no trouble in gaining your end; the knots are true and tried ones; have been tested out under all condi-

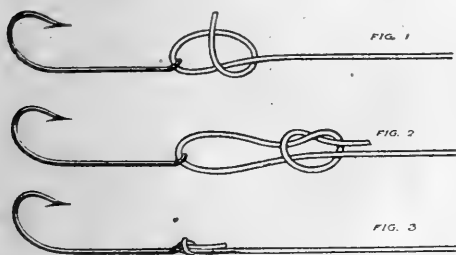


tions of water and are trustworthy. But as should be noted only selections from the best gut out of a hank will suffice to give you good work and reliable leaders. Gut that is flat, scaly or with inequalities along its length cannot be counted on for any service and it is better not to attempt leader tying unless good



Leader End Loop.

gut is had. Gut when dry has a tendency to brittleness which, when bent may cause it to splinter and fray. Personally I have a method for safeguarding the life of a leader and if it is followed out the best of results is to be had. It simply consists of soaking the leaders for at least twenty-four hours in glycerine; glycerine having a tendency to soften the animal fibres. In fact some of this on the pad of the leader box or in the fly-book is of a very great help and should not be lost track of. Another point that is a great help is to rub down the leaders occasionally with a piece of chamois skin. This keeps them clean and adds to its life as you will find out.

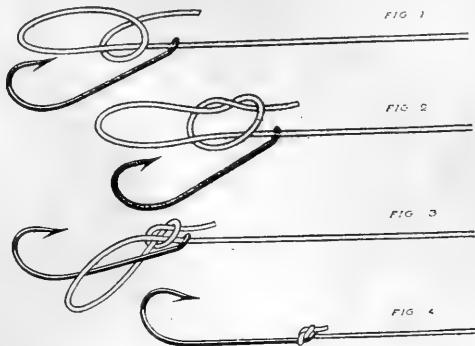


Knot attaching leader to fly.

When you have tied your various leaders they are by no means ready for use for they must be tested out to see how much strain they will stand. The leader is again soaked in lukewarm water until it is soft and pliable. Then place one of its loops on a hook above you and hook in the spring balance at the other. Now pull, and, as you pull note by the marker how many pounds it will stand

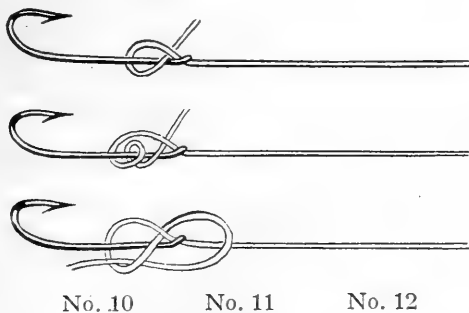
when it breaks. Now take the leader down and carefully re-tie it and paste a slip of paper around the coil, writing down on it how many pounds pull it stood at breaking. This will lead you right when you are ready to use it in knowing just which leader to select for the fish in the stream you are after. I have never tested a leader by jerking it between the hands. Mr. H. P. Wells recommends this method, saying:

"This can be readily and satisfactorily done



The Turle Knot.

without other appliance than the angler's own two hands. Seize the line with one hand and the leader about a foot beyond the line with the other. Then give two or three smart jerks. If it stands, test the next foot or so in the same manner, and so on down to and including the tail-fly. Be careful to have the knots, which are the most to be suspected parts, between the hands—that is, each hand should always grasp the leader between the knots. A little common-sense must temper the severity of the jerk, which, of course, must bear some relation to the thickness of



the gut. This test is best applied only when the leader is wet and soft; when dry, great care must be taken not to bend the leader sharply where grasped, or the dry gut may crack, when, of course, its strength at that

point is gone." Mr. Wells adds: "When made or bought, test the leader with the spring balance and attach a tag giving date and number of pounds applied to test it. After that, when in use, test the leader at least once—better still, twice—each day by the other method, and you need have little fear that your leader will play you false."

Probably you will think these little preparations and cautions are insignificant. But are they? Don't you want to know what your leader will stand in applied pull? By attention to these little details you may be able to save one of the biggest trout you ever hooked into. Indeed the number of truly big fish that have got away by snapping the leader, where it was suspected of being strong enough, run into the unguessed thousands. How often you read in accounts of fishing: "Just when I thought I had him, the leader snapped like a taut violin string.....," etc., etc. It is, therefore, best to know your leader before you count too highly on it, and this refers not only to the leader you tie yourself, but to any of the leaders that you buy. And never immerse or soak leaders in hot water. It simply rots them and they lose at least three or four times their strength. As Wells says, and which I have found out through a particular experience in this line through my own tests: "Keep your gut from hot water except when dyeing, and then let the exposure (when dyeing he means) be as brief as possible; and never use an untested leader, no matter how great your confidence in its strength may be." It is for this reason, by the way that one should have a spring-balance always along with him in his outfit; and when going out on the stream. Any well-appurtenanced sporting goods establishment will supply you with just exactly what you want if you mention it.

It should be understood that when one tests out a leader with a spring balance he is exerting a steady strain without any let-up. No fish ever does this; therefore the leader always is in the advantageous position. If

a trout when hooked could exert a dead pull and the line were connected to an immovable object, we would have something to compare with the spring balance test. But this is not so. Back of the line and the leader is the resilient, giving and taking bamboo rod and the hand of the angler feeding out and taking in line as the fish fights. Also a fish is never still when captured, but must plunge this way and that in the endeavor to escape.

A leader that will stand a dead pull test of four and one half to five pounds is suitable for most trout waters, for, while there are trout being caught that go over this weight, such captures are most assuredly restricted to waters known for their large trout as in the Nipigon and the Steel River district, in a number of the waters of Quebec Province and in some of the Maritime Provinces of Canada; though most of the sea-run brook trout hardly ever go over five pounds weight. Al that a five pound fish is something to conjure with and should have a lot of fight in him taken out of any water.

Mr. H. P. Wells quotes from a correspondent to the old *Forest and Stream Magazine* as having made the following tests of the pull of brook trout when captured. In the dead water of a swift stream it was found that:

|               |              |        |       |             |
|---------------|--------------|--------|-------|-------------|
| A brook trout | 0 lb. 10 oz. | pulled | ..... | 16 oz.      |
| "             | " 0 "        | 8 "    | "     | ..... 5 oz. |
| "             | " 0 "        | 6 "    | "     | ..... 9 oz. |
| "             | " 1 "        | 1 "    | "     | ..... 4 oz. |

In pond fishing:

|               |          |        |       |        |
|---------------|----------|--------|-------|--------|
| A brook trout | 12 oz.   | pulled | ..... | 14 oz. |
| "             | " 9 oz.  | "      | ..... | 8 oz.  |
| "             | " 18 oz. | "      | ..... | 20 oz. |

In rapid current:

|               |             |        |       |                     |
|---------------|-------------|--------|-------|---------------------|
| A brook trout | 1 lb. 9 oz. | pulled | ..... | 2 lb.               |
| "             | " 2 "       | 2 "    | "     | ..... 2 lbs. 12 oz. |
| "             | " 3 "       | 0 "    | "     | ..... 4 lbs. 4 oz.  |
| "             | " 0 "       | 12 "   | "     | ..... 1 lbs. 4 oz.  |
| "             | " 3 "       | 4 "    | "     | ..... 5 lbs. 0 oz.  |

In comparatively still water:

|               |              |        |       |              |
|---------------|--------------|--------|-------|--------------|
| A brook trout | 3 lbs. 4 oz. | pulled | ..... | 4 lbs. 8 oz. |
|---------------|--------------|--------|-------|--------------|

(To be Continued).

## Minnows to be Used as Lure in Ice Fishing

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

**T**O make a minnow to be used as a lure that will travel around and around in the water horizontally, by merely pulling on the line connected to it, is a device that is useful in ice fishing or in spearing through the

ice. At first glimpse it would seem impossible that a wooden minnow-like lure can be got to do this, but if one is made and tried out following these directions it will be found to move as stated.

Sumac wood makes excellent wood for this minnow, the next best being cedar. The body is cut slim like the body of a perch, three and one half or four inches long. Then proceed as shown in Fig. I. which shows the underside of the minnow. The fins (a) and (b) are made of tin being one and one fourth

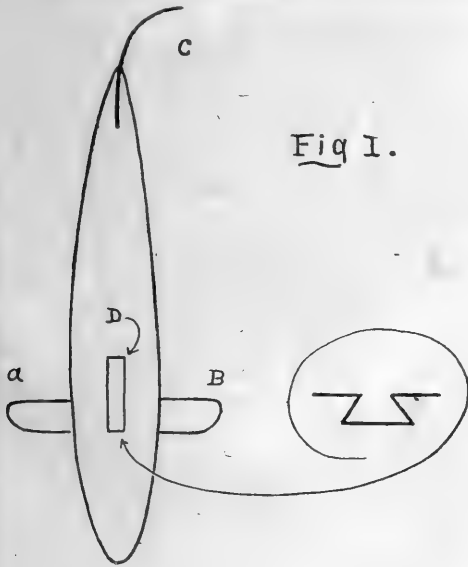


Fig I.

inches long and one half inch wide. These are, however, cut sufficiently longer than this length so that they can be worked into the body into slits made with a knife to receive them. A tail of tin is also inserted by means of a slit, a fine nail holding it in place. This tail (c) is then bent in whichever way one

desires the minnow to travel, as shown in the drawing. To weigh the minnow sufficiently a lead socket must be made nearly in the centre of the underpart of the body as shown in (d). This socket is one half inch deep by one inch in length and to hold the lead it is cut out dove-tailed as shown in the inset. The edges then hold the lead in place. Melted lead is poured in. The balancing point of the minnow is now found as shown in Fig. II. A screw ring is inserted in the back at the balancing point. By working up the screw

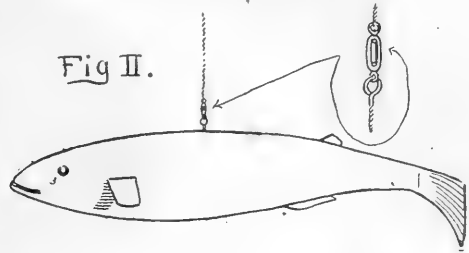


Fig II.

ring with the knife a swivel can be slipped on and the ring bent into place again so that the swivel will not come off. The line is tied to the swivel; the swivel preventing kinking of the line. When worked in the water, by pulling up the line, the minnow, instead of coming straight up, swims horizontal in the water in a perfect circle following the bended sweep of the tail. The minnow should be worked not deeper than six feet from the surface and when spearing of course it is best to have a house on the ice. The best color for a minnow is bright red.

## Lee-Boards for a Sailing Canoe

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

**I**F one has never used a sail on a canoe he has missed one of the most enjoyable features of that form of water-cruising. Probably many do not make use of this feature, held back by the belief that the canoe under sail and in a brisk wind will capsize, and that is true in many cases if some means is not used whereby the canoe can be steadied and made more reliable in holding its own. Just here is where a pair of lee-boards come in fine and the knowledge of how to make them should appeal to every canoe owner. These may be taken apart and put away in the outfit when extended trips are made, for in-

stance into the wilds of Canada. Or they may be used in home waters as one sees fit. They are light and do not take up a great deal of room.

The wood to be used for lee-boards must be able to stand prolonged immersion without cracking and warping. Of materials experimented with mahogany will be found to be the best to be had. Procure a piece that is seven eighths of an inch thick nine inches wide and seven feet long. When this board is sawed in two it will give you two pieces each three and one half feet in length which is the approximate length of each lee-board. The

board is now marked out and cut in the shape shown in Figure I. In the small end is the handle which is two inches wide and four inches long up to the point where it broadens up into the wide part. The wide part is about eight and one half inches throughout. Mark the piece and cut it out with a key-hole saw. When you have one piece ready then mark out and cut out the second piece.

The piece is permitted to be seven eighths inch thick in the handle end but from that point down to the other end it is tapered, both sides being planed. In the big end it may be one fourth of an inch thick; even thinner than that will not be harmful. A little thicker than a straight taper along the middle will prove more satisfactory than a straight taper. The boards when finished as to planing and sand-papering should be oiled several times and then given a coat of spar varnish of a good grade.

It will now be necessary to obtain two flag-pole sockets, the sockets being one and one half inches across on the inside. Sockets of this sort coming in a brass material are most desirable. Arrange one on each lee-board as shown in Figure II, just forward of where the sweep begins. A round oak piece one and one half inches through is now obtained. Lay this across your canoe to measure it, being sure that at least three inches protrudes on either side. Then, as shown in Figure III, join the lee-boards by means of the sockets to the round oak piece adding a screw to hold them firmly in place. Figure IV shows the next move to make. A piece of squared

hardwood (a), one and one half inches fits in from one edge of the canoe to the other to press up against the strips that follow the edge of the canoe. Obtain two pieces of brass rod of the one fourth inch thickness and thread both ends, then bend as shown in the inset (b). A brass plate one eighth of an inch thick by three and one half inches long is now obtained. Holes are drilled in this plate to slip over the rod ends as shown in (b). Suitable thumb-screws are now obtained. They are worked onto the threaded ends and can be tightened up as desired. The pull thus obtained as between the under-piece (a) and the upper lee-board piece keeps the lee-boards in position, down when so desired, or, when one desires to lift them up as one nears shore the mere matter of loosening up on the thumb-screws will permit of the boards being lifted. The wood rod that connects the lee-boards can be made more firm in place by cutting a flat surface to fit the wooden edge of the canoe to prevent turning. The illustration (d) shows what is meant. If the wood rod is perfectly round its tendency to turn will be greater than if partially flat, at least.

The sail of the canoe is generally placed in the bow of the canoe. The position that the lee-boards assume is one mid-way between the common centre of the canoe and the bow.

If these simple directions are followed one will obtain excellent and satisfactory work, and once one has made use of this steadying contrivance in sailing, he will never be without it. Lee boards take all the danger out of canoe cruising.

## The Winnipeg Fishing Club

Judging by the enthusiasm shown and the good turnout of members at the December meeting, 1921 promises to be a red letter year for Winnipeg anglers. Arrangements were completed for the lease of a camp site at Lake Breton. A committee was appointed to handle the erection of a suitable building. Several members signified their intention of having boats on the lake next summer. The secretary reported that he was in communication with several parties with the view of obtaining some black bass, but had not yet met with success in his quest. It was decided to have a club button, and the secretary was instructed to purchase a sufficient number,

similar to the design submitted by the jewelers. The button will be a miniature black bass, with the initials of the club in blue enamel.

One of the suggestions made at the meeting was, that enquiries should be made concerning the streams and small lakes of the province, whether they contain fish, and if not are they suitable for stocking? A record of the places in Manitoba where angling may be had will be of great value to rod and line enthusiasts. Acting on this suggestion, the secretary was asked to obtain all the information and file it for reference.

A pleasing feature of the meeting was the addition of several new members, one of them being a resident of Pittsburgh, P.A. but a regular visitor to Lake Brereton and vicinity.

The members expressed their pleasure at the publicity given the clubs constitution and aims through the columns of *Rod and Gun* and a number of them handed in subscriptions.

## A "Backed" Bow and How to Make It

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE majority of the bows that are made are known as "self" bows which is to say that they are made out of one piece, or variety of wood without any other wood being added to make up the whole. Certain bows of the "self" style are excellent but there is no comparison between them and the "backed" bows. A bow that is "backed" has double, even triple the strength and resistance of the former. For the person that is interested in archery, one of the cleanest sports known, the following directions will be read with interest in that little or next to nothing has appeared in print as to the manufacture

down so that they fit snug face to face so that no cracks are left along the edges. Of course this is obtained by the use of the square and the plane. The pieces are then glued together with the best grade of glue obtainable and are inserted tight in clamps and allowed to dry out. When planed down, if the work of truing up the pieces has been carried out under deft hands, the meeting places of the hickory and the washaba throughout should show no hint of a crack.

The piece is now planed down, exceeding care to be taken. The back piece of the bow the hickory, should be more or less flat



Fig I

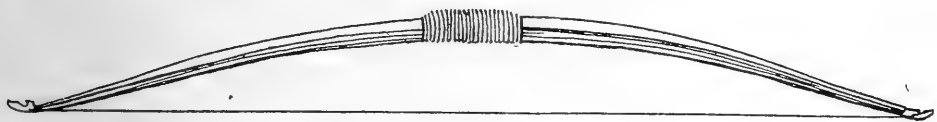


Fig II.

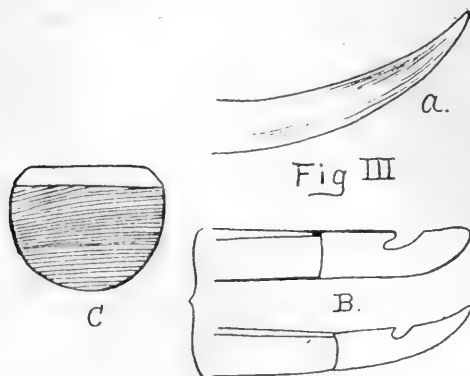
of this bow by combining two woods to form a whole. There is a tropical wood known as washaba that makes for a fine wood for the belly or underside of the bow. Washaba is also known by the trade-name of "bethabara" many fine trout fishing rods and bait casting rods, too, being made of it. The wood is noted for its springy action and is of a steely texture. It can be obtained from any well supplied sporting goods establishment, in New York City especially. For a back to the bow there is no equal in my estimation to white hickory. Therefore, with the belly of the bow of washaba and a backing of white hickory, a bow is produced that is entirely satisfactory.

As shown in Figure I. the two woods must be joined together. The pieces are first trued

throughout, from end to end. The drawing (c) will show the shape that must be striven for throughout. The wood at the centre of the bow should be uniformly one inch and two sixteenths wide and as deep. This is inclusive of the one fourth inch thick piece of white hickory backing. From the centre the bow tapers toward the end of each limb to uniformly one half an inch. When planing, care must be taken to see that not too much is planed off at any one point and one limb must correspond accurately to the other in diameters. It is therefore necessary to cut off full length shavings with the plane. These are preference to the short, choppy ones. It will of course be found that the small steel block-plane comes in handy as the work proceeds to a finish.



A bow for a man should be about six feet in length, but of course a man's height and his strength must be taken into account. The number of pounds this bow will pull is decided by the thickness given it throughout. A thick bow will pull fifty five pounds while one not so thick throughout will pull only thirty five. Thus you can make the bow to suit yourself by occasionally stringing it and



testing it. If you can draw the twenty eight inch arrow to its head so that it takes a great deal of your strength but not so that the bow shakes, then you have the right weight to the bow. But here it must also be remembered that if you are unfamiliar with the game; if you are untried at drawing a bow, you will not be able to pull with the ease you will later acquire.

How to make notches in the tips of the bow to receive the bow-string has always been a

genuine puzzle with amateur bow makers. Let such therefore be informed of a method that cannot be equalled. As shown in Figure III a pair of cow's horns are obtained. The wooden tip of the bow is now countersunk thus to receive a portion of the tip of the horn so that when the horn is pressed home it will lie even with the wood as shown in (b). Either a rounded end can be made on the end or a sharp tip as also shown. A notch is now carved in the horn deep enough so that the string will not jump out. Apply glue liberally to the wood when you push the wood into the horn.

You will need a grasp in the centre of the bow and this can readily be contrived as shown in the drawing (d). A half inch thick piece of soft wood four inches long is glued to the centre of the bow, affixed as it is to the "back." An ordinary green trolling-line or chalk line is now tightly wrapped on to cover it. The line, as you wind it on is saturated with glue. When finished, permit it to dry thoroughly. This grasp can then be covered with leather that is pliable. The leather from an old pocket-book, etc., can be used. Lay it down in glue and tack into the wood of the grasp and not into the rod. If care be taken a beautiful grasp can thus be made.

The string to be used on a bow should be at the rate of one strand for every pound pull of the bow. For a bow with the diameters given above, forty five strands are about right. Obtain therefore a forty five strand string of Barbour's linen which is by far the best.

## Winning Nipigon Trophy

**N**IPIGON RIVER is still the premier speckled trout stream of Canada. Indeed it has many devotees who consider there is no other river in the world holding out such potent attractions to the angler. Famous men and fishermen from all parts of this continent, and from Europe, fish its teeming waters every year, but the sport remains undiminished; the works of the Hydro Commission for power development at Cameron Falls not seeming to have had the slightest effect detrimental to the sport. The National Railways' fisherman's and hunter's lodge at Orient Bay, which is operated in conjunction with the hotel system of that

company, houses each season a satisfied list of sportsmen.

This season there was rivalry, keen as usual, for the Nipigon Trophy, which the C. N. R. awards for the largest speckled trout caught with rod and line in Nipigon waters by non-resident anglers.

The winner of the 1920 competition was Mr. W. H. Jessup, of Scranton, Pa., whose catch weighed  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. Mr. James P. Day, Chicago, Ill., was second, his fish weighing  $6\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. Mrs. Mary I. Gibson, of Alexandria, Virginia, was third, and her catch also weighed  $6\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. Mr. W. H. Woodin, of New York City, and Mr. W. W.

# WINNING THE NIPIGON SHIELD



W.H. Jessup  
of Scranton - P.A.  
winner of 1920  
C.N.R. Shield



facsimile of C.N.R.  
Nipigon Trophy competed  
for by non-residents in...  
Nipigon waters, with rod  
and line

Neil Mc Dougall  
Sportsman's  
Representative  
Orient Bay

and 3 Specimens of Brook Trout  
the lower of which is Mr. Jessup's  
which captured the Trophy —

Butler, of Montreal, both caught fish close to the  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pound trout of the winner, but they were of the same party and accordingly affidavits were not sent in to the company in connection with the competition. Mr. Butler, who is President of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Limited, was the winner of the trophy two years ago, and he expressed himself as delighted that his friend, Mr. Jessup, was the successful competitor in 1920. The facsimile shield of the Nipigon Trophy has been forwarded to Mr. Jessup at Scranton, and in his reply he sends the following description of his experiences on the Nipigon River.

"Our camp was pitched in the beautiful spruce and birch timber on the banks of the Nipigon. There were three fishermen in our party, with sufficient Indians to take care of us properly. The beauties of the location of the camp are impossible for me to describe.

As we had expected to stay in camp about two weeks, our intention was to move several times in order to get better fishing, but we found the fishing so good where we were, that we abandoned any such idea. Of course, we fished up and down the river a few miles from our camp, but most of our fish were caught immediately in front, where the river was running eight or ten feet deep.

"The first of our party to catch a trout weighing over seven pounds, was Mr. W. H. Woodin, of New York city. His trout weighed within an ounce of  $7\frac{1}{4}$  pounds and we believed Mr. Woodin had won the Nipigon trophy. The next day Mr. W. W. Butler of Montreal brought in a trout a few ounces heavier than Mr. Woodin's. He was then marked for the Nipigon trophy. The next day I brought mine in which weighed  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, measuring  $29\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length and 14 inches in girth. We had the very finest of fishing during our entire stay with the exception, of one day. Mr. Butler caught the limit every day but two. We were in camp nine days. The trout ran so large that unless we hooked one over five pounds in weight, we hardly gave it a second look.

"Such fishing I have never dreamed of and was simply astounded that any place on earth afforded such, my fishing having been confined principally to streams where a three-

pound trout was an unusual catch.

"As to the hooking and landing of the particular trout which enabled me to win the trophy, would say, I was using a light casting rod, a Shakespeare reel with one hundred and fifty feet of Japanese silk line. I had about one-half the line out when I felt the trout strike and after giving it slack line for what I thought a proper time, I reeled in the slack and made the hook. The trout for the first two or three minutes, came towards the canoe without much difficulty, although I thought I had a heavy fish. Suddenly when within twenty-five feet of the canoe, he came to the surface, and while he did not jump, made a great splashing for a few seconds and evidently saw us, for he made a dive for the centre of the river, taking nearly all of my line before I could stop him. He then rose to the surface again, made some splashing, but did not jump. Of course after the first time he came to the surface I knew well that I had hooked a large fish. The trout made several fierce dashes to get away during which he nearly succeeded in getting my line all out. It was a fierce fight most of the time from beginning to end, which kept up between fifteen and twenty minutes. Finally he tired and I brought him up to the boat and the Indian landed him.

"I discovered a peculiarity about the Indians while I was fishing on the Nipigon. We used two Indians to paddle for us. They would never speak until after a fish was hooked. That appeared to be a sign, for both would begin to talk at once, telling the kind of a fish and its size, changing both every two or three minutes. It was so with the large trout I caught. They both insisted it was a lake trout and weighed thirty-five pounds. Another peculiarity I noticed was, that the minute the Indian landed that large fish, without a word, they started to paddle for camp as fast as they could, which was not at all in accordance with my ideas, as I thought it was a pretty good day for fishing.

"I heard before I went to the Nipigon that it was the finest large brook trout stream in the world. My experience there makes me willing to vouch for that statement. The number of large trout our party caught during our nine days camp was simply astounding."



# Tough Luck and Why

D. S. JOHNSTON

"The melancholy days have come  
The saddest of the year  
For I must needs remain "to hum,"  
And not go shootin' deer!"

**B**RETHERN did you ever have the itch? Not the common vulgar "herpes," nor the seven year variety, nor yet what manner of itch is picked up in the barbers. But a permanent, annual, ineradicable, life-long type that sets in about September first, when the leaves first begin to color and come fluttering slowly down to Mother Earth; when there is an early morning tang in the air, and when the dusky shadows of evening carry a memory of loafing back to camp after one of those perfect days one never forgets. The symptoms of the disease develop rapidly and become acute toward the middle of October and unless the malady is checked by a final decision "to go," the patient lingers along in great distress till the end of the hunting season before there is any marked improvement. Those are the days when you go home to lunch and friend wife remarks "What a grand day it was to dry the washing" and you come back with, "It would be a peach of a day to be in the bush," and then she says — but why go over it? We've all been over it so often.

We can't go this year. D—'it all. After four consecutive years in the bush, we solemnly promised ourselves that we would never, never miss a year's hunt so long as we and the years endured. But man proposes and the disposing is in other hands. So for two seasons, three counting this present season, we have had the itch, a very aggravated and aggravating case indeed. And the only soothing treatment—and it's more or less negative in results—is to get some of the boys in—preferably those who also can't go—and sit by the fire-place burning brightly, and picture to ourselves the past seasons, the days of real sport, and how the memories crowd in.

Who ever forgets the first time he went into the bush? We recall the long railroad journey, with a change of trains at 1.30 a.m.; the breakfast next morning in the third rate northern Ontario hotel; the trip on the "palatial steamer"—see railroad guides—built for summer traffic only, on which we either shivered sitting on the piles of baggage in the

bow, smothered in the blue haze in the ladies' cabin aft, or waited for a chance to lean against the thin wall next the boiler. Then there was the good home cooked dinner which included, on Oct. 31st., "*Muskoka Lamb*"; after dinner the twelve mile hike to camp. One could ride but who wanted to? Three of us started out on foot. For three or four miles the footing was good, and then we struck the bush and the rocks and hills. We tramped up, and we tramped down, and tramped some more. After a few miles we asked how much further it was and if the camp had been moved further back this year. We were assured it wasn't far now; that we would likely see the lake at the next turn. But when the turn was reached someone had moved the lake. After many more turns we came to old man Dunn's and then we did see the lake; and then Jack's place, and after that it was only two miles to camp. Maybe we weren't glad to get there. But the next year and the next that walk seemed much shorter and a very pleasant road indeed. Then came settling down in camp; and after that everyone had to test their guns on that old bit of stump in the water. We were quite ready for the supper served by lamplight at the long table in the kitchen that just held twelve, where the fellows near the stove roasted while those on the long bench at the back of the table were chilled by the breezes blowing through the chinks in the logs. But who cared? We wouldn't have exchanged that seat for the best table in the King Edward with any kind of bonus thrown in.

And the hunt! We were taken out the first morning along an old hunter road, stopped at a certain spot, and told to go in to a hemlock stump, in "that direction" about a hundred yards. That was our watch. We took a line by our compass (it was cloudy overhead) and started for said stump. But that bush was just full of stumps, and that compass was a very Ananias of a guide. We knew the direction better ourselves. We spent our first morning on a dry knoll entirely surrounded by swamp. We found the stump next day and stayed there two weeks and didn't see a thing. The next year we were sent there again, saw three deer, wounded one poor brute, and did nothing to inconvenience the other two. The first we saw gave us such an attack of buck fever that we simply could not

find the back sight—a peep—to aim through. We finally got desperate and discharged our weapon in the general direction of the deer. He went away; and after he left we found that sight concealed under our thumb. We hadn't thought of looking there. But the next year was our year at that stump. We saw four and got three. One only kills their first deer once, but we will never forget the thrill that came with the first. We left camp, without any great hopes after our previous experiences. But within ten minutes of the time we got to the stump, a nice spike buck hove in sight, and stood for some time behind a big tree with only his hindquarters showing, about forty yards away. We were all strung up, but had no buck fever this time, so when he moved we proceeded to lay down a barrage. We were quite willing to use up all our ammunition and to borrow some if necessary rather than let him go, and when he fell beside an old fallen pine—oh boy! what a grand and glorious feelin'! Then we had to clean him out. We took up physiology at public school; but it was not an exact guide; and our baggage having gone astray the only tool we had to work with was an old saw-toothed pocket knife. We didn't measure our chest that day, but a large 46 would have fitted closely. We had some more fun with that deer. Next day at noon we were to bring him in to camp, a mile and a half over a broken corduroy road. One brother carried our rifles, coats and other impediments, while two of us dragged the deer. It wasn't so bad for half a mile or so. But the day was mild, and our muscles were soft, and our wind was only a zephyr; so when we had gone half a mile or so we decided that they couldn't eat the whole deer at once anyway and that we would cut it in two—which we did, *right through the saddle roast*. We hung the bow half up and pushed bravely on. Shortly we met a relief party. The guide said he had lived there all his life but had never seen a deer come in in two sections before.

And those tramps along the trails, and when there were no trails. How one climbs and sweats, and calls himself all kinds of a fool for ever leaving the car lines! But after the climb the long after noon on that big stone with a steep hardwood covered hill behind one, and a little valley with a hemlock ridge in front; or that other spot, where you sit on a very narrow ridge with a deep bowl in the hills, with the river winding past at the bottom, on your right; and on your left a hollow backed by another hardwood slope. And the bright afternoon sun and the quiet, undisturbed except by the sudden scurry of a fieldmouse in the leaves at your feet, or the clamor of an Arctic woodpecker beating a tattoo against an old dead stump.

Then the good fellowship of it all. When the crowd gathered at noon or at night, and tried to decide who fired that fusilade that nobody will confess to. How the days were lived over again and again around the big box stove. Then one finds out what is the inner material of his companions, in such surroundings; whether they are what they seem, or if after all they are a size too small to be a real good sport. And for all it's discomforts how you enjoy it all! The getting up at 5.45 a.m. in the cold dawn, the wash in cold water, which you empty over the front verandah railing; the meals you eat, that at home would sure result in acute indigestion! The sizzling fat bacon and fried potatoes, or venison steak, or stew; or the blue herring taken out of the ice-cold water at noon and served to you for supper. And the cook's fresh made apple pie; and the candied honey served so tastefully (piled high with a spoon stuck straight up in the top,) in two delicately fashioned gray enamel quart cups, one at each end of the table. Yum, yum! and again I say yum, yum!!

One could write reams about such experiences, but what's the use. As we said before "We can't go this year, d—— it all!"

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F. L. Washburn, Professor of Economic Vertebrate Zoology, University of Minnesota, is the author of a comprehensive and practical manual entitled "The Rabbit Book." Mr. Washburn is evidently familiar with his subject and thoroughly covers a field that still has great possibilities for development. His book gives the result of years of experience in breeding, care and marketing on Belgian hares, Flemish Giants and other meat and

fur-producing rabbits. The reader will find the chapters on building a rabbitry, managing it, purchasing stock, breeding, feeding, killing and dressing for table or market, diseases and remedies, etc. both profitable and instructive. Any of our readers who are interested in this profitable enterprise can obtain a copy from the J. B. Lippincott Co., Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.



# The Mirror Lake Hunt Club

A. L. BURCH

THE above club have their lodge on one of the lakes of the Pickerel in the northern part of Parry Sound district, which, to my mind, is the very Eldorado of Ontario for real sportsmen. The character of the forest, which in our section was mostly hardwood with many lakes, makes it the natural home for deer; and besides, the waters are teeming with fish—the chief of which are black-bass, pickerel, pike, maskinonge, and late in the fall, white fish.

There are three requisites for a successful and satisfactory hunting party. When I say "satisfactory," I refer to a real holiday for men who appreciate God's great silences and are fond of the gun.

The three requisites, to my mind, are:—

- (1) a party entirely agreeable to each other and about a dozen in number.
- (2) comfortable quarters.
- (3) a good cook.

If these three are provided, the number of deer acquired becomes quite a secondary matter; and I am glad to say Captain Kelcey and his party of twelve constituted one of the most agreeable parties it has ever been my privilege with which to share a holiday.

We were twelve guns and a cook and all our hunting was done by stalking and *without* dogs. The woods, prior to our visit, must have contained many deer; for in every direction the runways gave constant evidence of the passing and re-passing of these animals.

Our first day was given up to a study of the forest. The chief of our party, already familiar with the ground, led us in various directions pointing out the various runways, drawing our attention to the frequent signs of our quarry, and giving such direction as those who may be unaccustomed with the forest should always observe. We had not expected to shoot anything on this first day, but ere night three deer were hanging in the trees within a radius of, perhaps, three miles from our camp.

I desire right here to become an advocate for "still" hunting, believing that as many deer can be obtained with less hardships and more real benefit to the sportsmen than by the method so many prefer, viz: chasing the deer through the woods by dogs, hoping to secure them in the water. This means that two or three days after the opening of the season, all the deer for miles around are frightened and continually on the alert. It means

besides that there is much shooting at random in the forest, many shots taking effect, but not in vital parts, and therefore permitting the escape of the deer which dies a day or so afterwards, and the meat is thus a total loss; and besides if venison is intended for meat (and surely this valuable food should not be wasted), the quality of the meat is very much impaired by the running of the deer. There is scarcely a comparison between venison which has not been run by dogs and that which has been taken while quietly "stalking." The meat of the latter will keep longer without spoiling, and is very much sweeter to the taste; and there is added to this the satisfaction that the game is the result of real hunting, and not slaughter.

When our party had become somewhat familiar with the geography of our environment, and had a more or less rough idea of the directions of travel each day by the deer in our forest, we then spread out each morning over two or three miles of country, and simply waited. The deer are bound to appear, sometime or other—if not today, then tomorrow—and their time of travelling is always on these runways, between broad day-light and a little while before sundown; and, if the party be, say, ten or twelve, and they are sufficiently stretched out and protected from each other's fire by the contour of the land or thickness of the forest, they are quite safe, so far as danger of shooting one another is concerned and at the same time, some members of the party are bound to have deer coming within shooting range. Of course, such an arrangement means that, at least, one member of the party must be well acquainted with the locality and the others of such high intelligence that they are willing to be advised by his experience. We were happy in this respect as we had the result of successful experience in our adviser, and all were willing to be guided by his advice. This seems very ideal, and such it is; and so it would have remained but for the fact that hunting parties on every side were using dogs and soon were chasing the deer, that really belonged to other sections than our own, across our territory, the deer making for some of the lakes in the neighbourhood, and in their flight, warning all the deer in every direction; the result of this being that after the third or fourth day our "still" hunting paradise had fewer deer than

what there were at first, and when seen were always on the run. Within a couple of miles of our camp a week after we were established, three dead deer were found that had been shot while chased and had escaped from the dogs by taking to the water, and died on the farther side. When such are found it only can cause lament because too late for use and thus meaning an utter waste of valuable provender, besides there is the knowledge of unnecessarily prolonging agony to a really beautiful animal. These latter had not been shot by any of our party, but were found by



One of our keenest hunters—the wife of Captain Kelcey and our hostess.

them while stalking. I am quite convinced that as many deer as the law would have allowed could have been taken from that section of the country had there been no dogs allowed in the hunting and all hunting parties had depended upon (1) the necessary patience required to wait for the appearance of the deer; (2) watchfulness of the eye and (3) reasonably skillful use of the gun. It is true that many deer were, this year, taken from this section of the country—perhaps as many as there were hunters seeking them, (of this I have no knowledge), but it must also be true that there are many deer now lying rotting. It seems to me a woeful and unnecessary waste and most of this accounted for by the running of the deer.

It had been the intention of our party from the first to allow all does to pass by the range of our guns unmolested, and shoot only when we had detected the horns of the bucks; and we would have had no reason to have changed our first plans but for the disturbing elements of the dogs crossing and recrossing through

the section of the forest in the immediate neighbourhood of our camp; consequently in the second week it was decided, in order to get our count, we would need to shoot at least half the number in does.

We got our count. Each member of the party is well satisfied because we did it without the assistance of dogs—in fact, in spite of the dogs; not one of those we secured were needed to be taken from the water. I am not an experienced hunter, as were some other members of our party, but I am an out-and-out advocate for “still” hunting:—

- (1) because better food is thus provided.
- (2) because it is far better sport, and
- (3) because it does away with the trouble of shipping dogs in and out of the country, which, to say the least, is a most troublesome and unpleasant task.

Our party was gathered from several towns and cities of Western Ontario, and were men who were glad to be free for a little from the aggravations of business, the complications of congested life in which the telephone plays sometimes an irritating part—in fact men who, needed a holiday and looked upon the hunting season as fifteen of the best days of the year. Every day, excepting Sunday, was spent stalking the forests. In the evening not later than 6 o'clock, we were back at camp ready for the best dinner that one of the best cooks, with abundance of supplies to hand, could provide. There was no question of over delicacy or indigestion here. The tramps through the hardwood forest had caused the disappearance of these ills of civil life. Men were happy because, though tired, now around the blazing fire, they could comfortably rest; or around the well-filled table they could eat, and eat gloriously and afterwards were able to sleep on comfortable beds without even a dream.

Our lodge, which was made of logs with a lean-to kitchen of inch lumber, might look small to an observer, but there is one big room which served as dining and living room, and under the rafters were beds for twelve. We had also, among other equipment, a Victrola, the property of our chief hunter, and some 65 records, many of which were some of the very best the market can provide; so that every evening we had plenty of music and occasionally, when someone inserted a tune familiar to earlier years and calling for partners for the “Buck-Fever-Quadrille,” the floor would become lively with the movements of the dancers who forgot that it was 25 years since they were young.

Twice during the season Sunday came to our camp, and not a gun was removed from the wall. It was the Day of Rest, but it was more, it was a day of refreshment. Among the large collection of musical discs were many quite suitable for keeping this day true to the early training of our lives. Each Sunday evening, accompanied by the Victrola, we listened to several of the old familiar hymns; listened to a portion of the Divine page; and joined each other while kneeling in confession, thanksgiving and praise.

We are now scattered again throughout Western Ontario engaged in various businesses

and professions, but for myself (and I think I speak for all others) there will be a continuous harking back to that little log cabin beside a lake in the North, living again in memory, when time permits, the free-from-care life, where for two weeks we stalked these forests watching for deer, listening to the great silences, or stepping aside to examine the wonderful work of the beaver—for there were a number of beaver-dams within our stalking range—and feeling anew, *life, real life*, a life that purifies and strengthens, and makes another year of tasks more possible.

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## County of Simcoe Hunters and Game Protective Association

THAT the hunters of Ontario are beginning to take an active interest in legislation pertaining to themselves, was evidenced at Bradford on January 13th, when representative sportsmen from the various parts of Simcoe county met to discuss Dominion and provincial game and firearms laws. The speakers were unanimous in emphasizing the necessity for organization. It was suggested that each county in the province form a similar protective association so that the sportsmen could bring sufficient pressure to bear on the Ontario legislature, in the making of game laws that would produce a maximum of sport with a minimum tax on the game.

The "gun permit" law came in for considerable criticism when it was drawn to the attention of the meeting that the Dominion Government, in enacting amendments to the criminal code had, with one exception, failed to differentiate between the alien and the Canadian sportsman.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Digby Horrell, Midland; vice-presidents, W. C. Davey, Bradford, and Alfred French, Elmville; secretary-treasurer, J. S. McDowell, Midland.

The various seasons for moose and deer were fully discussed. Some of the speakers drew attention to the confusion arising from the districts and seasons in force in 1920. It was moved by Messrs. French and Davey "that the open season date from November

1st to November 20th for the territory south of the main line of the C. P. R."

*Rod and Gun in Canada* was made the official organ of the Association. All reports will appear in the magazine.

It was moved by Messrs. Curwin and Neilly "that section 13A, prohibiting killing of deer in the water be eliminated, and a royalty equal to the license be paid the government for the shooting of moose."

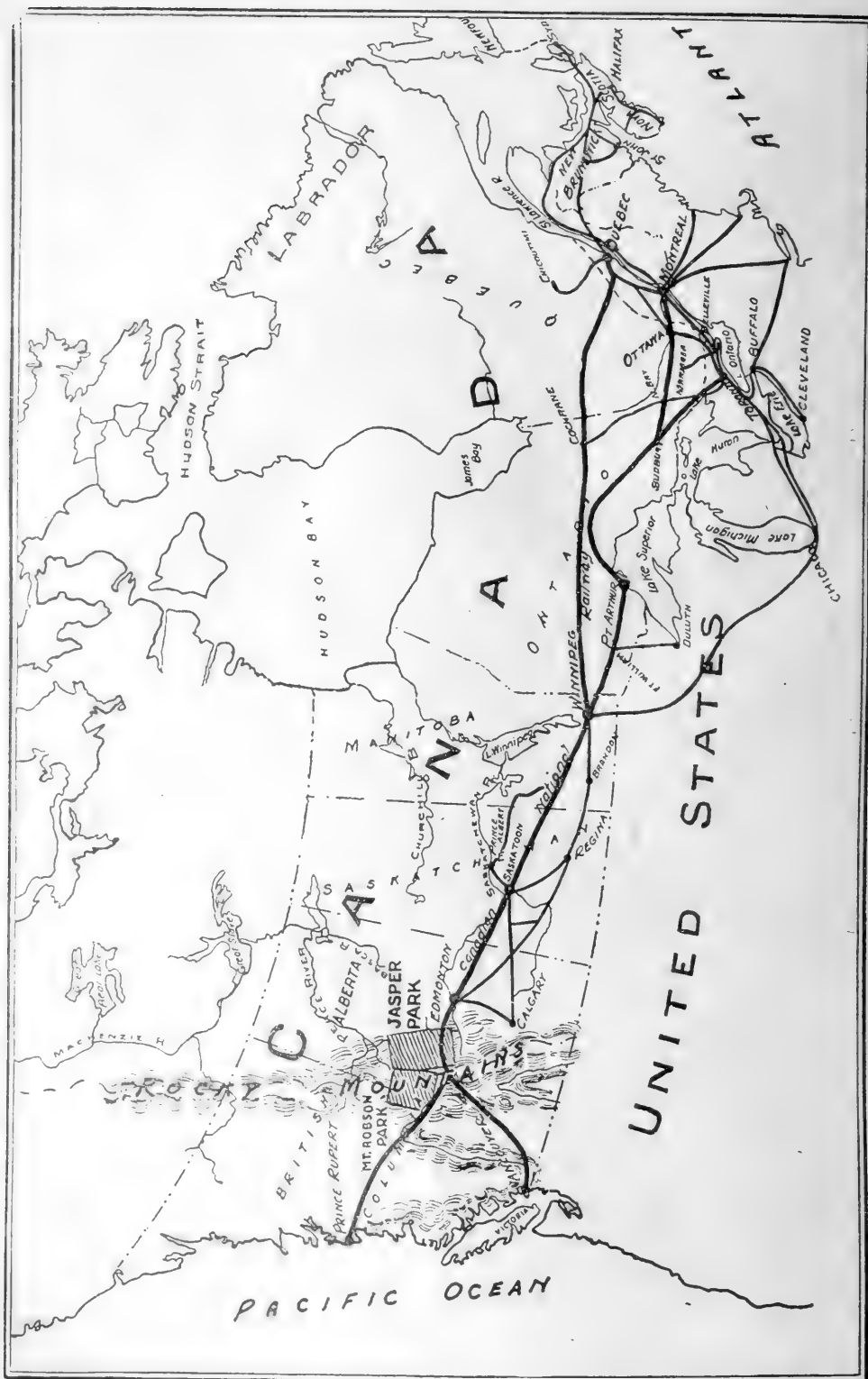
Another motion which seeks to redress a considerable grievance is that introduced by Messrs. Walsh and Sutherland to the effect "that each hunting party be allowed to eat venison while in their camp in addition to the deer they are allowed to take home by license."

It was recommended that the open season for beaver and otter be extended from November 1st to March 31st, and rabbits from October 15th to December 31st, and also that the following animals be taken from the list of fur-bearing animals; bear, fox, weasel, skunk and lynx, and that a royalty be paid the government on the same. This to apply only to all territory lying south of the C.P.R. main line.

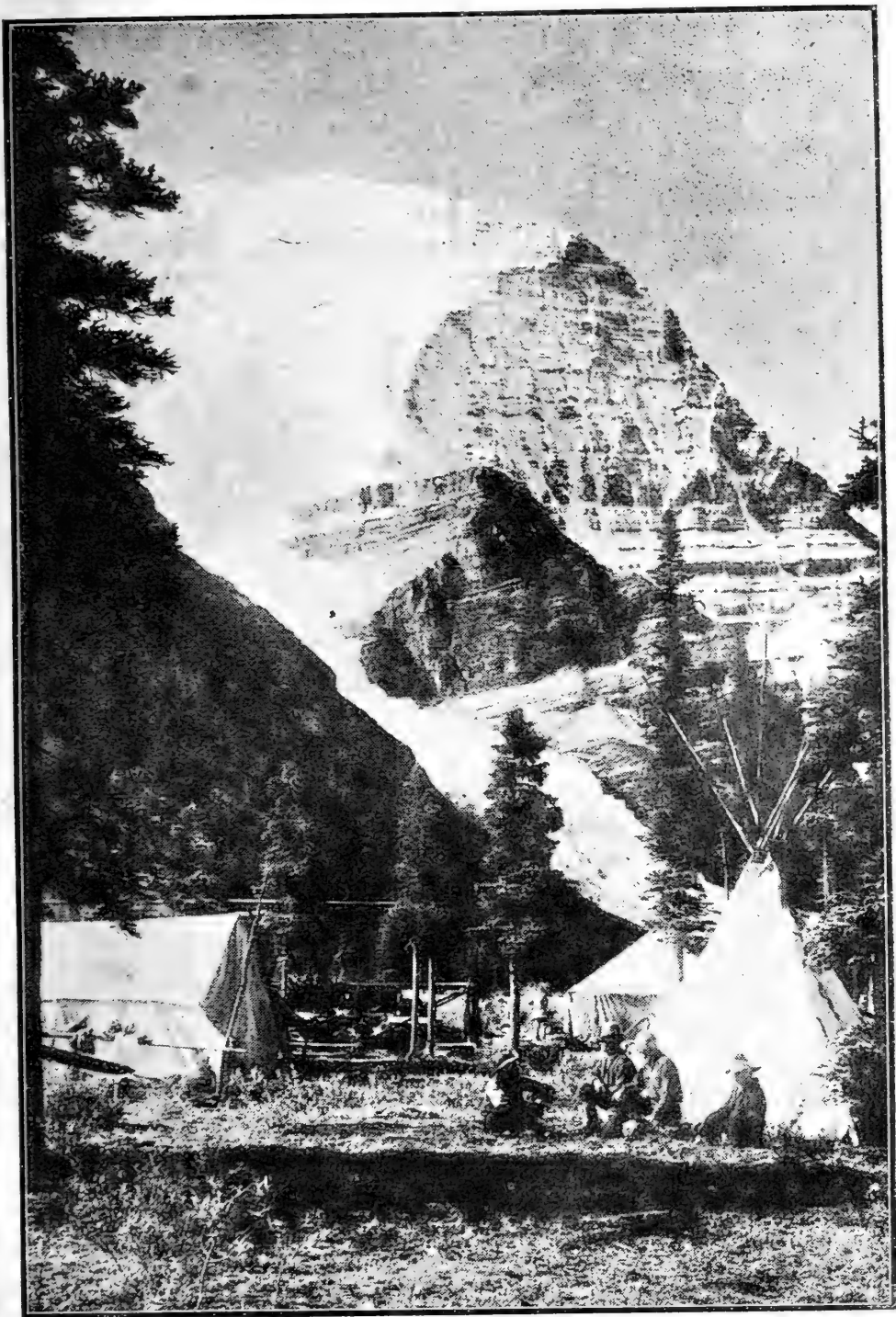
It was also resolved that the president, vice-presidents and secretary be a committee to suggest certain amendments to the criminal code, so that a permit issued regarding the possession of firearms be extended, so that one permit will cover the Dominion.

Membership fee was fixed at \$1.25.



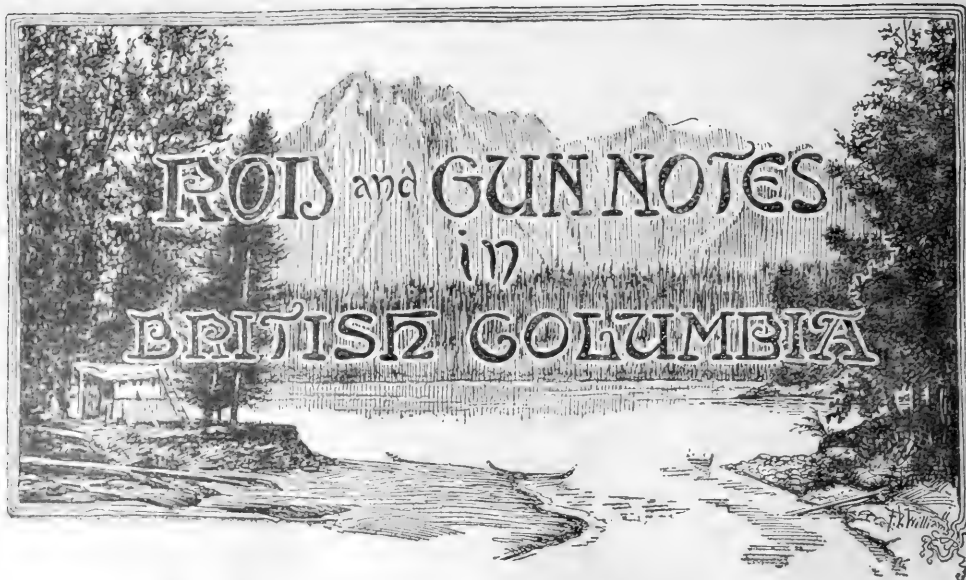


Map showing location of Mt. Robson park and Jasper park on the Canadian National railway. The darkened areas are the big game territories described by Morris Ackerman in the February issue.



An ideal camp site on Berg lake, Mt. Robson, B. C. Mount Robson, monarch of the Canadian rockies, rises to a majestic height of 13,069 feet. In the foreground is seen the mighty tumbling glazier.





## Big Game Hunting in British Columbia

A. BRYAN WILLIAMS

### PART IX.

THERE is a small bunch of caribou about a mile and a half away, I was beginning to think that, in spite of the fact that we have seen no end of tracks and have almost got up onto the high ground out of the willows, we were not going to lay eyes on any of the animals themselves today. It is no use my trying to look at them while I am sitting on my horse as he will not keep still enough, I had better get off. There are fourteen of them and four of them are bulls, only one of which is of any size and even that one has no horns worth noticing though he appears to be very big in the body compared to the others. Just take a squint at them and then let's push on as we are likely to see others at closer range. No, we will not get any nearer to that lot today as we are going to turn sharp off to the left, away from them, before long and descend to lower ground again. We had to come away up here quite a long distance out of our way to avoid a huge uncrossable canyon which divides the lower part of the "tundra" in two. You cannot see it and would never guess it was there until you came right on it. Last year, when I did not know the way as well as I do now, it gave me no end of trouble and I travelled several miles more than I need have before I got clear of it.

It is just three o'clock and we have about

two more miles to go. You can nearly see the spot I am making for. Look at those three little knolls straight in front of us. Well just underneath the middle one there is a bunch of small timber and though there is not much dry wood still we shall be able to find enough to do us. The main thing is that there is splendid horse feed all around and a nice little spring handy for water so we shall not have to use muddy stuff like we did where we were last night. It will take a good hour still to get there as some of the ground is soft and there are lots of patches of willows to be circled.

Stop! There are seven or eight caribou lying down right in front of us. Look, out on that little grassy meadow, not two hundred yards ahead. They have seen us and have all got up, two of them are bulls, the rest cows and calves. What are you going to do with your rifle, you do not think you are going to shoot that poor little beast? You think he is a monster! Humbug, he is only three or four years old. Keep still and you may see an interesting sight. Watch that old cow, the one nearest us, she is coming closer. Notice how she has her head up and is sniffing, her little ears are pushed forward and her eyes staring for all they are worth. No, it is not a bull, though she has extra long



## These are the Reels for Perfect Casting

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horns for a cow. Put your glasses on her and you will see that they are still in velvet. Did you not know that caribou cows have horns? Most of them have but not all. Their horns are given them to protect their calves with when they are first born and on this account they do not shed them until as late as June and consequently the new horns are grown late in the summer and are still in velvet now. They are all coming this way now, scattering about and trying to make out what we are. One of the cows has a notion to run away but curiosity has overcome her fears and she has turned back. Would not that be a beautiful shot, some of them are within a hundred yards now. Listen, at the horses snorting, they do not like them and you had better hold on to the black horse or he may bolt and stampede the others. Watch how they are circling off to one side, they are trying to get our wind and will soon succeed. There, that cow got a whiff of us, did you hear her snort as she jumped, she did not get it strong enough to frighten her badly and she has gone too far back to get it again. The biggest of the bulls will get our wind soon as he is working well round and the others are bunching up after him. There, he got a touch of it! Now he has got it strong, they have all got it. Look how the bull rears straight up on his hind legs and paws the air as he bounds away with an enormous leap. The whole lot are off after him as hard as they can gallop, snorting and puffing at every jump. Did you ever see anything like the way they are covering the ground now they have settled down into their regular trot. Can you imagine any animal with a more perfect action than that biggest bull has? Notice the poise of his head, it is just turned enough for him to glance over his shoulder and see if we are after him; watch how those enormous hoofs of his are thrown right forward and yet they hardly seem to touch the ground, it looks as if he could trot over eggs without breaking them. Now they have suddenly wheeled round and have stopped for another look; they are off again with the old cow on the lead this time. Well good bye to that lot, let's push on.

Was not that a sight well worth coming a long way to see? For my part I am not sure that I do not enjoy the time spent on the caribou range more than any of the rest of the trip. Of course as far as stalking is concerned there is far more skill required for sheep and bear, and even moose before the rutting season, but when you are on the

caribou range you see so much more game and the animals themselves are so curious and confiding and do so many queer things that they have a peculiar fascination for me. Yes! as a general thing you have little trouble in finding caribou when once you are on the range, some days, in fact, there are bands scattered here, there and everywhere, and you get splendid opportunities of watching their habits, while even on the poorest of days you can hardly fail to find a few head.

It is quite likely we shall stay in this camp for a few days, as now we have come this distance we will not be in a hurry to kill even a moderate sized beast but we will take our time and pick out one or two that are something out of the ordinary; we might also spend a day watching the beasts so that you can get some first hand knowledge of their habits. We will light a fire at once and while you do the cooking I will put up the "fly" for a wind break as well as the tent, as though it is very pleasant and warm here now you would find that such would not be the case if we happened to have a storm, which is by no means unlikely. You see these little scrubby balsams are not more than four or five feet high and do not furnish much in the way of shelter and as you can now see for yourself it is by no means easy to get much dry wood. Still we can burn green wood whenever we have got a hot fire going well.

The weather is still treating us kindly and I think we shall have another good day though there are a few clouds hanging about. Get some lunch ready while I go out and bring in two saddle horses as we will be able to use them for part of our hunting and we may as well save our legs as much as possible when opportunity offers as it is quite on the cards we shall have to do a bit of strenuous travelling on foot before the day is over.

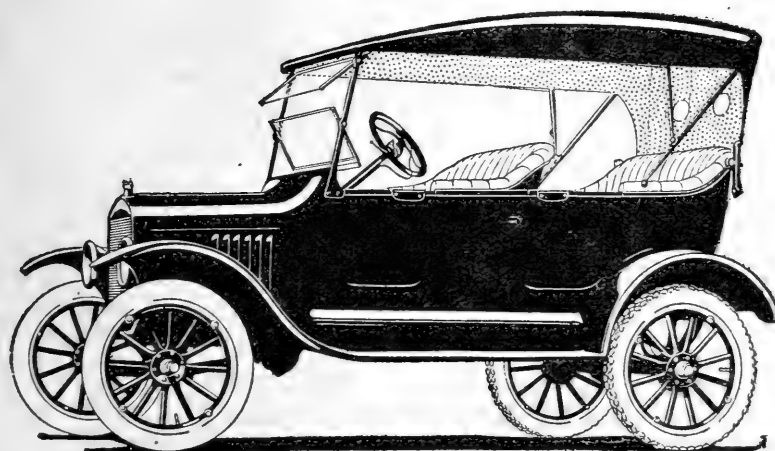
The direction I should like to take is straight off to the left but I am afraid it is too soft for the horses so it will be safer to ride back the way we came yesterday afternoon, then when we reach the high dry ground we can head off the way we want to go. Not only shall we have safe travelling but we shall have the "tundra" below us and be able to spy all over it.

Do you remember the mountain I showed you yesterday rising up out of the "tundra," there was another one to its right but it had a flat top whereas this one has a peak and a lot of rock slides and a few small basins below it? Well this hill we are now riding up is one of the foothills of that mountain, and when we get



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a bit higher we ought to be able to see the summit. I believe that sometimes there are some sheep to be found on it but I very much doubt if there are any now or that it was ever much of a place for them as it is too far detached from any main range. Possibly a band may have been driven off the range you see in the distance and taken refuge here. Wolves might do such a thing. Last year I saw a very old track that looked very much like that of a ram but it was too indistinct to be sure of.

Now we have reached the top of this knoll we will get off our horses and take a thorough survey of the country, we ought to be able to see a few head of game. Did you notice all the tracks we passed on the way up here, most of them were old and so far I have not seen one made by a bull of any size, and it is possible they may not have reached this part of the range so early. What do you think of that for a fine piece of hunting country? The "tundra" here is not more than five miles wide but it broadens out as you get further east or west. It extends nearly a hundred miles in a south westerly direction but is broken up here and there by peaks similar to the one we are now at the foot of. Notice all those little lakes here, there and everywhere, the ground round them is usually marshy and treacherous though occasionally you find one with a stony bottom. If we were to go down to them we should probably find a brood of teal on each one of them. Further over, right under the range of mountains, there is a big lake; it is about five miles long and has a good sized stream running out of it which is alive with grayling. On the lake itself there are sure to be several flocks of "golden eye" and "blue bills" and perhaps a few "mergansers" and possibly an odd "harlequin." No I do not think that the larger ducks, such as mallards and pintails, breed up here though once in a while I have seen a few geese. The mallards seem to prefer the ponds and marshes lower down in the timber.

Yes, I have found a band of caribou at last but they are several miles away and only look like little black dots. It is no use my trying to show them to you as I should not have been able to tell for certain what they were unless I had happened to catch one of them moving. We will ride on a way and then you will be able to distinguish them yourself. While we are going I will tell you a story of a chase I once had after a caribou over this very ground, the last part of it is rather amusing

though I did not think so at the time.

I was out with a friend who was particularly anxious to get a couple of extra fine trophies, but as luck would have it, though we had travelled from daylight to dark, and sometimes long after dark, for five days and had seen hundreds of caribou, amongst which were a number of nice bulls, we had not seen one that came up to our standard. On this particular day we had made a very early start on foot, had climbed up this hill the way we came today and had spied the country from the same spot. We had been more lucky than we were today for I had spotted a bull, all by himself, some two miles off on the plateau we are now on. Though he was a long way off, his horns showed up so plainly that I felt sure that we had found the kind we wanted at last. He was walking straight away from us and it was apparent that we should have our work cut out for us if we tried to catch him up, but he looked so good that we decided we would make a strenuous effort to get him.

I forgot to tell you that we had taken an Indian with us who was supposed to look after the horses, cut wood and do campwork. Well he had proved to be just like most other Indians in that he had the greatest aversion to doing anything around camp except gorge himself with meat. He was keen enough on hunting but, as my friend found after one day's trial, useless as a guide as he got fearfully excited at the sight of game and always insisted that every beast seen was a monster. I must, however, say that he had one most redeeming feature as though he sometimes got a bit out of temper he never sulked like other Indians and he kept himself clean. As he never did any work when we left him in camp we had made up our minds to try and make him useful by following behind us with the only saddle horse we had, so that in the event of our making a kill we could get the head into camp the same day. This was the first time we had tried the experiment and had given him careful instructions to keep a good mile behind and not to come any nearer unless we wanted him. As he had a good pair of glasses of his own he could watch us from a long way off and see what we were doing. This suited Jack, as his name was, down to the ground as he was very keen on seeing the sport.

Well, from the look of the ground ahead of us you might think it was all level going but you will soon find out that such is far from being the case and that this plateau is cut up





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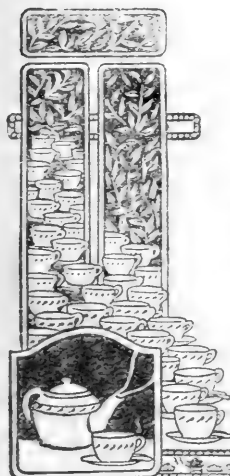
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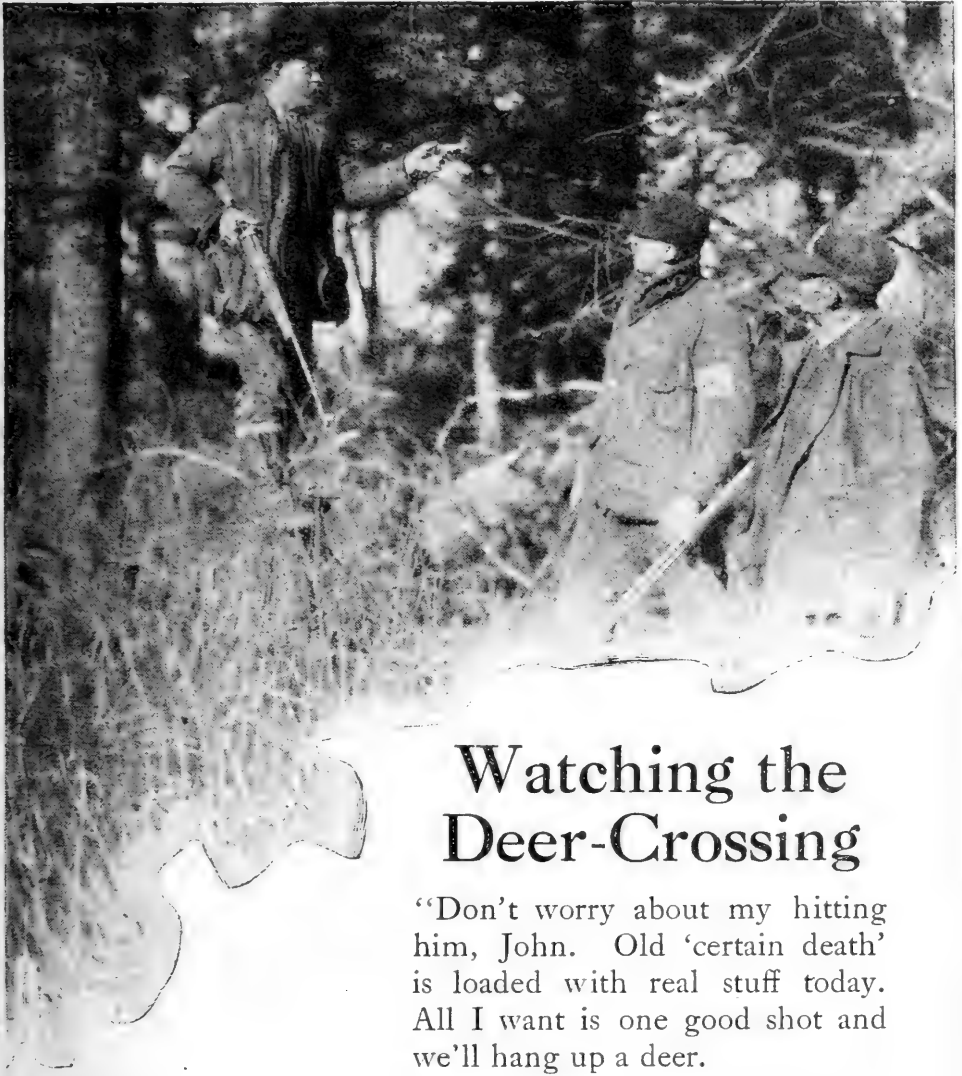
by three deep depressions, each of which necessitates a descent of about five hundred feet and a corresponding climb. We started off at a slow jog trot and increased our speed to a fast run down the first descent but by the time we had labored up the other side our game was no longer in sight. I had, however, a fair idea where to look for him so we kept on going, running and walking, walking and running and making all the speed we possibly could. We had passed the spot where we had last seen him and I was hoping to spy him again somewhere at any moment when, unfortunately, we saw another band lying down right out in the open and of course just where we wanted to go. There was a fine bull among them too but nothing like the one we were after so we decided to give them a wide berth and continue the chase. As it happened the wind made it difficult for us to pass them without frightening them, which we dare not do for fear they might stampede the one we were after. Consequently we had to make a wide detour and lost a lot of time getting round them. Then when we were at last clear of them we put on an extra spurt to make up for lost time. Finally when we had run until we could run no more we came to a place where we could see for several miles ahead of us and here we rested while we tried to spot our quarry. Not a sign was to be seen of him and I began to fear he had turned straight down hill into the willows and perhaps laid down so that we could not see him. There were several other herds of caribou to be seen from where we were, one of which, consisting of eighteen head, was not very far away. I had almost made up my mind to give up the one we were after and go and examine some of the others when I happened to look back and just glimpsed a pair of horns. They were several hundred yards behind us and about the same distance lower down the hillside which at this particular place went down in a succession of wide ridges, connected by short steepish slopes. The glimpse of the horns was enough to tell me at once that it was the bull we were after. He had evidently gone down into one of the depressions we had crossed but instead of climbing straight up the other side had swung round and kept on a lower level and was hidden from our sight by keeping close under one of the ridges.

At first it seemed an easy matter to creep straight down hill to where we would be within easy shot as he passed by, but while I watched he moved out from the ridge so that we would be in full view of him if we attempted

such a manoeuvre. Luckily there was a dry stream bed close to us that led straight down hill and into it we crept without much difficulty and then hurried down it to his level so that he would pass close to us.

The wind was favorable and I anticipated an easy kill. You can therefore imagine my chagrin when, on peeping up from the spot I had chosen for the shot, he was nowhere in sight. Once more he had vanished. Higher and higher I rose until at last I stood upright but still there was no sign of him and I must say I was not only puzzled but also felt pretty small at losing him a second time. It then occurred to me that there must be some other stream bed or depression in the ground though it had not that appearance, that would obscure him from our view and that the only thing to do was to climb back higher again. Sure enough this was the case as I had not gone far before I discovered that just underneath one of the slopes was a big wide hollow and in it was not only our bull but about fifteen other caribou also that had probably been lying down there. They were of various ages and sexes and the new arrival had stirred them all up and was making himself unpleasant by starting a fight with a smaller bull that had the temerity to resent his presence. Well the rest was easy, there was a short stalk, a single shot and we had the prize we had worked so hard to get and which proved to be more than up to expectations.

No, I have not quite finished the story yet. While we were making the stalk I was wondering where Jack was and in terror lest he should come blundering along down the hill after us and spoil the whole thing. However, he had been watching us from a point where he could get a good idea of what we were doing, in fact he had even seen the caribou a short time before he joined the other herd and within ten minutes of our making the kill along he came in a great state of excitement. He had seen nearly the whole hunt and though he had not seen the caribou fall he knew we had him as he had seen the others running away alone. The sight of the splendid horns was too much for him and jumping off the horse he began to give vent to his feelings by doing a war dance. Of course we were too intent on our prize to notice him or the fact that he had not tied up the horse. Well whether it was that he could not stand Jack's antics or the smell of the caribou I do not know but when I happened to glance up a minute or two later I just caught a glimpse of the horse a quarter of a mile away disappear-



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ing at full gallop and, from what I saw of his tracks later on while on our way back to camp, I doubt if he slowed down until he had rejoined the other horses a good six miles away. And he carried our lunch with him.

The end of the story is that we made Jack hoof it back after him while I cut off the head and as much meat as the horse could carry and then we filled in the time by looking at several other bands of caribou, though without finding another suitable one. Finally we plodded back to camp, which we did not reach until after dark, taking it in turns on the weary way to tell Jack, in by no means mild language, just what we thought of his foolishness. I can assure you he was a very humble Indian before we had down with him.

I have been longer telling you this yarn than I intended and now I must stop and hunt in earnest as we are beginning to get near to that bunch I saw before and now I can see several other lots too and if I am not mistaken there is a bull moose about half a mile away. Yes it is a moose and he is walking this way but his horns are not of any great size. Yes, you are liable to see moose frequently up on the caribou range, especially when they begin to travel at the start of the rutting season. Last year I suppose I saw between fifteen and twenty while after caribou, they were all bulls except one cow and a calf, which curiously enough were lying down in the willows with a band of caribou a short distance off on each side. Look at the rate that bull is walking, it is evident he is rutting, if it were not that there are so many caribou about I would try and call him but I think we had better stick to the game we are after. Let us get down to the edge of the willows where there is some grass to picket out our horse on, then we will strike out on foot and stalk those caribou.

From here you can see them quite plainly, they are about half a mile away. I do not think there is a head in the lot worth having but we will go as close as we can to them easily and make sure. They are all up feeding now and will be easier to approach than if they were lying down when some of the cows would be sure to be too wary for us unless we took the trouble to get down and creep. Yes, sheep would have spotted us ages ago at this distance and a moose would too as we are out in full sight of them. We are even quite safe in walking quietly along for another two hundred yards and before that we shall have got low enough down to get into willows of sufficient height to afford some cover.

This is about as close as it is safe to go without danger of disturbing them, they are still three or four hundred yards off but by using your glasses you can see them very plainly. Four or five of them are bulls and one has very long horns but they are spindly and have very little palmatation on the tops, moreover though the points are fairly numerous there is nothing at all in the way of a plough. The others are not even worth considering. Do you notice that the biggest bull has a much whiter neck than his younger brethren, it is not so white as it should be though and he has no white hair at all on his flanks. Wait until you see a really good big old timer, his neck will be nearly as white as snow, there will be quite a lot of white on his flanks and his horns will be as heavy again. There are two bulls quarrelling, one of them has a notion to give the other a good punch but is not sure whether he is man enough to do it. No, they will not have much of a fight, in fact I have never seen caribou come to blows in earnest, as if they really meant to hurt one another. They must however, sometimes have quite a scrap as I killed a bull once that had a number of holes in his hide and some bad bruises where an adversary had marked him, but compared with moose, wapiti or even sheep, I think their battles are mild. Watch, the other bull is taking the offensive now, the other one is standing up to him and they are locking horns and pushing but neither of them seems to be putting much vigor into it and it appears to be more play than anything. There the combat is over and each has gone his own way. The cows are feeding steadily but they are not travelling much like they would if they were on higher ground eating moss. Under such circumstances they move along at a great rate, taking a bite here and there as they go so that before they take another rest they are likely to be miles away. Supposing we left this band to day and came back tomorrow would we be likely to find them? No, they might be five, ten, fifteen or even twenty miles away by then. Sometimes, but not often, a small band will stay around in a limited area for a few days. I once saw a herd of five on a hillside and eight days afterwards I saw the same lot in the same identical place. It is possible even probable that they had been miles away in the meantime and just happened to have returned. Caribou are the greatest of roamers, so that if you see a beast you want it is most advisable to go after him



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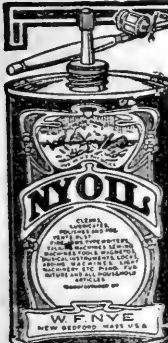
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at once or the chances are you will never see him again. What about their migrations! This particular variety only migrates very short distances, nothing at all compared to the other varieties. In fact I believe that

quite a number around here stay pretty well on the same range all the year round, anyway you can always find some here, no matter when you come. Now let us be moving on to examine some of the other herds.

## *It's a Mighty Fine Sensation*

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Its a mighty fine sensation to be sittin' in a boat,  
With your hands upon a cane-pole an' your eyes upon a float,  
Its a mighty fine sensation as you surely will admit,  
An' you don't have need to worry of the fishes that you git!

There are many songs of pleasure an' of merriment an' cheer,  
There are songs of joy an' laughter, an' of music sweet an' clear,  
But altho' my heart is lightened there's a song I'd like to sing,  
Of a boat upon the water, an' a pole I like to swing!

When the sun is gittin' brighter an' the days are like a dream,  
An' you hear the birds a-singin' by the silver of the stream,  
Then you feel a mighty stirrin' in the centre of your breast,  
An' your weather eye is busy, kinder lookin' to the west:

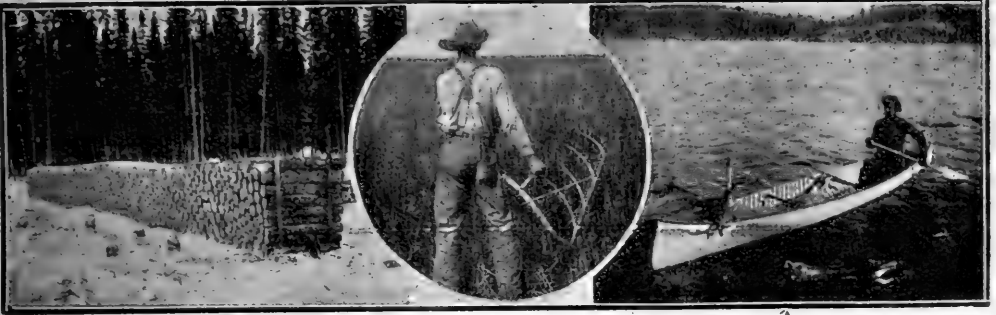
Take about this time o' season when the bloom is on the tree,  
An' the whole blame world is hummin' of a lovin' melody,  
Then you rummage in the attic an' you pry aroun' the shed.  
An' you find the line you're after an' you cut a piece of lead:

Then you kinder shoo the cob-webs from the pole beneath the eaves,  
An' you tie the line upon it while your sturdy bosom heaves;  
Then again you grub for dew-worms over half a garden plot,  
While the neighbors git to shoutin': "Come across an' spade *my* lot!"

Then you hustle to the margin of the flower-skirted lake,  
An' you see the crystal surface to the mighty big ones break,  
Can you rival the sensation when you slide the old boat in,  
An' you hear the oar-locks creakin': "Lordy brother, where you bin?"

Well I swear to goodness brother I am tickled through an' through,  
When I git my line a-workin' an' I catch a fish or two;  
An' I feel so dern contented like I owned the sky an' land,  
With a crown o' gold upon me, an' a sceptre in my hand.

I ain't travelled the world over, an' I reckon there are things,  
That are powerful enchantin' an' a constant pleasure brings,  
But about this time o' season I spell Pleasure with a boat,  
With my hands upon a cane-pole an' my eyes upon a float!



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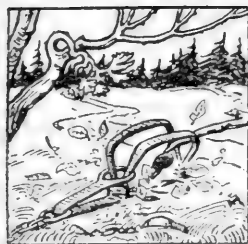
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## ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY  
M. U. BATES



### Hints for Your Spring Trapping

M. U. BATES

**B**Y the time this issue of *Rod and Gun* appears, the young trapper will be beginning to look about his spring trapping. The distinction between spring trapping and any other kind of trapping is that at this time of year the ice will have gone and all the trapping is done in or around open water. Spring trapping might, therefore, also be properly termed open water trapping, since, as before stated, all the trapping at this season is done in the open water. The pelts having the highest average value at this time of the year are those of the rat and beaver; most of the hitherto valuable furs deteriorating quickly in value as spring advances. Not so with the ancient castor and his smaller brother, the rat; the skins of both being good in some localities up to late May or early June. As the trapping of the beaver is not so general as that of the rat, being restricted chiefly to more remote localities, and therefore to fewer trappers, and those, generally, professionals or old timers, who are not in need of these "hints," I shall give but a few good "spring sets" for these animals and then pass on to the rat, which will be of more interest and value to the majority of the young trappers reading these pages.

Go to your lake or stream where your beavers are working and in some of the numerous runways or "feed slides" easily discernible along the shores near their houses, set your No. 3 or 4 traps,—the sets being made as follows:—

First procure a longish stone weighing from eight to twelve pounds; this is your "drowning stone"; take a piece of ordinary rope from your pack-sack, and cut off a piece four or five feet long; tie this firmly around the stone so that it cannot be pulled off; take your trap chain, and five or six links or so out from where it is attached to the trap, tie it securely to the strand of rope on your drowning stone. If you were to tie the stone tightly against

your trap spring you would be unable to reverse or adjust it when the time came for setting it: this leverage of five or six inches of chain is therefore desirable; is in fact, generally necessary. Next, take another piece of rope, or wire,—wire preferred—as long as will be required to reach out into deep water: if rope, fasten one end to the trap-chain ring, and the other end to a stake driven into ground near trap: if wire, fasten a chunk of sodden stick to the end of it, and throw the chunk out into deep water; pass the free end of the wire through the trap-chain ring, and tie to a stake near trap. Your trap, with either wire or rope, is now ready to be set. Place the trap in three or four inches of water, *not right in centre of the runway, but a little to one side of it*, so that in swimming up, one of the animal's feet will strike the pan of the trap, and *not* his chest, in which latter case you will have only a lost and very much frightened beaver for your pains. At the runways on each side of the house it will hardly be necessary to use any bait or scent as these will be used by the beavers going up to cut fresh feed as soon as the ice is gone. A little farther away from the house, however, after you have your trap set and placed as described above, you cut a small stick, about as large around as a lead pencil, and a foot or so in length, according to the nature of the ground: splitting the top of this slightly, you place into it a small piece of dried beaver castor, or one of the oil glands of a beaver, and drive the stick into ground just inside and above your trap, and every beaver swimming by will be attracted by it and will swim up to investigate, as all animals invariably do with the scent of their own kind. When the trap springs on his foot, the beaver, like the rat, immediately seeks safety in deep water, where, with the weighted trap on his foot, he is soon fatigued and drowned.

Another good set is in the small water ways

# TORONTO'S TWO LEADING HOTELS

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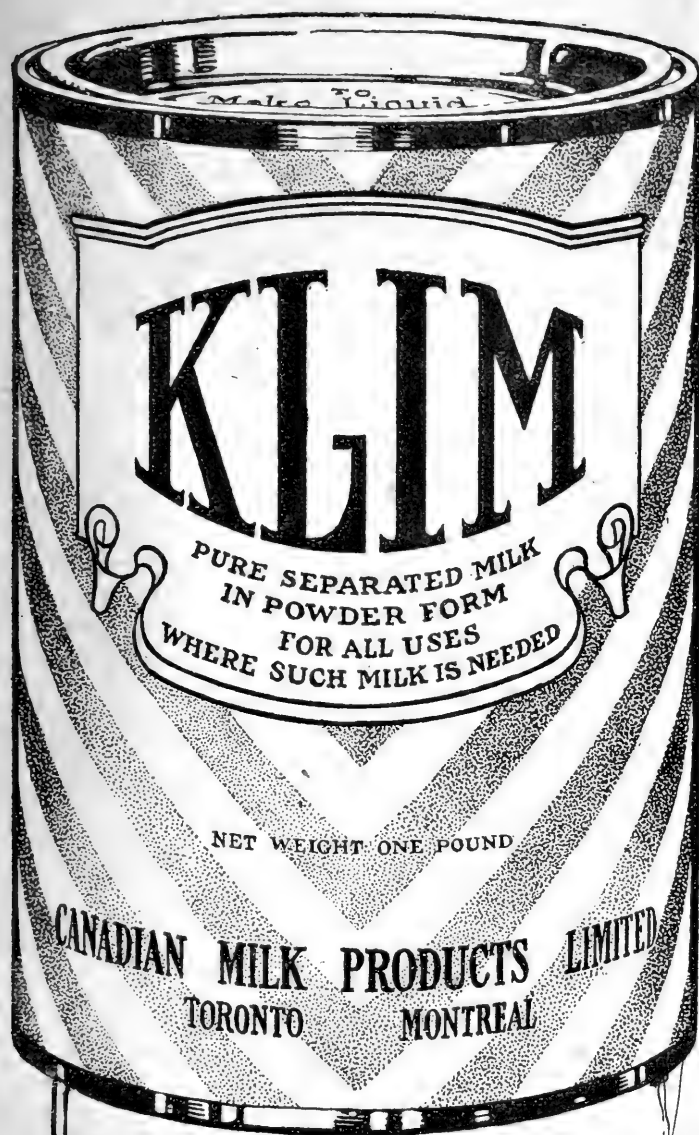
**BLUE GRASS FARM KENNELS  
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where the surplus water washes over the centre of their dam: the beaver uses these places as a slide-over, and a catch here is nearly always certain, no bait or scent being required. If the water is not running freely enough, use the back or blade of your axe to obtain desired depth; your trap being set in, and a little to one side of this drain. There are generally a couple of slides one on each side of the top of their houses. They seem to slide up and down these for fun more than anything else, although in the fall months these places are used for carrying up the black muck and mud which they use for plastering the outside of their houses. These also make an excellent set; in every case the trap being rigged for immediate drowning as already described. Where the trapper has none of the castor scent to start in with, a few small sticks of green poplar will do almost as well, as the beaver will come to these bait sticks in the open water just as readily as when set under the ice.

As to your rat sets: The best all round trap for rat is the No. 1, but where you have several No. 1½, 2, or even No. 3's left from your winter trapping, these can be utilized to good advantage as well. The larger the trap, of course, the safer your catch; for with a trap like the No. 1½ or No. 2 etc., the animal is caught high up, and sometimes around the body, and even failing to reach deep water he is there safe for you when you come. Caught on dry land in a No. 1 trap, the rat, unless caught very high up, will invariably twist out and escape. Hence then, the necessity when using a small trap, of setting it so that the animal will immediately drown. One of the easiest and best ways to set your rat traps is on an old floating log, board, or tree trunk reaching out into and under the water. The rat uses all such floating platforms to rest and sit on when, in the cool of the spring evening, they come out to scout around or eat their evening meal. A trap at such a place is always a good set, and is prepared by simply chopping a small notch into the log the size of your trap jaws, into which your trap is placed and covered by a few blades of old, dried grass to make appear natural; the trap having already been secured by driving the small iron pin on the chain ring into the top or side of the floating obstacle. When the animal is caught it jumps off the log into deep water, and the weight of the steel trap holds it under water till drowned. Where the log or tree is partly submerged at one end, set your trap here in an inch or so of

water: the rat will use this low end when swimming up onto the log; no bait nor covering is needed here. Your next best set is in the runways which you will always find along the banks of lakes or streams inhabited by muskrats; these look very much like miniature beaver runs, and the set for rat is made practically the same as that for beaver, with the exception that no drowning stone is required, the trap itself having sufficient weight for this purpose. In such places drive your stake out in the deep water, the full length of the chain, or as far as the depth of water will permit. If the water is shallow at this point a piece of wire long enough to reach the deep water will be needed: arrange it so that the ring of the trap will slide along it, the same as the set described for beaver. Often along the shores of creeks and dead water you will find floating beds of fine grass: the rats use these as feeding places: place your trap here covered by a handful of this grass or let the trap sink slightly below the surface of the water; fasten your trap chain to a small stake driven into the water under the grass; no bait is required here, but if no catch is made in a reasonable length of time, place one of the musk sacs of a rat on a small twig near trap. Another method is to set your traps here, there, or anywhere at random along the banks of your river or stream, leaving the traps covered by an inch or so of water; drive into the ground near trap a small split twig into which has been placed the musk sac of a rat, or a small piece of beaver castor. If none of this scent is available for your first trip out, use a piece of carrot, or a piece of parsnip if available. A "den" or "hole set" for muskrat cannot very well be made in spring trapping due to the flooded conditions usually prevailing at this time; but if such places are found, usually under low, overhanging banks, set your trap at the entrance to the hole, staking out in deep water, as already described. You will find the musk sacs of the rat attached to the outside and lower part of the belly after skinning,—two small, whitish sacs or glands, an inch or so in length, and recognizable from the faint odor of musk which exudes from them; cut them off with your skinning knife, and preserve, by simply hanging them up to dry for your future sets. I shall be glad to hear from any of the boys trying these sets and starting in this season for the first time, so write up your experiences and send them in and we will try to get room for them when "*Along the Trap Line*" opens again in the





In  
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or on the  
Trail  
**KLIM**  
*Always  
Ready  
Fresh and  
Sweet*



October number. "In times of peace prepare for war": Don't wait till the fall trapping is on before you look to your traps: No. 1½ for mink; No. 2 for fox: have them ready for when the first ice comes, for it is at this time they will be travelling most and you can make

your easiest catches. I shall have some good fox and mink sets ready for you in the October number; and in closing the Department, wish you the best of luck in your ventures for the coming year.

## The Clam Question

The following is the government commissioner of fisheries' report on the edibility of the fresh-water clam: "The general opinion is that they are not suitable for food, as they contain far too much connective tissue, which makes them very indigestible, in contrast to the marine mussel which is rich in fat. One American writer recently stated that he had stewed some with butter and seasoning and found them good, but most people who have tried them, found them so indigestible as to cause serious symptoms of sickness, and they cannot be recommended."

We are further indebted to Prof. Detweiler of the department of Entomology, Cornell University, who went to a great deal of trouble to obtain the following reports of experts on the same question. The director of the Fairport biological station gives as his experience that: "The main trouble apparently with the mussel is the toughness of the foot, which corresponds nearly to the sinew, or "white-leather" in beef. The longer they are cooked the tougher they get. During the war, when every attempt was made to meet the food shortage, we tried them here in a pressure cooker in the hope that exceedingly high temperature under high pressure might succeed in softening the foot, but it was of no avail. They had to be rejected. In some of the literature, probably from Call, the location of which is forgotten, is a statement that the French *voyageurs* used mussels as food, catching the animals by dragging tree-tops in the water. This statement is simply made from memory, and I cannot give you the exact reference. Call (*Mollusca* of Indiana; 24th report of state geologist, 1899); remarks that, notwithstanding the occurrence of large shell piles left by the aborigines along rivers, that 'It is certain that there is no historic record of their use by the red men for food. But there is no good reason why, with abundance of condiment and proper preparation

(here you will note the special pleader) a really serviceable food article could not be made out of them. The large white "foot" is tough, and becomes more so when well cooked, but many of the smaller shells have a tender animal which could be eaten if necessary. Trial attempts made by the writer to use these as food show that they are better than common report makes them.' " The report from the director of the Fairport station, also contains the following paragraph: "Along the Maumee river a river man was met that reported that down in Tennessee where he came from, they ate a little round clam (probably *Oboaria circulus*); and found it very good." But in the adjoining paragraph, same report, we find: "One of the station staff reports that years ago his father, who was very fond of oysters, got a lot of friends and attempted to have a clam-bake. They made all hands sick." The report of Dr. Walker, a noted authority on fresh-water shells, is as follows: "I have never tried to eat clams myself, but Goodrich has told me that a keeper on one of the lighthouses on the Ohio shore of Lake Erie told him that frequently he went out and got a 'mess' of clams to eat. This is the only recent instance that I know of. The Indians, however, used them in great quantities."

While the above reports on the status of this clam as a food conflict in several places, the weight of valuable opinion seems to be that they cannot generally be recommended. About the only conclusion we seem to have arrived at then, is that if you feel disposed to sample some of these animals as food, try them, cooking according to the best recipe obtained: if you find them agreeable, dig some more; if, however, after eating you have to have recourse to the Cow Brand baking soda box, a change of diet would seem to be more or less clearly indicated.—M.U.B.

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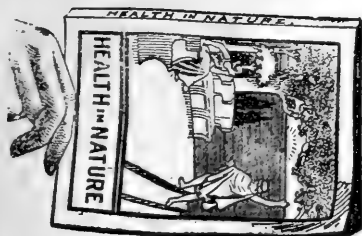
Please remember that a man is not one day older than he actually feels, and therefore no matter what your age, if you are young or elderly, married or single, large or small, if I can show you, reader, how you, yourself, may actually add to your system, nerves and blood the very nerve force or vigor which may have been drained away, and which is necessary to make you strong, vigorous and capable again, then I have shown you the real secret of perpetual strength, and how you can again be filled with vigor, and again be just as powerful in your influence, and just as thoroughly manly in your capacity as the biggest, fullest-blooded, most successful fellow of your acquaintance.

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## Queries and Answers

### Editor, Along the Trap Line:

Being an interested reader of your magazine and finding your Question and Answer department very valuable, I would like to know a good method to tan a moose hide with hair on; and could a horse hide be tanned by the same method.

An early reply will oblige,  
Buctouche, N. B. Carl Lawrence,

*Ans.*—For a recipe for tanning moose hides write Armand Bastien, Indian Lorette, Que., and for a recipe for horse hides, write A. R. Clarke & Co., Toronto. Either firm could probably tell you whether any method would be suitable for both hides.—M.U.B.

### Editor Along the Trap Line:

I note your name in "*Rod and Gun*" and wonder if you can advise me as to a good place along the Canadian National Rys. to locate a camp for moose, deer, etc. I have been hunting on C.P.R. east of Ingolf, Ontario with Ed. Nason as guide. We would like to move into a newer territory next year, hence this inquiry. Any advice will be greatly appreciated,

Yours,

A. I. Jordan.

*Ans.*—For information on the locality you name, write F. C. Armstrong, Pres., N.O.O. & G.A., Cochrane Ont.—M.U.B.

## Faith, Hope and Charity

W. S. WOOD

Man demonstrates that he has FAITH when he still has a desire to live after his Mother-in-law discovers his shortcomings.

HOPE is a w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l thing, one little nibble will keep a man fishing all day; while CHARITY is giving one's honest-to-goodness advice without charge.

Brother if you are still dodging, and have your fingers crossed, take my advice, and pick an orphan. If this kind advice had been handed to me early, there would have been no story like the following to tell.

Saturday, July 15th promised everything one could wish in a summer's day. It also promised a half-holiday; and knowing that if I went home at noon I would be elected a committee of one to take my Mother-in-law, (my wife's mother was visiting us, no that is not the word; she was staying with us;) to the park, to the library or on one of those d-e-l-i-g-h-t-f-u-l trips with a bunch of flowers to the cemetery.

At 10.30 I phoned my wife that the Boss was going fishing at noon; wanted me to go with him; would not take no for an answer, and that I had better go if I wanted to stand in for a raise.

Now what could she say? I went, and with the exception of my tackle-box, and a lunch fit for a regular he-man I went alone.

Why mention that the wind was in the wrong direction, or that the water was rough; but come out flatfooted and say that owing to no fault of yours, or your system the fishing was rotten.

When walking along the docks to the car for home, I noticed some fishermen unloading their day's catch, among which were some fine walleyes; fifty cents looked as good as a seven pound fish to the man in charge so we made a trade at once.

On my way home I concocted a story of the awful fight that fish gave me; of the many times it nearly got away, and that if I had not used head work I would have lost out.

Arriving home I placed my creel on the kitchen table, and after relating my experience as per story above, I went upstairs to wash.

The window of our bathroom is situated directly over our side-door, and as the window was open I overheard the following conversation between my wife, my mother-in-law, and our neighbor's little boy.

"I know what yer goin' ter have fer supper Mrs. Jones;" said the boy, "yer goin' ter have fish."

"Your right Percival; how did you know?" asked my wife.

"Why Ma took me down ter the beach this afternoon an I saw Mr. Jones buy it at the dock."

What my wife said to me and what my mother-in-law added, is not necessary here, but for the benefit of those who never go to church, and those who cannot keep awake when they do; I would ask you to turn to the second chapter of St. Matthew and read the sixteenth verse, then think of Percival our neighbor's boy, and I feel that you will agree with me that King Herod was not such a bad chap after all.

# An Undigested and Indigestible Law

IRA A. LIEGHLEY

**A** LAW that was passed "Like a thief in the night," covering the whole of the Dominion of Canada, went into effect on Oct. 16th, 1920. So quietly was it passed that many Government Officials who are interested in the enforcement of the laws of Canada, were unaware of its existence until several months after its passage.

This law effects every man who owns a rifle, shotgun, hunting knife or revolver, as it provides among other things that anyone who owns a rifle, shotgun, revolver, sheath knife, (which means practically all hunting knives), and some other articles mentioned in the act, must have a permit to have the same in his possession, except in the case of a British subject who owned a shotgun before the 16th of October, 1920.

It also provides that a merchant cannot sell a rifle, shotgun, revolver, sheath knife and some other articles covered by the Act, unless the person intending to purchase same should first secure a permit to purchase the article.

The act also provides that for a violation of this law, you are subject to having your firearms confiscated and to be fined a sum not exceeding \$100.00 or three months in jail or both.

What is the effect of this law?

It means that although you are born and bred a British subject, and have a rifle in your possession that was owned by your grandfather or a rifle that you have owned for many years, you are liable to a fine and imprisonment, unless you secure a permit to have the same in your possession.

The law also provides that a permit may be issued by a chief constable, chief of police, magistrate or some other official **for a period not exceeding twelve months**. As there is no provision in the law for the charge to be made by the officials for the issue of a permit, this is left to his own sweet will; and the official can give you a permit if he feels so inclined and make no charge for it, or he can charge you any amount that he desires.

This opens the door for a petty species of

grafting as the officials can charge any amount they desire, and **you have to secure this permit each year** or be liable to a fine and imprisonment and also of having your arms confiscated. If you desire to purchase a new shotgun or rifle you have to pay another visit to one of the designated officials and secure a permit to purchase such rifle, shotgun or sheath knife as well as to secure a permit to have the same in your possession, with another opportunity for the official to charge you for that permit and for every year thereafter.

This law is an amendment to an act which has been on the statute books for some years concerning concealed weapons, and it looks as though this act was amended with no consideration of the rights or interests of the great hunting and sporting public of Canada.

How many of you deer hunters would think of going into the woods with simply a pocket knife in your possession, with which to cut the throat of your deer or moose and with which to dress its carcass?

You would be very foolish to do so, and yet the word **Sheath Knife** as provided in the Act, covers Marble's hunting knives and other makes of hunting knives that are popularly used by deer and moose hunters.

As far as a sheath knife being an offensive weapon is concerned, if a thug desired a knife of that kind, he can buy a butcher knife or sticking knife which is just as dangerous in a fight as a hunting knife. The law does not provide that they cannot carry a sticking or butcher knife, but because a sheath is provided with a hunting knife so a hunter can carry it conveniently and with safety to himself, you cannot purchase same or have one in your possession without kow-towing to some officials for a permit, and paying any amount the officials may see fit to charge.

Thousands of dollars are spent every year by the railroads, by the various provinces and other persons, in advertising Canada as a hunters' paradise. Many thousands of dollars are spent by visitors to Canada from other

countries who come here on account of the facilities for hunting big game, and the game departments of the various provinces, add to their yearly income from this source, as they charge them many times the amount for a hunter's license, that is charged a resident of the province in which they desire to hunt. Thus many thousands of dollars are contributed directly and indirectly to the railroads, hotels, merchants and guides of Canada by these visitors, who are attracted here by the presence in Canada of good hunting facilities.

This is one of the assets of Canada, and should be encouraged as long as there is a surplus amount of game in Canada to provide for our own requirements, as well as the requirements of our visitors.

While the law provides that a British subject who had a shot gun in his possession before Oct 16th, 1920 does not require a permit, yet it is not safe for anyone to go hunting with a shotgun unless he has a permit, as some of the constables in the country districts would be only too glad to find anyone with a shotgun in his possession on a hunting trip without a permit, and although you might be exempt under the law, yet if he took you before a Justice, you could be fined and your gun confiscated, unless you could convince the Justice you are exempt. If you were convicted it would mean a lot of time, trouble and money to appeal the case and be released, so that there is only one safe way to do, and that is to have a permit whether it is required or not.

#### Another beautiful? ? ? section.

Another particularly vicious section of the law, as far as the owner of a shotgun or rifle is concerned, provides that "Such permit shall not be good or have any force or effect beyond the limit within which the person granting same has jurisdiction or has power to exercise and perform the duties of his office," so that even if you have a permit from the chief of police of a city, magistrate of a township, or sheriff of a county or any other official, and you should carry a rifle or shotgun outside of the limit of his jurisdiction, it can be confiscated and you fined and imprisoned.

For instance, if you have a permit from the chief of police of Toronto to have a rifle in your possession, and you desire to go deer hunting, the minute you go outside of the limits of the city of Toronto, your permit is void: In order to be secure from arrest, you have to secure another permit from an

official in every county through which you pass, and in which you desire to hunt, or it is within the power of a constable to arrest you under this act, and the magistrate to convict you. Don't you think this is a nice state of affairs?

This provision of the act may be all right as applied to a revolver, but it certainly shows that the amendments to the act are put through without due consideration of the rights and interests of the sportsmen, and also of the effect that this act would have upon the sporting public of Canada.

#### What is the object of the law ?

It does not provide for any revenue coming to the Government nor to any other person, except a chance to make a little money on the side for the officials who have the power to issue the permits.

It does not provide for any money to be charged for the permit, which is to be devoted to the propagation or protection of wild bird and animal life.

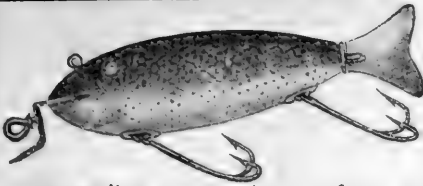
If the framers of the law imagined it was to prevent the Bolsheviks from securing or having firearms in their possession with which to conduct a revolution against the Government, they are mistaken because it does not fulfill its duty; for at the present time a rifle, shotgun or revolver cannot be brought into Canada, until the merchant who is importing same, first secures a permit from Ottawa allowing the importation.

You may rest assured that if any firm attempted to bring into Canada any quantity of military rifles, unless they could show a reasonable excuse for importing same, the Government would stop the importation at the custom house, by refusing to grant a permit to import them.

You may rest assured that if the Bolsheviks intended to bring revolvers and other firearms into Canada for the purpose of a revolution, they would never bring them through the custom house, but would attempt to smuggle them into the country, which is an offense already covered by the criminal code.

Just think of a lot of Reds being armed with .22 calibre rifles, or for that matter with any of the ordinary calibres of sporting rifles, or shot guns and being opposed to the military or regulars of Canada who are armed with rifles and machine guns, shooting a .303 British cartridge! The militia could keep at such a distance from the Reds that their sporting rifles and shotguns would not touch them, while with the .303 British





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## TRAPPERS, ATTENTION!

After the trapping season is over, you can make good money by hunting "pearls" taken from the Fresh Water Clams, which are found in most any river or stream in Canada. The prices paid for these pearls range from \$1.00 to \$500.00 each, according to size, shape, quality and color. Ship all pearls by Registered mail or Express. We will pay you full value for same. Shipments held separate upon request. Send for Book on Pearls and Pearling, price \$2.50.

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cartridges, they could mow them down at their leisure.

As far as the present law is concerned it has not, and will not prevent the criminal class from securing revolvers or other arms to carry on their nefarious trade, as there has been a law on the statute books of Canada for many years, making it a criminal offense to carry revolvers, knuckle dusters and some other offensive weapons, or to have the same in your possession. However, the crime wave that has recently swept over the country shows that the old law, and the new amendments to the act, do not prevent the criminal class from being armed with these offensive weapons.

This law seems to be like the mule, "Without pride in ancestry and without hope of posterity." A hybrid law that simply results in a lot of irritation and expense to every sportsman and hunter in Canada without bringing any revenue to the Dominion and without being a safeguard against the propaganda of the Reds, or a protection against the criminal classes.

The officials may not be enforcing this act in your locality, yet it is the law, and you are never safe unless you comply with the law. A constable who may have a grudge against you, has the right of bringing you before a magistrate and upon conviction you are liable to a fine and imprisonment or both, if you do not have the permit as required by the law.

We believe that all sportsmen, trappers, hunters and everyone who having a gun, rifle or hunting knife should join together and each and everyone make a protest to the member of Parliament from his district, urging him to use his best endeavours to have the law repealed or suspended, as the act itself provides that the whole Act or any part of the act can be suspended at any time by an Order in Council. **Don't wait, but do it now.** for if every man will do his part, enough pressure can be brought to bear upon the Government, that they will see their way clear to either remove this ill advised law from the statute books or by Order in Council suspend its operation.

Do your part today.

## Attention, Revolver Shooters!

**ARTICLE WANTED**—Due to the extraordinary number of hold-ups by motor bandits and other types of desperadoes, that have occurred during the past few months, we believe it would be a good idea to print two or three articles on "Practical Revolver and Pistol Shooting for Personal Protection." The editor would be glad to receive such articles from men who have had practical experience in the use of these weapons for the purpose stated. If we can get a good practical article from a man who has been instrumental in disposing of a large number of these undesirables, or who has been present at a few of these attacks and noted the effects of the shooting, they would be especially desirable. Many of our returned veterans can give us practical information on this subject.

What we want to know is—the actual effect of wounds delivered in various parts of the person by various revolver and pistol cartridges; the best method of preparing for and securing efficiency in this method of personal protection; information, if any, as to the probable chances of serious personal injury to an individual who makes an attempt to protect himself against attack; and, suggestions about

the best practical weapons to use for this purpose.

We realize that most of our readers have passed the age when they consider it either brave or especially noteworthy to pack a few pounds of hardware, for the purpose of personal protection; but, at the same time, conditions in many localities all over America are such that—an ounce of prevention in this respect, is often worth several funerals.

Editor.

## MOOSE AND DEER LOSE THEIR ANTLERS.

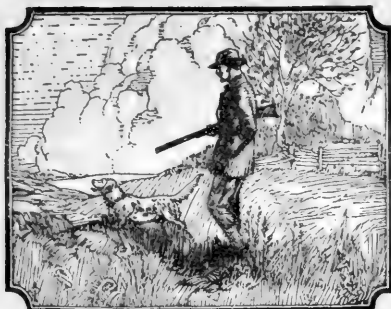
*Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada.*

As the result of a little argument, I am writing to find out if deer and moose grow a new set of antlers each year. What time do they drop their old set. When do the young develop their first set of horns?

C. W. O.

Strathroy, Ont.

Moose, deer and elk shed their horns every year. They fall off in the latter part of the winter and early spring. The new set are fully developed by August. Young deer develop a spike the first year.—Editor.



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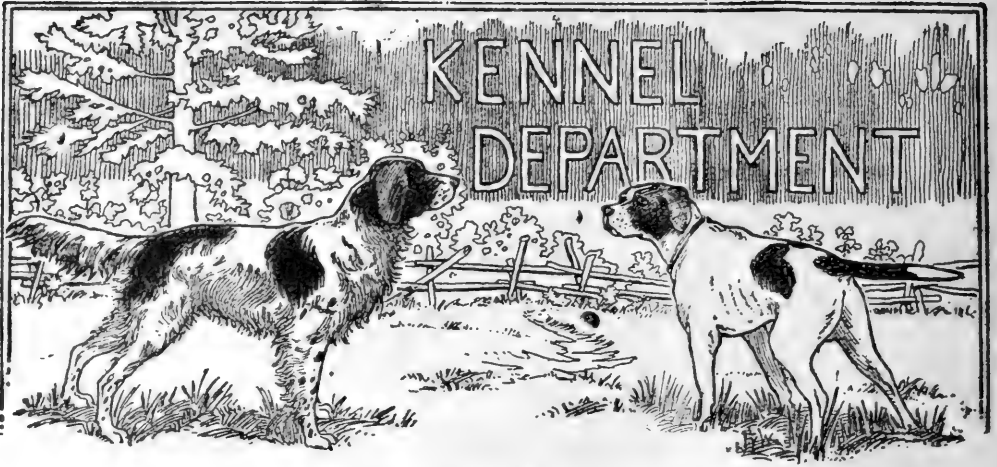
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## The Fox Hound as a Hunting Dog

JIM GLAAB

**T**HE American fox hound, of which there are a number of different strains, is, in my opinion, and from past experience, the only breed of hunting dog that any sportsman can rely upon for best results, from hunting rabbits to trailing and treeing bear.

Taking each line of sport by itself, fox hunting, coon hunting, big game hunting or fur hunting in general, the fox hound has been found and proven to be superior to all others. As to hunting and trailing in water or rough country, they are surpassed by none; the same applies if trained to tree coon, squirrel or bear. They have a reasoning power of their own; are quick to learn and once trained they are slow to forget.

Some hunters are in favor of a cross bred dog; some like a cross between a hound and airedale; others, a cross between a hound and bulldog; still others think a cross between a hound and collie is best. Of course, we all know there have been a few good cross bred dogs that would run a hot track and get some game, but they are not to be considered in a class with a well bred hound that will pick up a trail three or four hours' old, run it at ease and get the game.

It is natural for a hound to range out and look for a trail to run. Their natural instinct keeps them working until they find one and run their game in or catch it. Stopping to think matters over, where does a cross bred dog get his hunting qualities from? Also, where does he get his ambition to hunt and trail game? Of course, it was from his hound

parent and the hound blood that is in him. Therefore, if he is considered a good hunter, how much better would a full blooded hound be with all the superior hunting qualities of which the cross bred has only a small percentage? How much nicer is he in appearance? If in buying a hound you want one for fox, be sure the parents were good fox dogs and you will have little trouble training the puppies; the same if you want one for coon.

Some sportsmen like a long eared hound; others the short eared variety. Some like a large hound, others a small one. These are only minor points and matters of fancy. A hound does not run and scent game with his ears or size. If his legs and feet are good and he has the "grey matter" in his head, he will get there. As for myself, I am partial to a large rangy hound. When I go on a hunting trip or for a walk, I like to have people notice my hound. Not because the large ones are any better hunters or trailers, but just simply a matter of fancy. I have hunted with both large and small and find that size, ears and color should not be considered.

I do not claim that all pure blooded hounds prove to be the best hunters nor do I claim that all cross bred dogs are worthless, but I do say that a larger percentage of better hunters will be had from pure bred stock. It all depends on the training they get and the way they are handled. I may have a well bred dog and not have the patience to train him. Give him to an old hunter and he will make a top notcher of him. Therefore, don't condemn a young dog if he will not start

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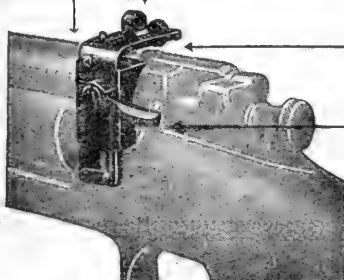
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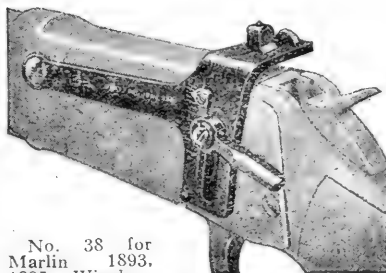


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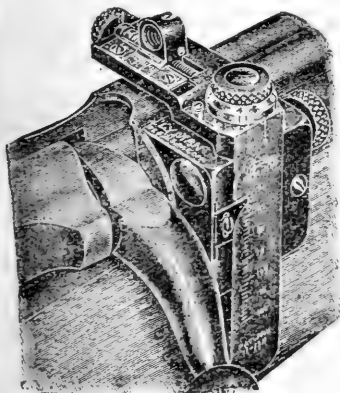
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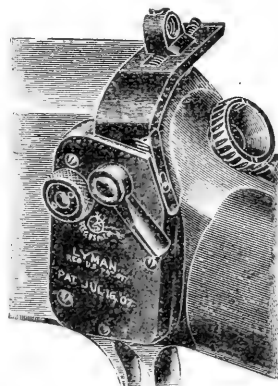
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working for you. Have patience; give him lots of work and he will come.

It is different if you buy a trained dog. He should go right to work for you, but training and starting a young dog is quite a different proposition. My advice is: if you like hunting and have the time to spare, get a young dog of good breeding, about eight months to one year of age, train him to suit yourself, then, if you want to part with him at any time, you have a dog that you know is right and you will have plenty of admirers or buyers for him.

Let us get away from cross breeding, for after all, there is nothing to gain and everything to lose. The puppies in the majority of cases cannot even be given away and therefore have to be killed. I know of case after case where the whole litter was killed after they were six to eight months old. They proved to be a nuisance instead of good hunting dogs. We are living in an age of pure bred stock. Buy only dogs with pedigree and registration papers. Boost your pure bred dogs and clean sport and you will never be sorry for it.

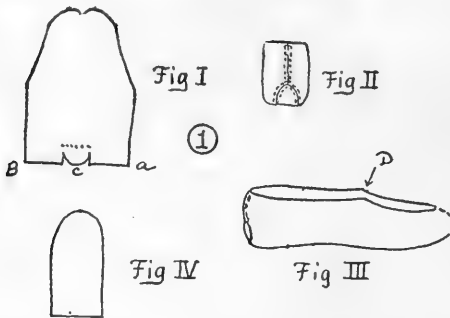
## Moccasins and How to Make Them

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

**W**ITH a little care and patience shown anyone can make a pair of moccasins every bit as good as those to be had on the market at high prices. The illustrations that go with this article should be self-explanatory and probably not a great deal of text in the shape of directions is necessary. However, for the amateur it is best to go more

approximately in keeping with the design. The rounded cut (c) is in the centre of the back of the sole. It is best to have on a heavy pair of German socks when making your measurement, for it is one thing to have a small pair of moccasins and another to have a roomy pair into which you can slip your feet with the number of socks you generally wear. I figure that one pair of silk stockings covered over with a heavy pair of German socks makes for a desirable wear in moccasins of this sort. Some want two pairs of heavy socks. If that is to be the case then when you make your foot measurement see that you go at least an inch ahead of them for the extreme length, being sure that you are somewhat ahead of the slip (c) so that you will not be crowded out when the back of the moccasin is gathered up and sewed in place. There is a little need of attention to these details in the cutting out of the leather soles but when that is done the rest is comparatively simple as a glimpse through the various illustrations will surely show.

The leather to be used for this moccasin must be of the pliable sort and the best is none too good. But it must be pliable. If you state to the one you buy the leather from, what it is to be used for he will help you select a good grade. A shoemaker will, therefore, be of great help to you. To make the leather fit for use, so that it can be worked, it is soaked in warm water thoroughly and worked now and then to take the stiffness out of it. When the leather is finally in a workable shape then you can proceed by laying the cardboard pattern on the leather and cutting it out as shown in the illustration.



fully into details so that no point will be difficult. Figure I therefore shows the sole of the moccasin which should be examined closely. It is best to make a pattern out of a piece of cardboard to go by. No set length can be given for the reason that there are many lengths to feet, and, by the same token, there are equal widths. But for width eight inches can be set down as near the rule; for length one has to measure out his foot and go by that. To proceed therefore one sets his foot to the pattern a little forward of the slip (c), where the dotted line is shown; then see where the tip of the toe reaches and measure a trifle over an inch forward of the toe. That should give you the right measurement—one inch ahead of the big toe. Then cut



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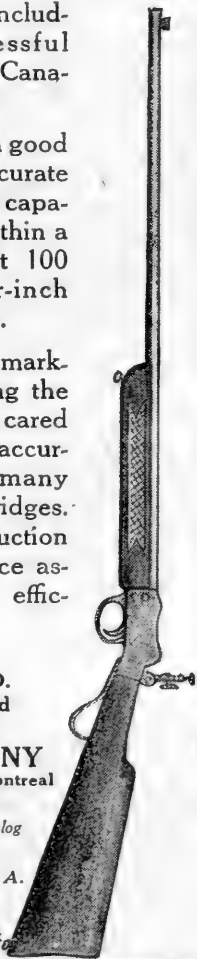
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We will believe therefore that you have cut your pattern and that you are ready to go ahead. To sew with a patent sewing awl is necessary. If you have never used a patent sewing awl you have missed the use of one of the most useful instruments that an outing man can have in his outfit. You will not lose by at once getting one; in fact for the making of the moccasin the sewing awl is necessary. There is such a thing as punching holes and

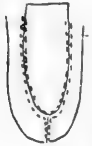


Fig V.

(2)



Fig VI.

using an ordinary large needle but this is a caveman method compared to the use of the more up-to-date appliance. Use strong linen thread in this sewing and see that it is well waxed.

The first move to be made in sewing on the moccasin involves gathering up the back of the moccasin. This is done by lifting the ends (a) and (b) and joining them and sewing them together as shown in the illustration (Fig. II). The little slip then is pressed up over this sewing and is itself sewed tight to the moccasin as shown. This little slip is a protector. The sewing of course must be carefully done so that no holes or crevices are left open in which case the moccasin can never be waterproof. If the sewing is carefully done and the seams therefore hammered to tighten them you will find no trouble resulting from your work. When you have completed the back of the moccasin then go at the front. Sew the rounded tip together with a care equal to that you did in back. When this is completed you will have the moccasin as shown in (Fig. III). When hammering the seam of the tip insert into the tip of the moccasin some hard, solid piece that will just fit. When you have got thus far the next move to make is to fit in the tongue. Fig. IV shows the tongue. You will find that the best way to get its width and length is to slip on the moccasin and then measure at all points allowing a suitable surplus all around in which to sew to the moccasin. The tongue should be at least two

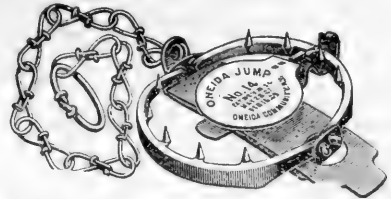
inches longer than the upper rim of the moccasin; or, two inches above the point marked (d) in Fig. III. With the tongue cut out and ready to sew in, then proceed as shown in Fig. V, sewing it in carefully, and after that hammering it to obtain tight work. You have now obtained a moccasin without any top; a moccasin that can be used about the house or for use in the canoe, or elsewhere where no deep snow or where no snow at all is encountered. But this same moccasin can be made for deep snow by the addition of a long, or so-called, high-top, and that, I believe is the moccasin most desired by the nine out of ten who read this. A top to this moccasin can, of course, be made any length; six inches high; ten inches; fourteen and so on. The short tongue of the previous mentioned moccasin is in this case useless; the tongue must be made longer to reach up the length of the top. The first thing to do then is to get your moccasin-top height. You can easily get that by putting on the moccasin and bringing it around to the front and, allowing for the socks and pants that are to be tucked down in same, cut the edges to meet. The tongue, is of course, sewed in already *but the top of the tongue is temporarily left untrimmed*. When you have the top sewed in then the tongue material is pressed in and enough is left on either side swelled out so that when the tongue is sewed in, the foot can be worked into the moccasin as in any shoe, hunting boot, and so forth. Fig. VII gives the idea how the tongue is left, roomy at the top.

Tanned deer-skin is excellent for a moccasin top of this sort in that it is soft and merges well around the ankle. It is well, however, that this skin should not be too soft, of the so-called "chamois-skin" texture, but somewhat stiffer so that it will hold up and will not slip down. An idea that one can work out in the making of a moccasin of this sort is to cut the top from an old pair of hunting boots and sew that in. Most every outdoor man has a pair of wornout boots lying around, and in nine cases out of ten the tops will be just as good as ever. Here is a use for them, at the same time providing an ideal pair of tops for the bottoms. Fig. VIII conveys the idea of the hunting boot tops. However, it is well that the old tongue of the hunting boot be cut out and the new tongue sewed in. Remember always in cutting out the tongue to leave enough to the top so that you will not cut it too small. If you cut it too small the work will be spoiled. *It is better to leave*

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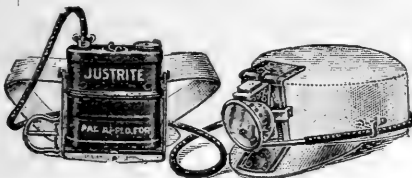
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*the piece solid and uncut than to cut it out too small.*

Fig. IX shows a method of keeping the moccasins well "put" on the feet. This is a common method and is here explained. Three loops of leather go on either side of the moccasin, as shown, and one in back. These

them all beat. I have an idea that the tops of lumbermen's rubbers would work in nicely for this but since I have never tried them out I cannot say anything about them.

It will be found that a leather sole added to these moccasins will preserve them from wear and tear. These soles should come up well



③

Fig IX



Fig VII.

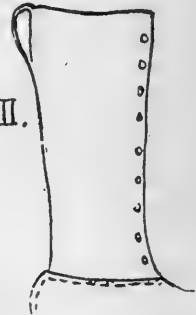


Fig VIII.

oops I prefer to have one inch wide. They are sewed tight to the moccasin. A band is now inserted through these loops as shown in the illustration, meeting in front, then is brought up on the moccasin in back and then again brought forward *high up* where it is tied. I do not like this method nearly so well as one where the front is laced up and where the ready made hunting boot top has

on the bottoms so as not to be too flat. The moccasins if treated down with deer tallow, or any one of many commercial preparations such as Dri-foot, etc., will give good service and be as good as ever. For use in a canoe, moccasins of this sort cannot be equalled. In fact they are *the* footwear for a trip of this sort, either having short tops or no tops at all.

## Care of Marten and Fisher

G. H. DE LEY

My opinion on the raising of marten and fisher is that they are too much petted and generally too much confined. These animals require much larger runs than generally recommended and considering the actual value of their fur it may be possible to allow say 1-20 acre per animal and still be profitable to raise them.

The runs should be provided with obstacles and hiding places in shape of hollow logs, stone and brush piles, scrubby or low growing trees or bushes or some tall weeds. Sweet clover for example may be encouraged to grow inside the enclosure. There should be also running water or a concrete trough about 4 feet in diameter in each pen. This trough to be provided with inlet and over-flow pipes. The enclosure should be boarded up close to about 3 feet to prevent undue excitement and netting further up to 6 or 8 feet.

Outside the enclosure should be planted some shade trees cut back to about 8 feet above the ground to induce the branches to spread out and provide a thick shady growth. Alder, birch, cedar, spruce and poplar are very good for this purpose.

The animals should not be made too tame and should not be fed three times a day regularly. Food should be provided either in two meals a day or a full day's ration at once, this will keep them more active and on the lookout, and consequently keep them in better breeding conditions.

In my opinion no harm will result in withholding food for one day and feed them double rations the next. In wild state these animals remain several days without food and then after hunt will fill themselves to full capacity.

In captivity, when hungry, the animals will



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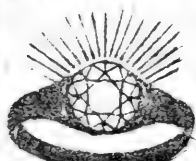
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be running around the enclosure and take any amount of exercise and to supplement their activities the food should be provided alive

in squirrels, woodchucks, chipmunks, sparrows, crows, gophers, etc.

("Commission of Conservation.")

## Oshawa Hunters' 1920 Trip

Reprinted from the *Ontario Reformer*

**B**ACK from the most successful hunting trip in their history, members of the Oshawa Hunting Club are to-day home recalling to memory many of the incidents that occurred in camp and out which served to make the trip pleasant and enjoyable. Many of the hunters kept a diary and what a tale could be unfolded should the contents of these diaries be taken and published. From notes made by the way, recalling the shooting of the bear by Mayor Stacey, the adventures of many of the hunters, the trip to and from the camp, the latter's location, and other minor incidents, the following narrative has been written, giving, perchance, a fair idea of the splendors of the hunt.

The members of the club are W. A. Coad, president; Geo. Miller, secretary-treasurer, and W. P. Knight, Mayor Stacey, Thos. Gale, Dr. Trewin, Lyman Gifford, Wm. Knight, C. M. Mundy, A. Germond, W. Holland, F. J. Bailes, Sam Trick, W. Armour, W. Stacey, L. Germond. The latter unfortunately was unable to go, owing to the death of his mother-in-law a short time ago, and, needless to say he was greatly missed by all. Wm. Knight was captain of the hunt, and proved a leader in this capacity. The old reliable chef, Fred Spencer, was again on hand, and as of yore dished up grub fit for a king throughout the hunt.

The party left Oshawa on the 30th of October, and during a brief stay in Toronto they had dinner at the Carls-Rite. That evening (Saturday) on board the C. N. R. train, they left for their camp at Cromby's Bay, on the Bad River, in the French River district. With regard to the location of the camp it may be said that should the much talked of French River canal ever be built, it will mean an extension of Cromby's Bay and the damming up of the river at this point. One would not expect in this wild rocky country to find any farming land, but let it be here known that the hunters were able to get potatoes, cabbages, and other kinds of vegetables from a farmer who had a small clearing near the camp. Another point of

note is that at the camp the hunters could daily hear the blasts from the great nickel mines at Sudbury. It was an ideal spot for a camp. The party arrived at Hartley's Bay, at seven o'clock Sunday morning, (the church bells from the great cathedrals ringing in the distance). The equipment was unloaded from the cars, conveyed to the dock, and loaded on the good steamer "Elsie Mack," with the genial and obliging Capt. McIntosh in charge. "Mac" is a good fellow and was very good to his guests. The journey over the paved streets from the railway to the steamer dock, with the hunters lugging their stuff all the way, was a trying experience both going and coming, but all survived the ordeal.

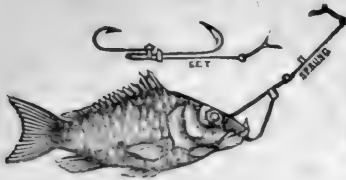
Arriving in camp about 12 noon, the hunters proceeded to erect their camp and tents. Lumber for the camp which was 24x32 had all been cut and prepared in Oshawa, so that with such noted builders in the part as John Stacey, Bill Holland, Sam Trick and Tom Gale, the building was put up like an arab's tent. Two tents were also erected, one for eating and cooking, and the other for baggage storage. The party slept in the house that night.

The party took into camp with them a motor boat, another large flat bottom boat, built by Hunter Trick, capable of holding 20 people, and with a detachable gasoline engine. The hunters also had their personal belongings, all their food for two weeks, also the dogs. It was a very fine day going into camp. The camp was well equipped, covered with prepared roofing, and inside were a gramophone, table, chairs, etc.

The first night in camp lots were drawn for the different bunks, which were built in on each end of the building. "Bunt" Miller and Lyman Gifford got the top bunks, and it was fun every night to see the pair, who had been christened Mutt and Jeff, climb the ladder to get to bed. The honor to win the pool and get the first deer fell to assistant captain W. Stacey.

The hunting until Nov. 5th was confined to the north side of the French River, where





## NEVER LOSE A FISH

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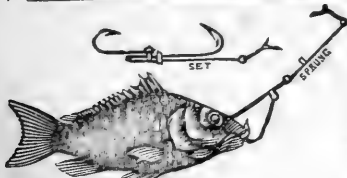
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THE GREER MFG. CO. - - - 70 Currier St., Atlanta, Ga.

We will leave it to ROD AND GUN to be the judges and pay the money to the winner May 10th.

the season opens on October 25th, and across the river on November 5th. The hunters would get up between four and five in the morning, and retire before the curfew bell rang at night. Only two meals were served daily, one in the early morning, and one at five. The latter meal would do credit to a King Edward Hotel spread, comprising everything from soup to nuts. There was always hot coffee and tea on the stove in camp, with lots of eats available.

The second night in camp there was great consternation and anxiety when it became known that two members of the party had

Worship killed bruin can only be briefly stated here. It seems that he had gone out in the early morning on a lone hunt, and when out a considerable distance from the camp, standing at the edge of a ravine, Jack heard a rustling in the bush across the ravine. He stopped, listened, and again the noise was repeated, until a black object came into view. Quick as a shot the mayor lifted his rifle and fired, but, unfortunately, when loading the rifle for the second shot the bullet got jammed in the barrel, rendering the rifle useless. For an hour afterwards Jack circled around to the spot where Bruin had fallen, only to find on



The mayor and his bear

got lost. They had taken the wrong trail home. Huge bonfires were lit and rifles shot off by those in camp with the hope of giving aid to the wanderers. Assistant Captain W. Stacey and Bill Holland went out on the search, and at 11.30 in the night brought the lost hunters home. There was great rejoicing, as already noted, it was feared that both men were lost completely. The pair kept together when lost, and while somewhat anxious, never lost heart. The song in camp that night was "There's a long, long Trail," words and music by Capt. Stacey and Bill Holland.

By Wednesday night the party had five deer.

The fourth day in camp was the eventful one, the chief incident being the killing of the bear by Mayor Jack Stacey. How His

arrival there that her bearship had passed to bear land. In the stillness of the forest, the blue sky overhead, and amid the rippling of a nearby stream, Jack mounted upon the back of the bear, with knife and hatchet in hand, shouted hurrah. In his eagerness to return to camp to tell his colleagues of his triumph, Jack went three miles out of his way, and arrived at the camp minus a piece of his clothing.

The Mayor arrived back in camp in due course, only to relate his story to doubting Thomases, who were all from Missouri and wanted to be shown. "Come out and I'll show you," was the Mayor's retort, and so it was that on the morrow a party went out with him and found the dead body of the bear where it had fallen. Strange to say, nearby was a den, to which the bear was no doubt

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State shade and if for gent's or ladies' wear

preparing to retire for his long winter's sleep when he was shot. A member of the investigating party, Bill Armour, stuck his head into the den, and, spying a black object thought it was another bear. He lifted his rifle to shoot, only to find on further investigation that it was a big, black porcupine, who, seeing the "To Rent" sign above the den door, had taken possession. Needless to say, Bill's hair again fell back to its normal position.

The Mayor and his party brought the bear back to camp, and that night, needless to say, there was great rejoicing. After the Mayor had related his experience with bruin, Art Germond, the camp orator, gave a very humorous version of how the bear had been killed. A part of the story was to the effect that the mayor and the bear had tried to reason the thing out when they met, the mayor informing the bear by way of a threat that he was the mayor of Oshawa and the great exponent of hydro radials, and that if he killed her bearship it would not be the first one. Germond claimed that at a most exciting moment when it seemed as if the bear was getting the best of the argument, he stepped in and with his knife finished bruin. This same narrative in detail will be related at the next weekly luncheon of the Rotary Club.

The first day out, the story goes, one of the party went out on a little hunting expedition by himself and, seeing an object in the distance, which he thought was a moose, he lifted his rifle and fired. Later it was discovered that the object was a horse, which a settler had left around intending to take the animal away soon. On hearing the story, the other hunters, of course, "rubbed it in."

The days of the hunt passed all too quickly, with many amusing and thrilling incidents which space will not permit to be recorded. On Saturday morning, November 13th, the party began to pack up for home. Many of the same experiences were gone through coming back as going in to camp. The trying work of again lugging the outfit and supplies over the paved streets from the camp to the railway siding, and from there to the steamer, was again encountered, but added greatly to by reason of the fact that the party had to haul the deer, the bear and many bags of partridge. It was a terrible ordeal.

Arriving at Parry Sound at one o'clock Sunday morning the party were almost famished, having had nothing to eat since

early Saturday morning, they took complete possession of a Chinese eating emporium. The celestial proprietor was given orders for steaks all round. Jack Stacey ordered a T-Bone smothered with onions, and, after consuming it, ordered a second dose which he put out of sight. It was a just terrible amount of food the party put out of sight, it astonished the proprietor. The rest of the night was spent in the railway car, and the party arrived in Toronto at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, where they were met by autos from Oshawa.

The party travelled for the first time over the C.N.R. having a combination passenger and baggage coach.

Hunters Gale and Trick were the songsters of the camp, leading in singing, and furnishing much enjoyment.

Seventeen deer, one bear, and over 100 partridge, was the total catch. Deer were plentiful although small this year, bears were not plentiful, and only one was caught. "Nuff sed".

The hunters left their camp standing, likewise the stove with some dry wood, for the use of the wayfarer.

Chas. Proctor, travelling passenger agent for the Canadian National Railways, accompanied the party from Oshawa to the end of the railway journey, looking after their comfort. On the return trip Mr. Proctor again boarded the train coming right through to Oshawa.

At and near the camp the great dams built by the beavers were wonderful and of great interest. At one point these industrious little animals had built a dam of 150 feet which dammed up a ravine for a mile and a half.

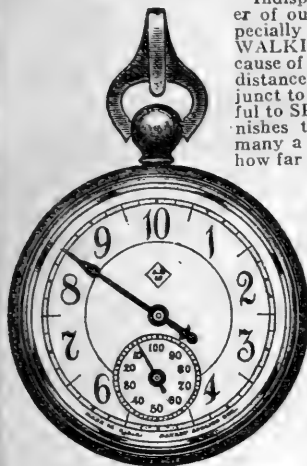
The Indian guide with the party was the old reliable Chas. Thompson, aged 76, but nevertheless hale and hearty. He is a thorough woodsman.

The hunters will not soon forget the generosity and kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haskell and Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkinson, of Oshawa, who comprised a party which accompanied the Oshawa Hunt Club as far as Hartley's Bay, from which point they went to their own camp. On the return journey they were at Hartley's Bay with their tent erected, awaiting the arrival of the hunters, and they served hot tea and lots of eats, thereby saving the day for many a well nigh famished hunter who had dragged his luggage up the rocky steeps

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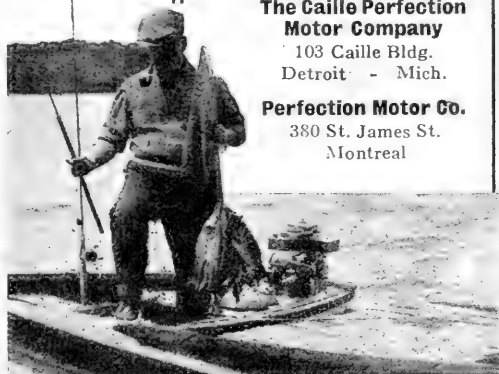
to the stern of your boat and go skimming after them at the rate of 7 to 10 miles an hour. Distance makes no difference then, and you "bring home the bacon" every time. You can clamp the motor on your boat in a jiffy. Has five Speeds—2 forward, 2 backward and a neutral. It starts with a starter—no cranking. Has magneto built into the flywheel and water-cooled muffler on exhaust. Send for catalog showing this and our other types of rowboat motors. We also build launch motors.

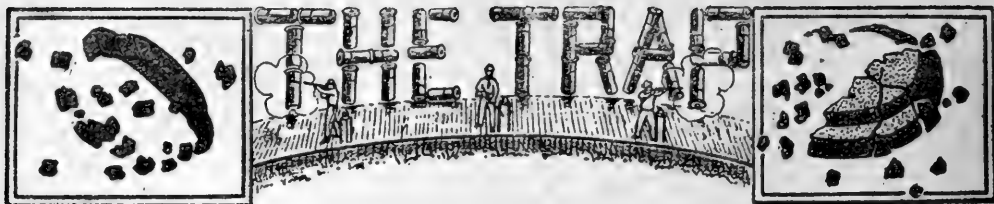
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#### TOURNAMENT DATES FOR 1921.

Hamilton Gun Club—Hamilton—Good Friday.  
Manor Gun Club—Clarkson—May 24th.  
Grand International—St. Thomas—June 6, 7, 9.  
Bob White Gun Club—Niagara Falls—June 18.  
Canadian Indians—Niagara-on-the-Lake—June 30, July 1, 2.  
Eastern Canada Championships—Montreal—July 26, 27.  
Practise day, July 25.

#### HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

Another record crowd attended the regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, January 22nd, when 48 shooters took part at the traps. Ideal weather prevailed, and although the events were shot under a distance handicap, some very creditable scores were turned in.

The very popular handicap was the feature event of the day. All contestants were divided into three classes. A class shooting from 18 yards, B class 17 yards and C class 16 yards, and in future event positions will be governed by the preceding score.

In A class W. Barnes topped the list with a possible 25, and is certainly traveling at a marvelous clip, but had no great lead, as M. E. Goodale, M. E. Fletcher, T. Gardiner and E. Harris were right up with 24, while E. Sturt, H. Lennox, J. Jones, H. Kretschman, A. Bates and I. Smith all broke 23.

B class scores also were well up, with J. Gray leading with 24 and W. Dynes next with 23. W. W. Livingstone was third with 22.

In C class a real battle is on, with J. Griffiths, G. Brown and W. L. Smith all tied with 23, with Colin Smith and J. C. Stout next with 21.

On all round shooting for the afternoon E. Harris, W. Dynes, W. W. Livingstone and M. E. Goodale were tied for high with 47 out of 50, while W. Barnes was next with 70 out of 75. The scores follow:

|                        | Shot at. | Broke |
|------------------------|----------|-------|
| G. Stroud.....         | 125      | 106   |
| W. Barnes.....         | 75       | 70    |
| H. Kretschman.....     | 150      | 136   |
| E. Harris.....         | 50       | 47    |
| C. Bailey.....         | 60       | 50    |
| J. Hunter.....         | 50       | 43    |
| A. D. Bates.....       | 50       | 46    |
| I. Smith.....          | 50       | 43    |
| J. Montgomery.....     | 125      | 111   |
| D. A. Konkle.....      | 50       | 43    |
| A. Parmenter.....      | 50       | 43    |
| J. C. Stout.....       | 50       | 43    |
| J. J. Cline.....       | 50       | 35    |
| J. Griffiths.....      | 50       | 45    |
| W. Dynes.....          | 50       | 47    |
| W. Filman.....         | 25       | 17    |
| T. Klodt.....          | 50       | 32    |
| J. Emery.....          | 50       | 35    |
| N. Young.....          | 100      | 60    |
| C. Bird.....           | 50       | 29    |
| W. Dillon.....         | 75       | 56    |
| A. Von Gunten.....     | 50       | 31    |
| G. Brown.....          | 50       | 42    |
| C. Smith.....          | 50       | 40    |
| W. L. Smith.....       | 50       | 44    |
| C. Lemon.....          | 50       | 29    |
| A. Crumb.....          | 25       | 15    |
| R. Shaver.....         | 25       | 20    |
| Norm. Long.....        | 50       | 27    |
| J. Moyer.....          | 50       | 31    |
| P. Friend.....         | 50       | 32    |
| W. W. Livingstone..... | 50       | 47    |
| M. E. Goodale.....     | 50       | 47    |
| N. S. Braden.....      | 75       | 61    |
| F. Ellis.....          | 50       | 29    |
| Nels. Long.....        | 100      | 92    |
| M. E. Fletcher.....    | 50       | 46    |
| E. H. Sturt.....       | 75       | 69    |
| H. Lennox.....         | 75       | 66    |
| T. Gardiner.....       | 50       | 45    |
| A. Glover.....         | 50       | 39    |
| J. Gray.....           | 40       | 34    |

|                  |    |    |
|------------------|----|----|
| W. Fonger.....   | 15 | 11 |
| Dr. Greene.....  | 25 | 16 |
| T. Matheson..... | 50 | 30 |
| J. Jones.....    | 25 | 23 |
| W. Spock.....    | 75 | 45 |
| N. Peters.....   | 50 | 26 |

#### OTTAWA GUN CLUB.

Ottawa, Jan. 29.—The regular week-end tournament held at the New Orchard Beach traps turned out some good scores and a pleasant afternoon was spent by the shooters. Five events at ten targets were again carded and the winners were all different, with the exception of Norman Brownlee, who repeated last Saturday's success in event five. Several shooters tied in event one with scores of nine, and S. E. Sangster repeated in event two, whilst the others dropped out. Sammy Hebert captured spoon number two without any opposition with 8 x 10. The popular hockey player, who has had only a few trials at the traps, was given a hand all around for his good work. The feature of the season, and indeed a closer competition has not taken place for some time, than the contest for the spoon in event three.

Half the shooters on the list had scores of 8 x 10, and the shoot-off in event four narrowed the tie down to two shooters, Runge and Corby, with cards of 9 x 10. Event number five brought scores of eight each. In an extra event at 10 targets, the President, who had been shooting in a different squad and using the same gun as his competitor, now called for another gun, the field captain realizing that the use of his own gun was proving his undoing. However, the result was the same at 7 x 10. Both gunners were now keyed up and friendship was put on the shelf during the race.

In another extra at 15 targets, both dropped a bird necessitating still another shoot-off, in which Mr. Corby turned in a straight, while Fred Runge dropped three birds out of 10. The president can shoot when he uses a good gun.

H. I. Barber, who fell down to 6 x 10 in the first three events, came in with a score of nine, and spoon four was taken care of. Norman Brownlee, shooting below form in four events, got 'em all in the last event, taking spoon five as a result.

The long run prize in these events, a box of apples presented by W. J. Corby, went to S. E. Sangster, with 20 straight tacked up.

In addition to the spoon in the regular events and the long run prize, the spoon on the 50 targets was added to S. E. Sangster's list of prizes, with a total of 43. This same score entitled him to his first win on the deer head trophy, presented by Mr. E. Bedard, also proving the high gun honors.

The luck changed over to the president, as captain of the winning team. The vice-president's team were losers by a narrow margin of two birds.

The scores in detail follow:

|                      |   |   |   |    |    |    |
|----------------------|---|---|---|----|----|----|
| S. E. Sangster.....  | 9 | 9 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 43 |
| F. W. Runge.....     | 9 | 7 | 8 | 9  | 8  | 41 |
| E. Bedard.....       | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8  | 9  | 40 |
| Geo. Easdale.....    | 7 | 6 | 7 | 9  | 37 |    |
| N. Brownlee.....     | 7 | 6 | 7 | 10 | 37 |    |
| E. L. Fuller.....    | 9 | 6 | 8 | 8  | 37 |    |
| T. Baird.....        | 9 | 5 | 7 | 8  | 36 |    |
| H. I. Barber.....    | 6 | 6 | 6 | 9  | 36 |    |
| Jog. Dionne.....     | 7 | 4 | 8 | 9  | 36 |    |
| W. A. Johnston.....  | 4 | 5 | 8 | 9  | 34 |    |
| W. J. Corby.....     | 4 | 5 | 8 | 9  | 34 |    |
| O. T. Ring.....      | 8 | 5 | 4 | 8  | 32 |    |
| S. Herbert.....      | 4 | 8 | 8 | 5  | 33 |    |
| M. J. Armstrong..... | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4  | 26 |    |

|                  | President's | Team               | Race | Vice-President's |
|------------------|-------------|--------------------|------|------------------|
| Corby, capt..... | 37          | Easdale, capt..... | 37   |                  |
| Brownlee.....    | 37          | Dionne.....        | 36   |                  |
| Fuller.....      | 37          | Sangster.....      | 36   |                  |
| Barber.....      | 36          | Runge.....         | 41   |                  |
| Bedard.....      | 40          | Baird.....         | 36   |                  |
| Ring.....        | 33          | Hebert.....        | 31   |                  |





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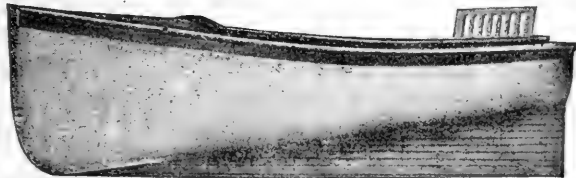
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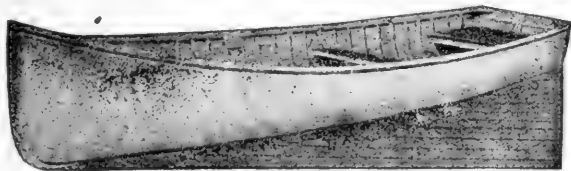
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|  |     |                |     |
|--|-----|----------------|-----|
| Johnston.....  | 35  | Armstrong..... | 26  |
|  | 252 |                | 250 |
| Extra—Shoot-offs for spoon in event No. 3.                               |     |                |     |
| 1—F. Runge.....  |     | 7x10           |     |
| W. J. Corby.....   |     | 7x10           |     |
| 2—F. Runge.....  |     | 14x15          |     |
| W. J. Corby.....   |     | 14x15          |     |
| 3—F. W. Runge.....   |     | 7x10           |     |
| W. J. Corby.....   |     | 10x10          |     |
| Extra event at 25 birds—T. Baird, 20; H. I. Barber, 18; Dr. Winters, 17. |     |                |     |

#### JORDAN GUN CLUB.

Jordan Station, Jan. 31.—The Jordan Gun Club was favored with fine weather Saturday for the second shoot of the series being held by this live club and a large number of shooters were present to enjoy the sport.

Several shooters of the Garden City Gun Club motorized out to the Jordan Club and put on some very nice scores and judging from the manner in which they were marking the flying targets they will soon be up around the top.

Those shooting and their scores follow:

| Names.               | Shot at. | Broke. |
|----------------------|----------|--------|
| H. W. Hunsberry..... | 100      | 90     |
| J. Montgomery.....   | 85       | 78     |
| A. Schmick.....      | 80       | 68     |
| D. Konkle.....       | 70       | 60     |
| A. Fifield.....      | 60       | 45     |
| P. Wismer.....       | 50       | 40     |
| M. Honsberger.....   | 50       | 41     |
| E. J. Fisher.....    | 50       | 42     |
| E. Kratz.....        | 50       | 31     |
| C. Evans.....        | 50       | 30     |
| M. Luey.....         | 50       | 30     |
| W. Luey.....         | 25       | 18     |
| A. Awde.....         | 20       | 14     |
| G. Gunn.....         | 15       | 6      |
| P. Wismer (Jr.)..... | 10       | 4      |
| S. Moyer.....        | 10       | 2      |

#### ST. CATHARINES GUN CLUB.

The Garden City Gun Club held their first shoot for the season 1921, at their grounds at the Grape Juice factory, on Saturday afternoon, January 29th.

A large number of the members were present and they had the pleasure of having H. W. Hunsberry and M. Honsberger of the Jordan Gun Club and A. W. Bishop, of Niagara, show them how they break them in their own clubs.

These shoots are to be held every two weeks throughout the season.

Saturday's scores:

| Names.               | Shot at. | Broke. |
|----------------------|----------|--------|
| H. W. Hunsberry..... | 100      | 94     |
| M. Honsberger.....   | 100      | 85     |
| Ed. White.....       | 70       | 56     |
| H. Clatterbuck.....  | 60       | 45     |
| F. Forbes.....       | 60       | 43     |
| A. K. Wismer.....    | 50       | 32     |
| G. Clatterbuck.....  | 50       | 38     |
| W. Backus.....       | 40       | 19     |
| S. Kratz.....        | 40       | 13     |
| P. Paterson.....     | 40       | 28     |
| W. Sifton.....       | 40       | 29     |
| F. Greenlaw.....     | 40       | 28     |
| C. Clatterbuck.....  | 30       | 23     |
| E. Saunders.....     | 30       | 19     |
| A. W. Bishop.....    | 30       | 30     |
| A. Christopher.....  | 20       | 19     |
| E. Austin.....       | 10       | 4      |

#### NEW DIVISION.

The Pacific Coast will be divided in two sections this year, Northern and Southern, so that there will be six trapshooting zones in 1921. The Northern section will contain Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia and Alberta. The Southern section will take in California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah.

#### G. A. H. AT CHICAGO.

The 1921 Grand American Handicap Trapshooting tournament will take place in Chicago, Ill., beginning Monday, August 22, and concluding on Saturday, August 27. The tournament will be shot over the traps of the South Shore Country Club if satisfactory arrangements can be made, but no matter where the tournament is held, it will be under the management of the American Trapshooting Association. In past years the club on whose grounds the tournament was held was responsible for the success of the blue ribbon event of trapdom.

The above was decided at the recent meeting of the combined executive committees of the Amateur Trapshooting Association in Chicago.

#### WHAT THEY DID IN 1920.

Here is a table showing the best run by amateurs and professionals in 1920.

| Prov.     | Amateur           | Sec. | Pro.            | Sec. |
|-----------|-------------------|------|-----------------|------|
| East Can. | W. Barnes.....    | 105  | S. Boa.....     | 67   |
| Alta.     | W. Holmes.....    | 77   | J. Holmes.....  | 50   |
| Bri.-Col. | G. W. Miller..... | 79   | L. H. Reid..... | 106  |
| Sask.     | J. R. Pence.....  | 55   |                 |      |

#### JORDAN GUN CLUB SHOOT DURING GALE.

Jordan Sta., Jan. 17.—The Jordan Gun Club held the first shoot of their Winter series on Saturday, when a large crowd of trapshooters and their friends was in attendance.

A gale blowing across the traps played havoc with the scores, causing many birds to be lost which ordinarily would be hits. Several new members have recently joined the club and judging from their scores they will make some of the older shooters hustle before the winter is over.

Those shooting and their scores follow:

| Names.                  | Shot at. | Broke. |
|-------------------------|----------|--------|
| M. Honsberger.....      | 90       | 65     |
| J. Montgomery.....      | 80       | 70     |
| H. W. Hunsberry.....    | 80       | 67     |
| D. Konkle.....          | 65       | 55     |
| J. Troup.....           | 65       | 54     |
| J. Spence.....          | 50       | 41     |
| A. Schmick.....         | 50       | 39     |
| P. Wismer.....          | 50       | 36     |
| D. Troup.....           | 50       | 36     |
| R. Glover.....          | 50       | 32     |
| M. Luey.....            | 50       | 20     |
| D. Russ.....            | 50       | 29     |
| T. Woodland.....        | 50       | 29     |
| C. Prudhomme.....       | 50       | 29     |
| W. Nicholson.....       | 25       | 20     |
| W. Reed.....            | 25       | 16     |
| S. Honsberger.....      | 25       | 15     |
| P. Wismer (junior)..... | 10       | 3      |

#### ST. HUBERT'S GUN CLUB.

Norman Brownlee carried off the premier honors in the weekly shoot, January 15th, of the St. Hubert Gun Club at the new traps, turning in a card of 46 for the two event shoot, which was also the high gun score. Incidentally Mr. Brownlee registers his first win for the E. Bedard prize, and will shoot in future under a handicap of two.

Vice-President Easdale's team won the team event from President Corby's squad by forty birds, while S. E. Sangster had three on Tom Baird in the shoot off of last Saturday's tie.

The scores follow:

#### Handicap Event.

| Two events at 25 targets. |    |       |
|---------------------------|----|-------|
| N. Brownlee.....          | 23 | 23—46 |
| F. Bedard.....            | 22 | 22—44 |
| S. E. Sangster.....       | 22 | 21—43 |
| H. I. Barber.....         | 21 | 21—42 |
| F. Bedard.....            | 22 | 20—42 |
| T. Baird.....             | 22 | 18—40 |
| W. A. Johnston.....       | 19 | 18—40 |
| F. Runge.....             | 19 | 17—37 |
| E. L. Fuller.....         | 20 | 17—37 |
| O. T. Ring.....           | 16 | 21—37 |
| W. J. Corby.....          | 16 | 18—34 |
| G. Easdale.....           | 17 | 16—33 |
| H. Merrill.....           | 9  | 14—23 |
| C. Wallace.....           | 18 | 15—33 |
| S. Hebert.....            | 8  | 10—18 |

#### TEAM RACE.

| Vice-Presidents.         |    | Presidents.            |    |
|--------------------------|----|------------------------|----|
| G. Easdale . . . . .     | 33 | W. J. Corby . . . . .  | 34 |
| N. Brownlee . . . . .    | 46 | E. L. Fuller . . . . . | 37 |
| T. Baird . . . . .       | 40 | F. Runge . . . . .     | 37 |
| F. Bedard . . . . .      | 42 | H. I. Barber . . . . . | 42 |
| W. A. Johnston . . . . . | 40 | O. T. Ring . . . . .   | 37 |
| E. Bedard . . . . .      | 44 | H. Merrill . . . . .   | 23 |
| C. Wallace . . . . .     | 23 | S. Hebert . . . . .    | 18 |

Total..... 268 Total..... 228

Vice-President's majority, 40 shots.

Shoot off of last Saturday's tie; S. E. Sangster, 43; T. Baird, 40.

#### ST. HUBERT'S GUN CLUB.

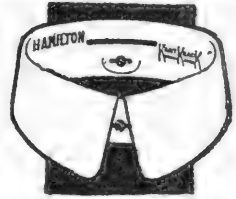
Jan. 22nd.—Instead of the usual club spoon race, two events at 25 targets, a change was made, making five events of 10 targets each, a spoon provided for each event. This proved a spicy variety, and enthusiasm was at fever heat throughout the afternoon. It was more like a tournament than a club week-end shoot. To win the prize for each event kept the shooters at work, and several ties had to be decided in succeeding events.



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George Easdale, who usually takes the last spoon on the programme, turned in a straight card of 10 in event number 1. Fred Runge captured spoon two, after a tussle with N. Brownlee and H. I. Barber, all having 10 straight. A majority of two in event three gave a decision in his favor. E. L. Fuller had event three all to himself with a full string of 10. Event four was decided in event five, Norman Brownlee winning out by a bird over S. E. Sangster. These two shooters also had cards of 10 breaks in the fourth.

Event number five brought out a four-cornered tie which was decided in an extra event at 10 targets. The scores stood 8 x 10 and the shoot off showed M. J. Gallivan, a new member of the club, the victor over the other three gunners with 9 x 10. O. T. Ring was next with 8, while Sammy Hebert, who by the way is just a beginner, fell down to six as did Tom Baird with 5 x 10.

Besides the spoons provided for each event the usual club spoon on the 50 birds was also up for competition and E. L. Fuller, who grabbed the third spoon, was successful after a shoot-off with Geo. Easdale and Fred Runge, all having scores of 42 x 50. N. Brownlee had the same score, but is under a handicap of one for a spoon already won. In the deciding event at 25 targets Fuller had 22, Easdale 21 and Runge 20. E. L. Fuller's cup was all but overflowing when it was shown that his win over the other shooters gave him his first notch on the E. Bedard deer head trophy. Norman Brownlee won last Saturday. Three counters with 2 birds off for each win is required to become the holder of this appropriate and generous gift of Mr. Bedard.

The long run prize, a box of apples donated by W. J. Corby was carried off by the visitor at the traps—Mr. Stuart Boa of Montreal, with a run of 27 straight.

#### Club Spoon Shoot.

|                     | —Events—       |  |
|---------------------|----------------|--|
| S. Boa.....         | 1 2 3 4 5      |  |
| E. L. Fuller.....   | 9 10 10 9 7—45 |  |
| F. W. Runge.....    | 7 8 10 9 8—42  |  |
| Geo. Easdale.....   | 7 10 9 8 8—42  |  |
| N. Brownlee.....    | 10 7 9 8 8—42  |  |
| H. I. Barber.....   | 8 10 7 10 7—42 |  |
| Frank Bedard.....   | 9 10 7 7 7—40  |  |
| S. E. Sangster..... | 8 9 7 8 7—39   |  |
| T. Baird.....       | 5 9 8 10 6—38  |  |
| W. J. Corby.....    | 8 6 8 7 8—37   |  |
| M. J. Gallivan..... | 9 7 6 7 6—35   |  |
| O. T. Ring.....     | 6 8 8 5 8—35   |  |
| A. B. Wickware..... | 6 8 8 5 8—35   |  |
| J. T. Hagan.....    | 5 7 6 6 5—31   |  |
| S. Hebert.....      | 8 7 6 6 5—31   |  |
|                     | 5 8 5 7 4—29   |  |
|                     | 4 4 6 6 8—28   |  |

#### Team Race.

| President's Team. | Vice-Pres.' Team. |    |
|-------------------|-------------------|----|
| Corby.....        | Easdale.....      | 42 |
| Sangster.....     | Brownlee.....     | 42 |
| Barber.....       | Boa.....          | 45 |
| Fuller.....       | Runge.....        | 42 |
| Gallivan.....     | Baird.....        | 37 |
| Hagan.....        | Ring.....         | 34 |
| Hebert.....       | Wickware.....     | 31 |

Total ..... 247 Total ..... 273

Majority for Vice-President, 26 birds.

#### Extra Event at 25 Targets.

S. E. Sanster, 22; S. Boa, 21; H. I. Barber, 21; H. W. Fairchild, 19.

#### GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

St. Catharines, Feb. 5.—The Garden City Gun Club held its regular shoot on Saturday afternoon at their grounds at the Grape Juice Factory. A large crowd of shooters were on hand, and a number of good scores were made.

The following are the scores:—

|                       |    |    |
|-----------------------|----|----|
| F. Church.....        | 60 | 48 |
| A. K. Wismer.....     | 60 | 44 |
| W. Jones.....         | 60 | 35 |
| H. Clatterbuck.....   | 58 | 48 |
| H. W. Hunsberry.....  | 50 | 47 |
| M. Honsberger.....    | 50 | 42 |
| W. Elliott.....       | 50 | 46 |
| Ed. White.....        | 50 | 41 |
| Geo. Clatterbuck..... | 50 | 42 |
| R. Partington.....    | 50 | 38 |
| A. McGlashan.....     | 50 | 35 |
| A. F. Fiefield.....   | 40 | 20 |
| A. Christopher.....   | 40 | 16 |
| G. Caries.....        | 30 | 18 |
| J. Evans.....         | 30 | 12 |
| C. Clatterbuck.....   | 30 | 22 |
| R. Killaly.....       | 30 | 14 |
| A. Broom.....         | 30 | 14 |
| R. Chamberlain.....   | 30 | 12 |
| F. Gayder.....        | 30 | 16 |
| T. Jencks.....        | 20 | 16 |

|                  |    |    |
|------------------|----|----|
| A. Notman.....   | 20 | 10 |
| A. May.....      | 10 | 9  |
| J. Gayder.....   | 10 | 6  |
| F. Crawford..... | 10 | 6  |

#### BALMY BEACH WON SECOND TEST MATCH.

February 12.—The second match of the series of the of the Toronto Trapshooters' League took place Saturday afternoon on the grounds of Toronto Gun Club, the contesting clubs being the Balmy Beach and Toronto Gun Club, a very large number of shooters and their friends being in attendance. The weather, although not of the best brand, was fair for shooting. The match was won by the Balmy Beach shooters, defeating the Torontos by two birds, the score being 115 to 117 out of a possible 125 birds. 'Twas a red hot match.

The individual prize winners and scores out of a possible 50 birds were—J. Colborne a straight 50, J. E. Jennings, 49, W. H. Gooderham 47, G. Anstee 46, H. Winters 46.

In the event for high gun from each club, J. E. Jennings won with 23 out of 25, J. Colborne being second with 21.

The cash sweepstake was won by H. W. Burke. The shooter with the "Chinese rigged" gun was certainly "picken 'em."

Balmy Beach shooters went home wearing their hats crosswise on their heads. Toronto club shooters went home each man individually "talking to himself," and are still dazed.

The scores for Saturday's shoot follow:—

#### Toronto Club.

|                  | Shot at. | Broke |
|------------------|----------|-------|
| Curzon.....      | 25       | 16    |
| Peterman.....    | 75       | 51    |
| Cooley.....      | 75       | 68    |
| Lanskal.....     | 50       | 20    |
| E. Watt.....     | 75       | 49    |
| J. Turner.....   | 50       | 40    |
| Dr. Jordan.....  | 100      | 80    |
| R. Watt.....     | 50       | 35    |
| McCurdy.....     | 75       | 64    |
| Elliott.....     | 75       | 49    |
| Vivian.....      | 75       | 65    |
| Edwards.....     | 100      | 86    |
| Hutchison.....   | 50       | 40    |
| Hughes.....      | 75       | 57    |
| Anstee.....      | 100      | 93    |
| Roach.....       | 50       | 35    |
| C. Jennings..... | 45       | 30    |
| Laighley.....    | 50       | 29    |
| Cockburn.....    | 50       | 37    |
| Col. Curran..... | 25       | 16    |
| Colborne.....    | 75       | 70    |
| Ward.....        | 25       | 18    |
| Mason.....       | 50       | 42    |
| Dr. Cerson.....  | 25       | 20    |
| Winters.....     | 100      | 90    |
| Harrison.....    | 25       | 22    |
| Coath.....       | 25       | 19    |

#### Balmy Beach.

|                      |     |    |
|----------------------|-----|----|
| Healey.....          | 50  | 45 |
| Newton.....          | 100 | 91 |
| Morgan.....          | 75  | 58 |
| Holden.....          | 75  | 61 |
| Burke.....           | 75  | 71 |
| Laird.....           | 50  | 44 |
| Douglas.....         | 50  | 37 |
| Patterson.....       | 100 | 52 |
| J. McKay.....        | 50  | 37 |
| Skey.....            | 50  | 20 |
| Cutler.....          | 100 | 76 |
| W. R. Kay.....       | 100 | 74 |
| Dewight.....         | 25  | 20 |
| Rolph.....           | 75  | 63 |
| W. H. Gooderham..... | 50  | 47 |
| N. Gooderham.....    | 50  | 44 |
| J. Jennings.....     | 75  | 72 |

#### Professionals.

|                  |     |    |
|------------------|-----|----|
| G. Cashmore..... | 50  | 47 |
| G. Dunk.....     | 75  | 64 |
| N. Long.....     | 100 | 91 |

#### PASTIME GUN CLUB.

February 12.—Below are the scores made at the shoot on Saturday afternoon at the Pastime Gun Club. The weather conditions were excellent. In the weekly handicap event J. Blake won first; E. Chanter, 2nd, and J. Marshall, jr., 3rd. J. Banks landed the special event Fred Hogarth gathered in the sweepstakes.

The Pastime Gun Club have decided to hold their Spring tournament on Good Friday, March 25th. The scores:—

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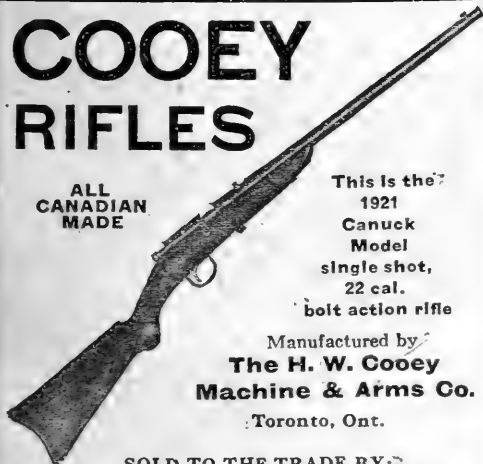
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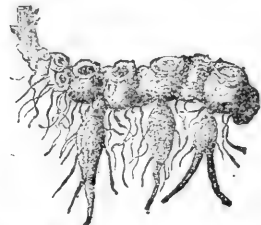
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|                        | Shot at. | Broke |
|------------------------|----------|-------|
| J. Blea.....           | 45       | 36    |
| W. Davis.....          | 85       | 61    |
| W. Probut.....         | 40       | 28    |
| L. Richardson.....     | 65       | 47    |
| W. Woodrow.....        | 60       | 49    |
| D. Gordon.....         | 40       | 33    |
| R. Watt.....           | 40       | 32    |
| T. Gordon.....         | 60       | 48    |
| A. Rawley.....         | 40       | 33    |
| W. McKenzie.....       | 50       | 41    |
| J. Marshall, sr.....   | 60       | 38    |
| John Marshall, jr..... | 65       | 51    |
| A. Andrews.....        | 60       | 46    |
| J. Wilson.....         | 65       | 34    |
| W. Clements.....       | 20       | 15    |
| J. Banks.....          | 40       | 37    |
| W. Portwood.....       | 45       | 38    |
| W. Hulme.....          | 40       | 27    |
| R. McKenzie.....       | 40       | 25    |
| E. Chanter.....        | 65       | 58    |
| W. Dodds.....          | 40       | 33    |
| J. Blake.....          | 65       | 61    |
| H. Pitcher.....        | 45       | 33    |
| C. Death.....          | 45       | 36    |
| F. Hogarth.....        | 50       | 42    |
| H. Quance.....         | 45       | 20    |
| D. Murphy.....         | 20       | 12    |
| R. Petrie, sr.....     | 20       | 12    |
| F. Sisson.....         | 20       | 13    |

#### PRESIDENT CORBY WAS RE-ELECTED.

Ottawa, February 3:—The reaching of a final decision to purchase property and erect a new clubhouse, somewhere along the Britannia Line, together with the presentation of reports, and the election of officers, marked the thirty-sixth annual meeting of St. Hubert's Gun Club, held in the rooms of the Retail Merchants' Association, 139 Sparks Street, last evening.

Mr. W. J. Corby was unanimously re-elected president, Mr. George Esdale, first vice-president, and Mr. Norman Brownlee, second vice-president. Mr. F. W. Runge was elected treasurer, and Mr. O. T. Ring secretary. Field captains elected were: Messrs. T. Baird, E. L. Fuller, H. I. Barber. The executive committee for the coming year is comprised as follows: Mr. J. J. Heney, jr., Mr. George O'Connor, Mr. W. J. Dev, Mr. S. Herbert, and Mr. S. E. Sangster.

The report of the treasurer and secretary showed the club had closed the year with a substantial balance, and that the membership had increased. A campaign to secure new members is to be instituted.

The weekly shoot will be held on Saturday, there being five events of ten targets each, and a club spoon shoot on fifty targets. A box of apples will be given to the winner of the long run and an orange for each target broken.

The prospects of the club for the coming year seem bright and it is expected that with the erection of a new club house that the membership of the club will continue to grow and another year of prosperity and good sport passed.

#### ST. HUBERT'S SHOOT.

Ottawa, February 5.—At the New Orchard Beach traps Saturday afternoon, another tournament was run off with good scores in order. Henry O'Connor was the big noise in the prize winning lists registering on no less than six counts.

The club spoon on the fifty targets went to his gun with 46 breaks. This total entitles him to the gun honors as well as the E. Bedard Deer Head Trophy. In event three, a run of ten straight settled the spoon question in his favor. Incidentally, during the events, a run of twenty-six straight, made him winner of the box of apples donated by one of the shooters. S. E. Sangster was the runner-up with 24 in a row. As captain of the winning team 28 oranges were added to his game bag.

The five events at ten targets again brought some very good shooting and competition was keen, several times calling for a shoot-off in the succeeding events. S. E. Sangster grabbed spoon one. The result for spoon two was carried to the fifth event, when N. Brownlee succeeded in bettering the score of H. I. Barber. As stated above, H. O'Connor took spoon three. F. W. Runge carried off the spoon in event four, with a straight without competition. Event five was decided in extra events, T. Baird, Jos. Dionne and E. L. Fuller chalking up nine each. The first shoot-off eliminated Fuller by a bird, the other two broke 7 x 10. The finals showed Jos. Dionne the winner, 8 against 7 by T. Baird.

The feature event of the afternoon was the team race for a crate of oranges, presented by W. J. Corby. The conditions called for average shooters after the

first 20 targets were shot at, and the results showed very even choosing, only a bird separating teams one and two, with team No. three only four birds down. An average was given for each bird broken on the next thirty birds on the program. Each bird missed by the members of the winning team presented an orange to the trappers, who were given 28 oranges as a result.

The President's team was again victors over the team chosen by the Vice-President. Both teams have now tied with two wins. A interesting race to break the tie is looked for next Saturday.

A detail of the scores follows:—

#### CLUB EVENTS.

|                     |    |    |    |    |      |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|------|
| H. O'Connor.....    | 10 | 8  | 10 | 10 | 8—46 |
| N. Brownlee.....    | 7  | 9  | 10 | 9  | 9—44 |
| S. E. Sangster..... | 10 | 10 | 9  | 7  | 8—44 |
| T. Baird.....       | 9  | 8  | 9  | 8  | 9—43 |
| H. I. Barber.....   | 9  | 9  | 10 | 9  | 6—43 |
| Geo. Esdale.....    | 7  | 9  | 10 | 8  | 8—42 |
| E. L. Fuller.....   | 8  | 7  | 8  | 7  | 9—39 |
| F. W. Runge.....    | 4  | 8  | 8  | 10 | 8—38 |
| Jos. Dionne.....    | 8  | 7  | 5  | 8  | 9—37 |
| W. A. Johnston..... | 7  | 5  | 7  | 9  | 8—36 |
| J. M. Roberts.....  | 6  | 6  | 9  | 7  | 8—36 |
| W. J. Corby.....    | 7  | 6  | 8  | 8  | 6—35 |
| O. T. Ring.....     | 9  | 6  | 7  | 5  | 8—35 |
| W. D. Monk.....     | 6  | 9  | 7  | 7  | 6—35 |
| W. Skillen.....     | 6  | 7  | 10 | 5  | 6—34 |
| M. J. Gallivan..... | 5  | 5  | 7  | 6  | 6—29 |
| H. Merrill.....     | 7  | 6  | 4  | 5  | 7—29 |
| A. B. Wickware..... | 3  | 5  | 9  | 6  | 4—27 |
| S. Herbert.....     | 3  | 6  | 8  | 6  | 3—26 |

#### W. J. Corby's Orange Shoot.

|               |    |
|---------------|----|
| O'Connor..... | 28 |
| Brownlee..... | 28 |
| Corby.....    | 22 |
| Monk.....     | 20 |
| Johnston..... | 24 |

|               |     |
|---------------|-----|
| Total.....    | 122 |
| Sangster..... | 24  |
| Baird.....    | 26  |
| Runge.....    | 26  |
| Fuller.....   | 24  |
| Skillen.....  | 21  |

|              |     |
|--------------|-----|
| Total.....   | 121 |
| Barber.....  | 25  |
| Esdale.....  | 26  |
| Dionne.....  | 22  |
| Roberts..... | 24  |
| Ring.....    | 20  |

|            |     |
|------------|-----|
| Total..... | 117 |
|------------|-----|

#### Team Shoot.

| President's   | Vice-Pres.'s. |                  |
|---------------|---------------|------------------|
| Corby.....    | 35            | Esdale..... 42   |
| Brownlee..... | 44            | Sangster..... 41 |
| Dionne.....   | 37            | Runge..... 38    |
| Fuller.....   | 39            | Barber..... 43   |
| Baird.....    | 43            | Monk..... 35     |
| Roberts.....  | 36            | Johnston..... 36 |
| Ring.....     | 35            | Hebert..... 26   |
| Skillen.....  | 34            | Wickware..... 27 |

|            |     |            |     |
|------------|-----|------------|-----|
| Total..... | 303 | Total..... | 291 |
|------------|-----|------------|-----|

Majority, 12 birds.

#### HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

February 5.—Rough weather did not affect the attendance at the regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, when over 40 shooters took part in the afternoon's program. The feature event was the second 25 birds in the handicap, and on account of a heavy fall of sleet and snow at that time the scores in most cases suffered to a certain extent. W. Barnes still has the hold on first place with a total of 48, having broken 23 for this event. E. Harris, M. E. Fletcher and R. J. Montgomery are close up with 46. C. Syer shot up in this race and for the first event broke them all, but was penalized one bird, but for his second time out, got only 21 for a total of 45. J. E. Gray, a B class man, is also well up with 45.

Through the kindness of one of the members a handsome prize is being given for the longest run during the series, and so far W. Barnes has this honor also with 33; while C. Syer is next in line with 31.

Among the A class shooters R. J. Montgomery had high score with 24 and won the spoon. In B class, A. Glover and J. Moyer both finished with 22, and on the toss Glover got the spoon. In C class H. Fletcher left no doubt as to who should get the spoon by breaking 24 out of 25, while C. Stout was also in good form in this class with 22.

W. Barnes had the high average for the afternoon.



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with 47 out of 50 and C. Bailey was next with 46 out of 50. A. Glover, who has been shooting consistently of late, got 45 out of 50.

The scores follow:—

|                  | Shot at. | Broke |
|------------------|----------|-------|
| E. Sturt         | 50       | 39    |
| John Hunter      | 50       | 44    |
| W. Barnes        | 50       | 47    |
| H. Lennox        | 50       | 37    |
| N. Long          | 75       | 66    |
| E. Harris        | 50       | 42    |
| M. E. Goodale    | 50       | 42    |
| J. Smith         | 50       | 44    |
| A. Parmenter     | 50       | 41    |
| M. E. Fletcher   | 50       | 44    |
| D. A. Koukle     | 50       | 42    |
| R. J. Montgomery | 50       | 44    |
| A. Bates         | 50       | 40    |
| W. R. Griner     | 75       | 43    |
| C. Bailey        | 50       | 46    |
| C. Syer          | 75       | 67    |
| C. Stout         | 50       | 41    |
| H. Fletcher      | 75       | 64    |
| J. J. Dodds      | 75       | 55    |

|                 |     |     |
|-----------------|-----|-----|
| J. Griffith     | 50  | 38  |
| G. Brown        | 50  | 39  |
| J. F. Gray      | 50  | 43  |
| H. Long         | 25  | 14  |
| F. Ellis        | 50  | 29  |
| C. Smith        | 50  | 39  |
| G. Stroud       | 75  | 62  |
| H. Kretschman   | 125 | 104 |
| A. Glover       | 50  | 45  |
| Dr. Greene      | 50  | 34  |
| F. Gardiner     | 50  | 39  |
| W. L. Smith     | 50  | 40  |
| J. Moyer        | 50  | 40  |
| J. Dillon       | 25  | 17  |
| C. Lemon        | 50  | 23  |
| W. Livingstone  | 75  | 58  |
| H. Newman       | 75  | 53  |
| H. Vallance     | 25  | 11  |
| T. Easterbrooke | 25  | 12  |
| F. Klodd        | 25  | 16  |
| W. Smiley       | 50  | 31  |
| R. Schoan       | 25  | 20  |
| G. Young        | 25  | 10  |
| W. Fonger       | 25  | 22  |

## RIGHT ROYAL

"Right Royal" by John Masefield, and published by the MacMillan Co. of Toronto, is a splendid poem of a horse race. It is a poem to stir the blood; and even those most indifferent to animals cannot fail to thrill to the story of how brave "Right Royal"—a horse, fine in body, spirit and breeding—wins the great steeple chase in the face of great odds.

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From joy of living and love of dining.

Sile Spaniards, merry Italians,  
Nobles, commoners, saints, rascallions;

Russians tense with the quest of truth  
That maddens manhood and saddens youth;

Learned Norwegians hale and limber,  
Brown from the barques new in with timber.

All kinds of bodies, all kinds of faces,  
All were coming to see the races."

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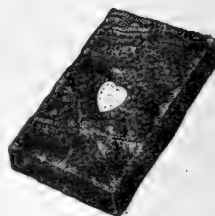
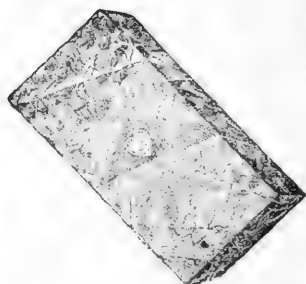


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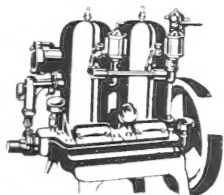


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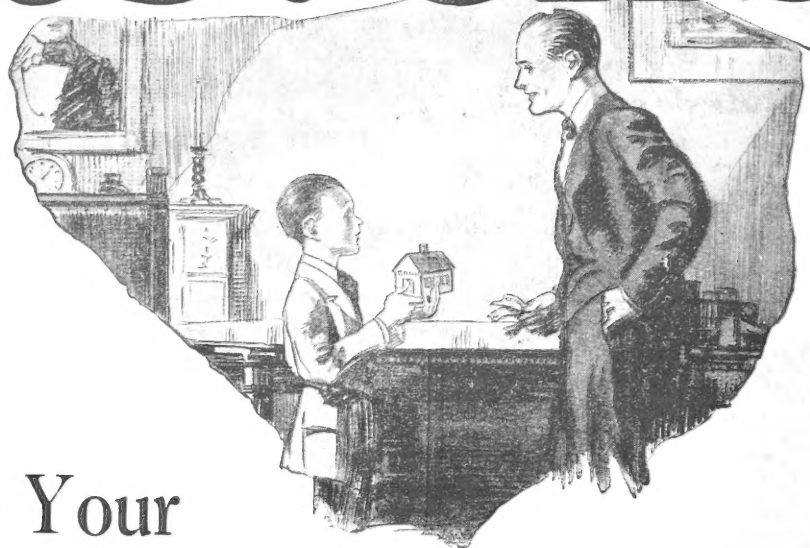
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And it doesn't cost much either, be-

cause Stevens' Rifles are priced so that every fellow can buy one. Just save part of your allowance every week for a while. Then go to your father. Show him your savings and he'll probably be glad to make up the difference and you'll have a rifle of your own in a short time.

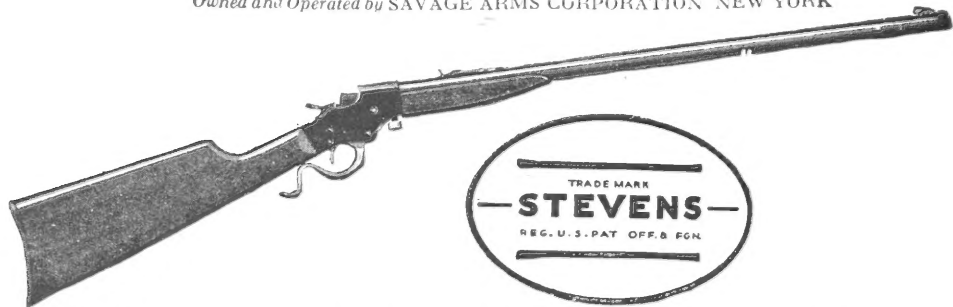
That's why "Stevens for boys" has long been a tradition, and fathers prefer to start their sons with a Stevens.

**J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY**

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

*Executive and Export Offices; 50 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK*

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## Rifles - Shotguns - Pistols



